JUN 21
W N NEWTON
RTE B
GUYMON
OKLA-21-6

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Volume 198, Number 32

5cts.

FEB. 6, 1926

Fo klin

Judge E. H. Gary—Donn Byrne—Arthur Stringer—Albert Payson Terhune
Thomas McMorrow—Floyd W. Parsons—Octavus Roy Cohen—O. A. Owen

© 1926, Cream of Wheat Company

"MIGHTY OAKS FROM TINY ACORNS GROW"

1,000,000 Men Confirm this Fact:

The smart, new socks give 3 to 4 times more wear . . . A unique feature, Ex Toe, has revolutionized silk hose

HERE is the story of a new-type sock for men. New-type because it's knit a different way . . . because it has the revolutionary feature . . . Ex Toe.

At the tip and over the top of the toe a special wear-resisting thread is woven. Knit by a new principle that took experts months to find, and done so skilfully that you can scarcely see where Ex Toe begins or ends.

All men's socks are reinforced some way. But not one other kind with Ex Toe. Therein lies the difference, and that's why toes in old-time socks wear out. But now the toe becomes the strongest part of all.

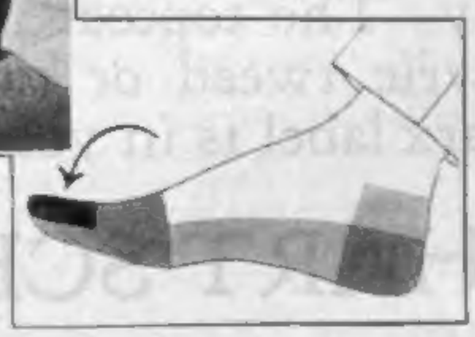
Silk socks, at last, are practical for every day. To wear them costs no more than ordinary kinds. You get 3 to 4 times more wear, plus smartness fine silks alone can give.

LOOK LIKE FIFTH AVENUE

Sheer silks are offered you in new and striking colors. All fashion-approved and faultlessly correct.

Glove-tight fit around the ankles makes them trim and smart. Brilliant lustre gives extraordinary richness. America's longest-wearing hose are also the smartest.

Prices are only 75c and $1 for the finest silks. Other materials for less. Stop at your nearest store today and get a pair. Say "Ex Toe." Then if your dealer hasn't any, write direct.



All the reinforcement is hidden at the toe. The part others see is superlatively sheer and webby

Holeproof Ex Toe Hosiery

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN · HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, LONDON, ONTARIO

TWO OUTSTANDING SPRING STYLES

This is the double-breasted they'll wear

This is the topcoat the Four Winds

The double-breasted suit is an Eton flannel in silver or birch grey The topcoat is a fly front Four Winds in a Blairgowrie tweed or cheviot When the Hart Schaffner & Marx label is in your clothes, you are in the smartest style

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

Copyrighted 1926 Hart Schaffner & Marx

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1926, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain. Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Can.

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Frederick S. Bigelow, A. W. Neall,
Thomas B. Costain, Wesley W. Stout,
B. Y. Riddell, Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., St. Paul, Minn., San Francisco, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Savannah, Ga., Denver, Colo., Louisville, Ky., Houston, Tex., Omaha, Neb., Ogden, Utah, Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., Portland, Me., Los Angeles, Cal., and Richmond, Va.

Volume 198 | 5c. THE COPY | PHILADELPHIA, PA., FEBRUARY 6, 1926 | $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription | Number 32

A PARTY OF BACCARAT

"What Brought Me to Var, Angie, Was to Take You Home. To Marry You and Take You Home"

By DONN BYRNE

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

HER bank had run four times now, so that her original stake of a hundred francs had become eight hundred, less the percentage that the swift croupier withdrew each time and slipped into the slot in the green baize. He was a sleek Northern Italian with a waxed mustache. With rapid fingers he counted and sorted the yellow, red and white chips. He leaned back in his chair with his wooden shovel held against his shoulder like a sword.

"A bank of thirty-five louis! A bank of seven hundred francs!" He looked around the table inquiringly. "Who goes banco?"

She sat back with the little sluicelike box in front of her, in which the cards were clipped. In any other place but the baccarat rooms of a French casino she would have had men all about her, eager to dance with her, to talk to her, but here her blond beauty, her slim athletic figure, drew no attention. Here, at midnight, under the harsh lights, in the hot scented rooms where the cigarette smoke hung like a cloud beneath the roof, men had no thought of beauty. They were interested only in the passing of the shoe, as the *chemin-de-fer* box is called, from hand to hand around the table. They had only curiosity for what cards were to come next, clicking on the green baize; and if they spoke to a woman it was only to complain about their luck or to tell triumphantly of a big coup brought off, of a bank they had that ran seven times, or of how they had not had a bank since Lord knows when, exactly as a garrulous golfer will tell you of the four he got at the all-but-six-hundred-yard hole, or how he can't seem to get down under three putts anywhere. There is nothing so sexless as the gambling rooms of the Riviera.

"Who goes banco?" asked the croupier. "If none goes banco, make your punts."

She looked around inquiringly, for she felt her luck was in, and she would like to have had somebody bet the full amount. As she turned around you could see that but for a point or two she was very beautiful. First, her eyes were of that peculiar warm blue of a sea with the sun on it, a southern sea. Not the Mediterranean chiming outside was more blue than they. Her hair was fair hair, but real golden hair, as if every hair on her shingled head were a wire neatly beaten out by the most cunning of goldsmiths. Her nose and chin were small, but her mouth was a little large for beauty. When she smiled, her whole face lit up, as though something within had been lit, a candle of fine wax lit within. The sheer beauty of her teeth made one gasp. They were alive, and there was nothing animal about them. You got the impression of something wonderful and strong, and very clean.

"Nobody bancos me?" she asked.

You would have been in doubt as to her nationality until then, although she had not the now wistful merry look of Irish women, nor the rather unmeant insolent look of Englishwomen. But when she spoke in that quick straight way you knew she was American.

"No, madame," the croupier said, "nobody bancos you. Ladies, gentlemen, play your game!"

A table at the end of the room, where the big play was going on, in thousands and in tens of thousands, had broken up while the cards were being reshuffled, and the

"I Don't See You Gambling Much, Mr. Sullivan." "No," Morrie Laughed, "I'm More on Swimming and That Sort of Thing Than Baccarat"

players were strolling about, killing time. One pock-marked Spaniard, a professional gambler, strolled over, looked at the stake on the table.

"Banco!" he smiled.

She smiled back at him, for in the baccarat rooms all the regulars are friends. They may not know one another's names, but they have been through the mill of bad and good luck, all of them, and there is a sort of comradeship, as there is between people who have seen war.

"Banco is called!" The croupier twirled his mustache. The punters withdrew their stakes. She leaned forward to draw the cards. Click—a card for the Spaniard. Click—a card for her. Click—a card for her!

"Why, there she is!" a girl's voice called. "Oh, Angie, someone to see you."

"Hello, Angie," said a quiet voice.

She turned around swiftly and looked at him.

"Morrie Sullivan!" she said. She looked at her old sweetheart of two years ago in America, hardly believing it could be he. "Why, Morrie Sullivan!"

"Banco!" breathed the Spaniard softly.

"Banco, madame," the croupier reminded her.

She turned and clicked a card out of the box for herself. The Spaniard threw down a five and a four, nine, a natural. She looked at her own hand—two queens, nothing. The croupier gathered up the chips and handed them to the pock-marked professional.

"Hard luck, Angie," said Sullivan. "Come on, let's go and talk."

She threw a little longing look at the green baize, hesitated a portion of a second, and rose.

The note changer called out, "Place free Table Number Nineteen!"

They moved off to a lounge. Her heart was thumping slightly. Two years ago—was it?—since they had left America, and it seemed a century, and yet here was Morrie Sullivan, just as though it were yesterday. Morrie, black-haired, black-eyed, bronzed in the skin, alert and lithe. A wave of embarrassment came over her. There was so much to say, and yet she didn't know what to say.

"You haven't changed, Morrie," she ventured; "not the least little bit."

He looked at her searchingly.

"You have, Angie."

"How, Morrie? Looking old? Going off?"

"No, Angie," he said in that old serious way of his she remembered so well. "You're prettier than ever, I think. A little tired-looking. But—there's a lot of gloss on you I don't like. You aren't just the healthy little kid of two years ago."

"Don't be silly, Morrie. Tell me, what brings you to Var?"

"What brought me to Var, Angie, was to take you home."

"How, Morrie?" she laughed.

"To marry you and take you home."

She turned aside quickly. Beneath this acquired gloss, this nonchalance of the Riviera, her heart beat quickly and the little tears came into her eyes.

"Well, Angie, what about it?"

At the end of the rooms where the big baccarat game was going on, Dariano, the banker, the head of the Greek syndicate, had closed the game for the night. He had risen suddenly in the midst of dealing, tipped the shoe and sent the cards flying through the air, having either lost or won a half million francs. He came down the room, a corpulent, wheezing figure with graying hair and graying mustache, his impassive quasi-Oriental face showing no evidence of how the game had gone for him. He was smoking his heavy Egyptian cigarette. For one instant he stopped before Angela.

"Any luck?" he asked smilingly.

"Still out," she said.

"It will come." He bowed and went on. His eye never rested on young Sullivan beside her.

"Oh, Morrie," she said, "do you know who that is? That's Dariano, the big Greek gambler. You've read about him in the papers, haven't you?" She was flushed. Her eyes were sparkling. Young Sullivan looked at her queerly.

"Well, what about what I asked you, Angie?"

"Morrie," she told him, "surely you don't want me to answer you right off like that. You can't do things like that, Morrie. Come, I'm through with gambling for tonight. Let's go and dance, Morrie. Will you dance?"

"Will I dance?" he grinned. "Just lead me to where this dancing is!"

II

SHE sat at her bedroom window in the big hotel in a daze of thinking. Her mother had not yet returned from the Casino. "Just one more dance, dearie," Mrs. Turnbull had said, and gone off into the mob with her professional partner; but Angela knew that her mother would dance until four in the morning. Morrie had seen her home. They had danced and talked for an hour about the old friends at Darien and New Canaan. And how is this one? And what has happened to this other? And has Judy married Bill yet? And little by little the new atmosphere fell away. The band moaning the blues became just a rather objectionable sound, and the mob of sleek dancing men and jeweled sophisticated women did not exist. Only once or twice was she brought back with a start into the new atmosphere—when a couple or a party would adjourn to the gambling rooms and return, clicking chips in their pockets or talking about their luck. Then it would take her a few moments to get back to New England.

He had seen her home to her hotel, and a strange thing, when he was going to kiss her good night she had avoided him. "Not tonight! Please, Morrie, not tonight!" And two years ago in America she would have kissed him as a matter of course, happily, innocently as a child. She wished she could have kissed him in the old way. Spring was here, and spring would be in America too.

Without, the Mediterranean broke on the shore with a shallow rolling noise, but in her ears now was the chink of pebbles on the edge of Long Island Sound. The garden of the great hotel was a maze of palm trees and flowers, but in America the fields were green, the trees were coming along with their cheeping birds—trees one loved, not trees one looked at and admired; the copper beech, with its proud flaunting head; the candles of the horse chestnut, the tall elm, the hardy hickory and the little apple trees, dressed like brides. And the noises one heard at night there—a dog barking occasionally, the shrilling of the little frogs. And from the shore of the Sound the cheerful sights one saw—the Fall River and the New Bedford boats going up the water a blaze of cheerful light, the sailing ships coming down from Nova Scotia, the big regattas with the yachts heeling as they rounded the marks. Here one saw nothing but the dingy sails of the fishing boats, red sails, ugly and patched.

Why couldn't she go back there and live happily with Morrie? What was there against it? Nothing! And yet she knew in her heart, in the inmost recesses of her heart, that she couldn't, she wouldn't.

She heard the soft bump of the elevator stopping and her mother's step along the corridor. The next moment the door was opened and the light clicked on. The door between the rooms opened slowly and a little beam of yellow light shone across the bed.

"Aren't you asleep, Angie?" her mother asked.

"No, dear. I was sitting by the window, thinking. Did you have a good time?"

"Splendid. Washer is a wonderful dancer. Tomorrow, Angie, I'm going to take him to Nice in the afternoon, to the *thé dansant* at the Negresco." Her mother's brow puckered a little. "I wish he weren't so dreadfully expensive."

She turned the light on and sat on the edge of the bed. It was difficult to think of Mrs. Turnbull as a woman of forty-five. One might easily have taken her for nine years less.

A small dark woman with brown emotional eyes, merry eyes, there was little resemblance between her and her daughter. They were often taken for friends, which always pleased Mrs. Turnbull, for she was secretly ashamed of having a girl as big as Angela. She was small and dark where Angela was tall and fair; her face was pretty—the merry brown eyes, the slightly upturned nose, the whole air of being a jolly little woman—where Angela was all but beautiful.

"Angela," she asked suddenly, "what is Morrie Sullivan doing here at Var?"

"Oh, he just turned up. Everybody turns up at Var sooner or later."

"Angie," her mother warned, "you're not thinking of doing anything foolish?"

"No, mother, no," she answered wearily. . . . "You must go to bed. You're tired."

"Did you see Dariano tonight?"

"Just for a moment, mother, when his game was over."

"Was Morrie Sullivan with you when you saw him?"

"Yes, mother."

"Oh, Angie, I hope you won't do anything foolish."

"I won't, dear. . . . Now go to bed. I'm going myself."

"I'm only thinking for your own good, Angie."

"I know, dear. . . . Good night."

III

ONLY four years before, her father had died. He had been a small man, a member of a firm of bond brokers in Wall Street, who used to come home every evening from New York on the club train and pass the rest of the evening dozing or working about the house. The Colonial cottage he had bought near New Canaan was a passion with him, and week-ends he would spend in the garden in summer, and in winter tinkering about the heating plant, the water supply, or talking to local builders and masons of improvements he wished made in the spring—a red-brick wall built here, a portion of the garden tiled, where flowers might grow between the slabs. He was always worrying about the apple trees, having surgeons come to repair them. Or he would sit deeply engrossed in a manual of bee culture, planning to have hives in the garden. And then one Saturday afternoon, sitting in his chair, his bad heart stopped laboring and he died.

Angela had been at college when it happened, and came home at once. Her mother was tragic, Angela was calm. She had loved the little man, only it was so hard to get close to him. There were so many business worries on his mind that one had to be careful not to bother him. Sometimes he would be so irritable that the slightest thing would drive him into a fit of temper, terrible to see, damning and blasting everything and everybody. Angela understood. She was a little glad when he died.

"Poor daddy!" she thought. "He will have a rest now."

He left behind him a moderate estate, the one beautiful daughter and the frivolous pretty wife, whom he had allowed to go her own way, partly because he was too tired to argue with her, mainly because he was always in love with her.

Mrs. Turnbull was content for a year or so with New Canaan, Virginia Hot Springs and Florida, but for years before her husband's death she had wanted to go to France for a winter. The accounts of the great tennis tournaments at Cannes, of the Battle of Flowers at Nice, the pictures of the gardens at Monte Carlo, all excited her. Mr. Turnbull had promised to take three months' rest sometime and go with her, but he had never been able to get away. But now she was free; she had a goodish income and the dream of her life could be realized.

"You see, Angie," she persuaded, "it's so much cheaper living abroad, and the exchange is so good. We could get twice as much for our money in the south of France as we can get here. Look at the dreadful prices we were paying at Miami! Look at what clothes cost! My dear, we could do four times as well in France as here."

The idea of a Riviera season appealed to Angela as well as to her mother, though there was not the same fever for it in her veins that her mother had. Twenty years old, she had not as yet thought seriously of marriage. The men she knew were good friends, good comrades. In winter it was tremendous sport to go bobsleighing with them. There were dances at the golf club, there were skating parties. In summer there were bathing and dancing and tennis. One was a comrade to them, not a potential woman. One danced with them. One kissed them occasionally, but that was more a comradely act than an expression of sex.

All of them she liked, but one she liked more than any other, and that was young Morrie Sullivan. He was five years older than she, and where the other boys or men of twenty-five are setting gayly about life, he was serious. When he left the university he refused to go into business or law or politics. An aunt in Seattle had left him a small fortune, and he had immediately invested it in a farm. All his friends had laughed at him, but he just grinned and said nothing. He worked on it harder than any of his hired men. To Angie he spoke occasionally. He had a trick of long silences and of then bursting suddenly into speech.

"You know, Angie," he said, "your father likes me, but he thinks I'm a fool. Your mother dislikes me. She thinks a farm is for hoboes. But lookahere, Angie, I'm trying to get at something."

"Yes, Morrie," she would prompt, afraid lest he should go off into one of his long silences again.

"You see, Angie," he would go ahead, "this New England means something to me. My people came over with Lafayette—two uncles from the old Irish Brigade in France—and they didn't go back with Lafayette. They stayed. They must have loved New England and put their hearts into their fighting, or I wouldn't love it as I do. I suppose it's funny. I've heard of people loving Ireland and Scotland and all that, but I never heard of anyone loving New England before."

"It isn't funny at all, Morrie," she said.

"Well, then, Angie, here's the idea: This part around here, all the way up the Sound, sooner or later is going to be twisted and warped from what it was created for. Angie, I'm sick of seeing this good rich soil being prostituted for golf links, for estates aping big English houses. I'm sick of seeing new raw cottages huddled together, whose owners cut for the eight o'clock train in the morning and come back at 6:30 and know nothing of the country, and care nothing. I'm sick of seeing gambles in real estate. There's something wrong about it, Angie. It's like bottling air and selling it at so much a breath.

"Well, Angie, here it is. It's not back to the land and it's not health. It's probably sentiment. Nothing can stop the big towns' spreading. But there'll be fifty acres of New England that as long as I live—and after that, if I leave anyone behind—will be used for the purpose for which

(Continued on Page 84)

"Angela," She Asked Suddenly, "What is Morrie Sullivan Doing Here at Var?"

THE BUSINESS SITUATION

"Happily, There Has Been an Improvement in National Political Conditions"

An Interview With Judge Gary

By Isaac F. Marcosson

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

STEEL, despite the pretensions and possibilities of other lines, is the barometer of American business. Just as it literally provides the skeleton for the skyscraper, and beyond that, the base of the whole vast production machine, so is it the foundation for the structure of commerce. Steel Common leads the stock market. In a larger sense, steel is a factor for international peace. The Franco-German economic entente, which I recently described in these columns, will rest mainly upon the accord between the heavy-metal masters of the two once belligerent countries.

By the same token, the head of the steel industry is the accredited appraiser of the business situation in the United States. This is why so much significance attaches to those rare occasions when Judge E. H. Gary speaks his mind. In precarious times his voice has been a steadying and reviving influence. Now that we ride the crest of one of the greatest prosperity waves that the country has known in many decades, his point of view—and particularly his outlook—is no less timely or important. A period of prosperity, as well as a time of stagnation, it is good to remember, has its perils.

No man is better equipped to speak of business than Judge Gary. As chairman of the United States Steel Corporation—to give him his exact title, for he is head of the board of directors and the finance committee and chief executive officer—he is steward of an industrial mastodon whose influence reaches in some way to nearly every home and every interest. Its 168,000 common and preferred stockholders are drawn from nearly every social rank. The Steel Corporation is synonymous with big vision and highly coordinated effort.

Moreover, Judge Gary, to a greater degree perhaps than any of his contemporaries, has been an active envoy to the trade and production centers of the world. During the past five years he has visited the Orient and South America, to say nothing of frequent trips to Europe. I cite this travel experience to show that he has kept in personal touch with outstanding figures and conditions everywhere. Wherever he has visited he has left the impress of a constructive presence that has enhanced our prestige there.

Judge Gary's office on the seventeenth floor of the Empire Building, on lower Broadway in New York, is not only a center of American industry but also a picture gallery of international celebrities. Behind the long table where he works—he seldom uses a desk—is a portrait of the late J. Pierpont Morgan, who made the Steel Corporation possible. The walls are literally covered with autographed photographs of the giants of business and transport, living and dead. The whole story of our industrial achievement is recorded in these souvenirs of intimate contacts.

There are also portraits of Japanese princes and potentates and European personages. Mussolini hangs alongside the King of Italy, while the presidents of Brazil, Argentina and Peru find a kinship of interest in their written tributes to our foremost figure in steel. I have mentioned only a few.

One photograph has peculiar interest. It reveals the familiar features of Hugo Stinnes, and is the only one of him that I have seen displayed in this country. The late German business man had great admiration for Judge Gary, and it was reciprocated. Stinnes, who lost valuable ore properties as a result of the Versailles Treaty, was eager to make an alliance of some kind with American interests. He once said to me that he regarded the United States Steel Corporation and its head as his ideal of all that was efficient in industry.

A Great Country to Live In

IT WAS in this office that I talked with Judge Gary. My idea was to get his impression of the business situation and also the outlook. I therefore first asked him for a general summary of conditions. His reply was:

"As a preliminary, let me first refer to the fundamentals of our business structure, mainly its constitution, upon which depend its health and vigor. We have something that is unequaled in any other part of the globe. It is permanent and it is growing in strength year by year. I refer to the soil of the United States, located in latitudes which provide climate suitable for the cultivation of nearly every variety of food for the necessities of life. It is rich, well watered, drainable, tillable, wooded, and underlaid with rich minerals. It is capable of producing an annual income large enough to pay in full any one of the enormous national debts, including our own, and it is susceptible to immense increases in the years to come.

"We have four seasons, which helps us to enjoy a changing and health-producing climate. We can modify the extremes of the seasons by traveling from one place to another. If our atmosphere at the principal place of residence is too cold at any time, we can go south to Florida. If it is too warm, we can travel to the Adirondacks or to the Rocky Mountains. If it is too wet or damp, we may visit California or Arizona. If we desire no change in temperature for twelve months in succession, we can find it. If we need or wish to be exact in regard to a uniform temperature, we can follow the thermometer from place to place. In doing all this we can remain in the United States. The same is true in regard to the special products from the ground in which we are most interested. This point could be carried much farther. In no other large single country can be found so much that is desirable.

"None of these blessings can be taken from the inhabitants of this country. They are here to remain so long as the earth shall last. Again, we have an enlightened civilization protected by laws based on a Constitution which is clear, comprehensive and just.

"In passing, let me remark that if the Philippine Islands should be permanently maintained as a part of the United States, which the best interests of the peoples of both countries require, our range of products could be materially extended. An honest, free vote of the inhabitants of the two domains would undoubtedly be in favor of the proposition.

"Now as to the business situation. It is evident from published reports in the newspapers, coming from persons well qualified to express opinions, including government officials from the President down, that conditions generally

A Period of Prosperity, as

throughout the United States are improving and, all in all, are better than they have been at any time since the Armistice was signed in 1918, especially if we take into account predictions relating to the future. With these opinions, as thus expressed, I am in hearty accord.

"Following my natural inclinations and rule of practice, I am not inclined to predictions of uninterrupted or undiminished prosperity for the future, but I do not hesitate to say there is nothing apparent on the business horizon that is threatening or that gives cause for doubt or distrust. I have not heard anything coming from well-posted men during the last few months that has caused a substantial doubt in regard to our present prosperity or during the near future, except statements to the effect that there is bound to be a serious interruption to, if not a cessation of, building activities.

"There is nothing particularly new in this, because most business men for a year or longer have been of the opinion that the volume of building was surprisingly large and would not continue long without material decreases. In this respect we have up to date been happily disappointed. There is this to be said on the subject:

"Though there may have been more small structures erected on property outside of the large cities than were necessary to accommodate the present demand, it should be remembered that, in the United States at least, the large cities are being rebuilt in order to satisfy the necessities and demands of those who require and can afford to pay for the best, most convenient and safest occupancy."

Prosperity That Makes Economy Hard

"IN THIS respect we escape one of the pressing ills of England, where the housing shortage is so acute that it has become a political factor. England needs at least 500,000 more houses, and so far she has been unable to supply them.

"To return to the United States—it is remarkable how many very good buildings in cities are being razed and replaced with more substantial, more lasting and more convenient structures. This also applies to bridges, particularly railroad bridges. The equipment has been growing heavier as the rate of train speed has become more rapid and the traffic more dense. The old-style bridges, even though built of steel or stone or cement, are not of sufficient strength to satisfy the demand of a great and growing trade. The present construction, with its improvements, seems to be safe against wind, earthquake or flood. In fact, fire will not generally destroy or seriously injure the great steel structures of the present day if they are properly planned.

"On the whole, it seems apparent to those who are directly connected with the business that there will be a great deal of building throughout this country during 1926, including the West and the South.

"In this connection it is important to consider that there is plenty of money in the United States to pay for all the necessities and even many luxuries which have become a part of our great prosperity.

"In view of what I have said, it is not necessary to call attention to the great and growing wealth of this country and to the $20,000,000,000 worth of products in one year from the farms, which amount could, if necessary, be doubled or tripled by not more than five years' preparation. This is a conservative statement.

"Of course there is another side to this picture. First of all, it is appropriate to urge caution, deliberation, conservatism, and to warn against overspeculation, inflation, overextension and an excess of confidence. We need always, from a standpoint of safety and satisfactory progress, to keep within the limits of our resources, as individuals, as groups of individuals, and even as a nation. Economy should always be of the highest importance in every business man's consideration. This refers to true economy and excludes false economy.

"It is not difficult for a man to be economical when he has little, if any, money in his pocket or bank. It is when money is plentiful as it is now, when the banks are well filled as they are at the present time, when the receipts from foreign countries are large and growing larger by comparison with the disbursements, when the wages are the highest they have ever been anywhere, and when practically every able-bodied man with the right disposition and energy can procure a decent living for himself and family; when the average man, including many who ought to be more prudent, is disposed to incur debts by the purchase of many things which might be mentioned that are in the luxury class, that economy should be preached and urged in order to prevent a dislocation of the trend of business.

"No one would intentionally say anything calculated to interfere with the natural and legitimate progress of business. At the same time it is proper to urge upon every line of business careful, conservative, economical management that will assist in protection against future possible contingencies which might result in decreased volume, even though it should turn out that it was not absolutely vital to do so. It is not necessary to refer to the subject of economy as applied to the National Administration, for it has given evidence through the different departments of its intention to husband the Government's resources."

Violation of the Laws of the Land

"THERE is another thing to be said in favor of further solidifying our present splendid situation and of preventing unnecessary difficulties. I refer to the subject of coöperation as opposed to uncalled-for and unreasonable antagonisms.

"This to some extent involves national politics. Although there are many disputes or disagreements and discussions by politicians of different parties or different members of the same party that are assumed to be political, they really have nothing to do with the politics of the country. In the past there frequently has been business demoralization, amounting to financial panic, which was caused by political agitations, by bitter and unjustified hostilities in Congress and out of Congress, by the introduction of, and sometimes the passage of, unreasonable bills, or by lack of harmony concerning some of the large public questions which, if considered, discussed and decided on the basis of promotion of the general welfare, could have been avoided.

"There is still another matter of the highest importance which calls for the most serious thought on the part of every well-disposed citizen. I refer to the uncontrolled and brutal violation of the laws of the land. Crime is rampant, and in the larger cities especially its extent is little short of appalling. Violent and brutal crimes are not only numerous, but they do not seem to be decreasing. Although much has been said and considerable done on the subject, the people generally are not sufficiently awakened."

"What is the cure?" I asked.

"The people all over the land," Judge Gary replied, "should come together in

(Continued on Page 202)

Well as a Time of Stagnation, it is Good to Remember, Has Its Perils

THE FIFTH ESTATE

THIRTY YEARS OF GOLF

By Jerome D. Travers and James R. Crowell

ONCE a week Saturday morning rolls around—an old-established, universal and unalterable custom. The glorious sun of a rare day in June floods the earth—and does many things. The particular function I have in mind is that it casts its joyous rays into the suburban home of that rapidly growing clan which philosophizes that all work and no play is exceedingly bad stuff for Jack, and proceeds to protect Jack from the evils of excessive toil by seeing that he stays away from the office every Saturday and Sunday through the summer months.

"Of all the useless things in the world, the most senseless is going to work on Saturday mornings," soliloquizes Jack. "You can't see anybody on Saturday morning; there's nobody to be seen; everybody knows that. Archaic, I call it. Thank heaven, the world's getting some sense in its noodle. I hope I break ninety today."

Jerome Travers and Max Marston

As the sunshine floods the earth, so do peace and good will illumine the soul of Jack as he sits at the breakfast table with the morning paper spread out in front of him and eats his orange, his two three-minute eggs, his toast and drinks his regulation two cups of coffee. Some day, boy! If Bill isn't off his game, it ought to be a cinch for Bill and him to give George and Frank the trimming of their young lives. Just rotten luck for them that George and Frank got all the money last time. Oh, well, when things break wrong for you in golf they certainly break wrong all over. This is another day. Some day, boy; you said it!

Midsummer Madness

"I GUESS the shop'll take care of that order from Grump, Grump & Grump all right. Hard babies to please, that outfit. Wonder whether I ought to phone the shop. Naw, the dickens with it! That's what they're there for—to take care of orders."

With which he rises from the table, tells the youngsters they may go to the movies in the afternoon, kisses the wife good-by, hops into his sedan and speeds over to the golf club, where he and Bill and George and Frank array themselves in linen knickers, white shirts and golf stockings that itch back of the knee. At the first tee their side wins the toss and Bill tells Jack to take the honor going out. Jack tees the ball, gives the driver a few preliminary waggles, and then to show his comrades that this time at least he isn't overcome by the customary stage fright of the first tee, he says something in an easy-going, carefree sort of tone—you know, just as though the subject of his comment were infinitely more important to him than any question of what is going to happen when he swings his club at the ball.

"Some day, fellows!" observes Jack; and the fellows echo, "Some day is right."

Oh, how plain it is that happiness fills the soul of Jack in his resolution against becoming a dull boy! How amiable he is toward all the world!

PHOTO. BY EDWIN LEVICK, N. Y. C.

Some of the Golf Medals Won by Travers in Various Events

Dubbed

BACK swoops Jack's driver, reaches its northern apex and then moves downward in the southern trajectory. At this tense moment, which we can classify as among the most tense known to mankind, Jack catches a glimpse out of the corner of his eye of a freckle-faced caddie cramming his mouth full of the morning ration of chocolate-covered molasses taffy. The caddie's movement is but a momentary interruption of the complete suspension of activity on the part of man, beast and Nature which is exacted of man, beast and Nature in the vicinity of a golfer making a shot, but it is quite enough to ruin the coördination of Jack's brain, eye and muscle. And Jack dubs the drive ignominiously.

All would be well and good with Jack if he could still feel the enchantment of this rare June weather and repeat to his friends the observation of a moment before—"Some day, fellows!" Or it might even help if the earth would conveniently open up at this crisis and swallow the freckle-faced caddie and his chocolate-covered molasses candy. But there are just two points wrong with that hypothesis: The glorious sun has become obscured by a foreboding cloud; and the freckle-faced caddie fails to vanish, though perhaps the molasses taffy has fled before the white heat of Jack's wrath—a heat of such intensity that it would not only melt the chocolate covering from the confection, but even remove the freckles from the caddie's face.

Hell hath no fury like a golfer's scorn. Jack's scintillating, fervid analysis of the caddie's outstanding characteristics reveals in the bare space of a few seconds certain enlightening points regarding the freckle-faced youth which have escaped the observation of even his parents in a period of fifteen years. Jack's auditors never before suspected that the boy possessed all the qualities ascribed to him by Jack.

"And for the love of Pete, son," says Jack in conclusion, his vocabulary now at the point of exhaustion

in supplying words adequate to describe a caddie who commits the lese majesty of moving while a golfer is in the midst of a shot, "wipe that chocolate smudge off your mouth. I'll never be able to get this off my mind as long as I can see that smear."

The unfortunate part of it is that most Jacks do not get it off their minds by so simple an expedient as the removal of the chocolate-covered reminder of the catastrophe of the first tee. The natural sequence of events is a succession of badly executed shots. Poise has fled before the onslaught of temper. They never get along well together.

In no other sport is the player thrown so completely out of his stride by such trifling circumstances as a spectator moving when he is about to make his shot. The student of golf concentration is less prone to be affected, but even he is not immune. It is a little difficult to understand exactly why golfers should be so susceptible to nervousness. The explanation has been advanced that it is due to the fact that the ball is stationary in golf and that the player has all the time in the world to meditate upon the prospective shot and work himself into an upset mental condition at the thought of missing. Those who hold to this theory contrast this distinctive phase of the game with baseball, tennis and the other outdoor sports played with a ball, in which the sphere is in motion at the time of impact and the player is allowed no time for disturbing meditation. But if that is the correct explanation, then how can we account for the fact that billiardists play on serenely amid a babel of noises and a constant eddy of moving objects? Their case is an exact parallel. The ball lies motionless on the table, they have all the time they wish to lose poise, and delicacy of stroke is required.

Walter Travis at Palm Beach

The Silent Language of the Links

I HAVE often wondered whether the sensitiveness of the golfer to his surroundings is not traceable to the fact that back in the beginning there were some excessively fidgety persons who required that everything within sight or hearing come to a standstill while they swung their clubs. Contrast the difference between the links decorum of the chap unfamiliar with the customs of the golf course and those who are supersensitive to them. Until his shocked and horrified friends stop him, the stranger will chatter away merrily and move around blithely on the tee and putting green, wholly unaware that he is committing an unpardonable breach of golf etiquette. The initiated golfer stands rigid and speechless while another player is making his shot.

Now it isn't long before the newcomer has grown gray in his understanding of the amenities of the course. He, too, has become gripped by the contagion of nerves. He appreciates it all now; why silence of the voice is so golden and stillness of the body so essential. A few weeks back it wouldn't have bothered him if he himself had driven to the tune of a dynamite blast or putted to the clatter of a boiler factory. But it's all so different since he joined the brotherhood and learned to speak the language—the only known language that has silence as its chief virtue.

I'd like to make an experiment. I'd like to find out whether this fetish of silence on the golf links isn't something more in the nature of a psychological twist we pass along from one to the other than a natural condition experienced by every player. My idea would be to take the rawest of products, a chap who has merely heard it rumored that there is such a game as golf, segregate him entirely from those who might infect him with the germ of silence and start him off playing while a battery of heavy artillery engaged in target practice near by. Then I should have a German street band accompany us on our daily rounds of the course and several horseshoers stationed on each tee hammering away at their anvils. At each putting green I should have a group of boys setting off firecrackers and several circus clowns turning handsprings as he made his putts.

I have a notion that commotion would become such an essential element in this player's mental attitude toward the game that it would be difficult for him to make a shot without the familiar din. I believe he would be the exact opposite of every other golfer in the world; a creature of habit the same as the rest, but a slave to a different kind of habit.

At the famous Hoylake course in England a player with a handicap of six made a freak wager with a scratch man in a test of the effect of noise on golf nerves. He bet he would beat the scratch man on even terms if allowed to say boo at him three times on the round while he was making his shots. The scratch man saw this only as an impediment which might interfere with not more than three strokes, and made the bet. On the thirteenth hole the handicap-six man used his first boo. It was also his last. From that point on to the final hole his adversary kept looking for the anticipated boo and was unable to concentrate on the game. The handicap-six man won with two boos to spare.

Poker-Face Golfers

IN THE days when I was competing in national and international championships my friends used to say that I was an iceberg. But I wasn't. Perhaps I was not quite so susceptible to the fidgets as most golfers; but now that the old reputation for coolness has ceased to be an asset, I'll make the frank confession that time and again my nerves have been so raggedy that I thought they would never hold together. I used to admit that to my closer friends, only to have them scoff at the idea and say that I was either kidding myself or them.

"Jerry, if it's really true your nerves do get jumpy, you certainly know how to mask your feelings with that frozen face of yours," my good friend, the late Fred Herreshoff, a great golfer, used to say.

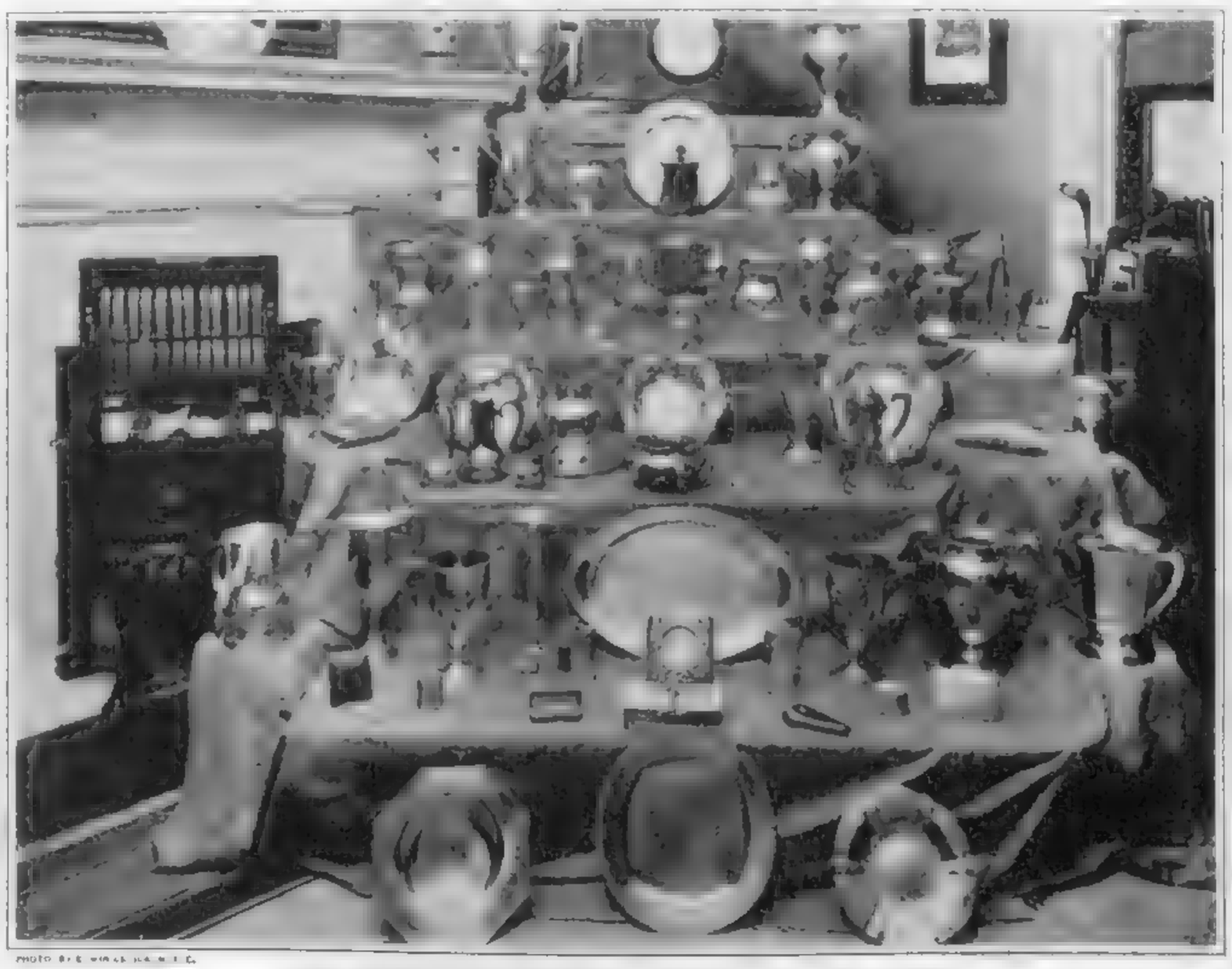
"I guess I must have learned it from Aleck Smith. Nearly everything I know about the game I learned from him. That probably came along with the rest of it."

Age and experience, I take it, are the great sedatives for the untamed irascibility of youth on the links. Bobby Jones went after his temper when he found it didn't pay to cater to it, and the net result of this wise decision was the winning of high honors which had eluded him previous to that. My own experience was quite similar. I found out early in my career that he who loses his temper usually loses the match.

In the 1906 Amateur Championship, played on the New Jersey links of the Englewood Country Club, I had the first serious set-to with my own temper. Earlier that season I had won my first important tournament—the Metropolitan Championship, in which I defeated Eben M. Byers 3 and 1 in the final round. It was therefore as the metropolitan champion that I entered the national championship, which, curiously enough, was destined to go that year to the golfer I had defeated for the metropolitan title.

My old rival, Walter J. Travis, led the field in the qualifying round with 152 strokes, against my 155, which landed me in second place. And it was Travis I encountered in the third

(Continued on Page 112)

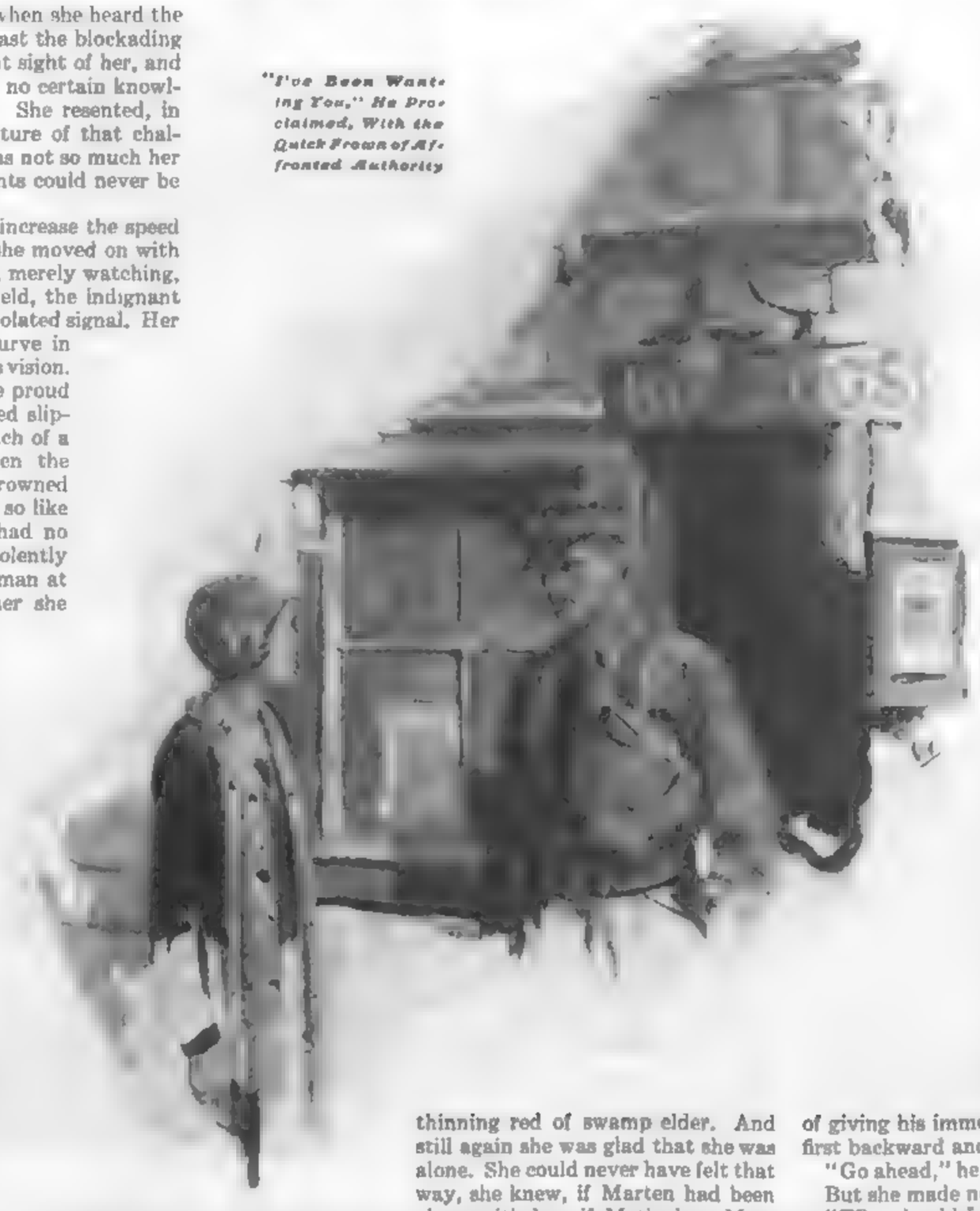


A Few of Jerry Travers' Trophies Won Within the Space of Seven Years

THE CAPTURE

By ARTHUR STRINGER

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE



"I've Been Wanting You," He Proclaimed, With the Quick Frown of Affronted Authority

SHE knew she should have stopped when she heard the police whistle. But she was well past the blockading sign before the traffic officer caught sight of her, and she could claim, of course, that she had no certain knowledge his summons was meant for her. She resented, in fact, the peremptory and overshrill nature of that challenge. It reminded her that the road was not so much her own as she imagined, that her movements could never be as free as she wanted them to be.

So she resisted the initial impulse to increase the speed of her car. She merely moved on, but she moved on with the moderation of the innocent-minded, merely watching, in the oblong mirror above her windshield, the indignant though diminishing figure beneath the violated signal. Her spirits lightened again when a slight curve in the highway finally carried her beyond his vision. She quickened her pace then, once more proud of the power that lay beneath her pointed slipper toe. She even resented the approach of a noisier car as she hummed on between the autumnal hills—a noisier car that drowned out the efficient faint purr of her engine, so like the purr of a contented kitten. She had no intention of racing. But when the insolently noisy touring car, with the insolent fat man at its wheel, forged slowly abreast of her she pressed determinedly down on the accelerator. The thought of taking second place was never palatable to her. She wanted to be victorious that morning, just as she wanted to be alone—alone with this shimmering new toy that was so responsive to her will and so unprotesting in its service.

It was not so easy as she imagined, however, to shake off the uncouth rival hanging on her flank. So the pointed toe went lower and the kitten's purr sharpened into a muffled whine and the tapestried hills on either side of her flowed past in striated lines of blurred color. She swerved on, with a sense of soaring as she mounted a hill and a sense of falling as her tires took the downward slope beyond the crest. She thrilled a little at that assurance of speed and exulted at the eventual discovery that she had outridden her rival. But she saw the need of slowing down again, now that she had tasted her wine of victory, for at the crossroads ahead she caught sight of a winking light of warning. She saw that light clearly enough as she dropped back to forty-five miles an hour, but she did not see the state trooper standing beside his motorcycle where the shadowing colonnade of elms paralleled the pavement. She perceived the arm of the brown-clad figure go up, indeed, before she realized it was an officer of the law and that he was signaling her to stop.

She had intended to stop, even before she heard the mandatory whistle once more behind her. But her speedometer still showed a speed of more than forty and it would take a good hundred yards, she estimated, to effect that stop. And that alone, she knew, would be evidence of her transgression and would, of course, lead to an argument. And an argument would spoil the persistent sense of high adventure that had been hers since she wandered forth that morning to taste this sparkling new cordial of power. So she made it neck or nothing. She capitalized her offense by increasing her speed. She defied law and order by drunkenly stepping on the gas. She bent lower over the wheel and went cannonading down the inviting long valley slope, grateful for an empty road and an engine that had been recommended to her as the fastest in the state.

It had vindicated itself, evidently, for when she sank back to a more reasonable speed she saw no russet-faced pursuer on her heels and no promise of trouble ahead. But it would be as well, she remembered, not to lurk in the neighborhood of that indignant state trooper. And it would be equally expedient, she felt, to abjure the main highway for the less sedulously patrolled side roads, where the scenery was more pictorial and her impression of being alone could be more pronounced. She even wrung a wayward sense of triumph out of worsting an enemy who was always troublesome and often seemed disrespectful. And it was very lovely, she saw, in this wilder and more heavily wooded hinterland, where the oak copses were dull flame and the marsh grass was the color of a lion's mane.

She was happy with a two-fold sense of escape. She even hummed to herself as she idled down to study the Roman gold and russet of the Jersey scrub oak, half surrounding a bog land of warm umber frilled with the thinning red of swamp elder. And still again she was glad that she was alone. She could never have felt that way, she knew, if Marten had been along with her, if Meticulous Mart had been there at her side to criticize her driving and tell her not to overheat her new motor. But she was her own mistress that morning, she proclaimed, as she half willfully made the maroon-colored coupé lunge forward and slow down again, responsive to the slightest movement of her narrow-toed slipper.

It was as she drifted slowly and contentedly along the color-splashed lowlands that she first saw the man—the man who so abruptly reminded her that she was still much less alone than she had imagined.

He had, apparently, been eating an apple, which he tossed away as he emerged from between the scarlet-topped sumac bushes. She expected, when he signaled so authoritatively for her to stop, to see him in uniform. But when she directed her attention toward his apparel she perceived that he wore an ill-fitting suit of tweed, a suit so obviously too big for him that it tended to make him ridiculous. When her glance rose to his face, however, her earlier impulse to laugh at him promptly vanished. For about that intent face was something vaguely disturbing, something unmistakably determined and sinister.

"Stop!" he commanded, with his arm still up as the car bore slowly down on him.

But she had no intention of stopping on that lonely road beside a figure so unsavory. The man, in fact, looked little better than a tramp. But there was a tensity about him, she saw, as she glanced down at the alert face with the line of determination in the thin-lipped mouth, that marked him off from the wandering idler. So, with her gaze still directed toward the interloper beside her running board, she quietly pressed down on her accelerator. The car, in response to that movement, gained speed and swept past the man. She could see his face darken at the same time that he repeated his hoarse shout to stop. But she did not stop.

She did not stop until a sound like a sharp bark assailed her ears and a bullet tore through the sheet aluminum of her car body. Then, more in amazement than in terror, she lifted her foot from the accelerator and stared at the additional hole which the bullet, deflected, had torn in the car roof so close to her head. An absurd wave of anger went through her as she realized the extent of that vandalism. He had done violence to something beautiful and virginal and unsullied. He had practically ruined her new car.

Yet she switched off her engine when she found him running so determinedly along beside her, for the man, after all, must be a traffic officer in disguise. Only an officer of the law, she felt, would have the effrontery to stop her in any such violent manner. And he might have heard, in some way, of her earlier traffic misdemeanors that morning.

But her face was pale and indignation still burned in her eyes as the man with the revolver flung open her car door.

"D' you hear me tell you to stop?" he demanded, with one foot on the running board. His left hand, she noticed, clung to the nickeled door knob and in his right hand he still held the revolver.

"Why should I stop?" she countered, with all the spirit that she could command.

She was used to being treated with deference. She demanded respect and courtesy from those about her. And she resented the autocratic way in which this bucolic individual was attempting to impose his will on her, was trying to interfere with her freedom and happiness.

"D' you want a bullet through your empty head?" he challenged as he crowded his malodorous body closer in through the narrow door.

"Why should I want a bullet through my head?" she asked, with a coerced calmness that showed the merest shadow of agitation. But the man who had seated himself beside her, instead of giving his immediate attention to that inquiry, peered first backward and then forward along the empty road.

"Go ahead," he commanded, swinging the car door shut.

But she made no move to start the silent engine.

"Why should I go ahead?" she asked, fixing him with a quietly challenging eye that brought his quick nervous glance up to her face, now slightly flushed with anger. She could see his mouth harden as he lifted his right arm and thrust the barrel end of his revolver against her side.

He smiled mirthlessly at her gasp of horror. One crook of that none-too-clean finger, she knew, could send an ounce of lead tearing and rending through her body, just as it had already sent its ounce of lead tearing and rending through her burnished new car.

"If you want to live, lady, I'd advise you to move on," he said, with the careless audacity born of his unquestioned power over her.

She did want to live. That very morning, in fact, life had impressed her as a very beautiful and precious thing. It could never be lightly forfeited. It was something to be clung to and fought for. She had every reason in the world for wanting to live. But she must live with dignity. For deep down in her being, like waiting lions in their Colosseum cells, were kenneled feelings she could not always keep under control, feelings that could spring out and do violence to her clearer moments of thought, feelings of revolt against these too abject humiliations that could leave even the promise of security singularly trivial. And she wondered how far he would go, this ludicrous interloper with the little iron cylinder that could spit death into her startled body.

"Who are you?" she found herself asking. For she was studying his face again, the oddly pallid face with the sunken cheeks and the bony temples and the animal-like alertness in the habitually narrowed eyes—and as she looked at that face she remembered.

The hand of memory, reaching out, turned a switch and flooded her darkness with sudden light. She remembered hearing her husband as he talked with Sandy Forsaith about two lifers who had escaped from state prison the preceding Sunday. They had sawed through the bars of a washroom window, had hidden in an engine room until nightfall, and with a rope ladder made of braided bag hemp tied to a furnace shaker, they had, after grimly knocking two guards unconscious, scaled the wall and

escaped. Three days later, she recalled, one of them had been cornered and caught while trying to shave with a stolen razor beside a woodlot pond, though he had seriously wounded two of the farmers in the posse before his recapture. But the other man had not been apprehended And that other man, she had every reason to believe, now sat at her side with a loaded revolver in his hand.

A feeling oddly like physical nausea swept through her as a full realization of her predicament struck home. But it lasted only a moment. It was followed by a feeling of betrayal and an ensuing sense of injustice at being so openly exposed to the unpredictable forces of evil. Women, and especially women in her walk of life, weren't supposed to face such things. And all Mart's fussing, founded on affection though it were, had not prepared her for any such emergency. It was about the car itself that he had fussed mostly, insisting that it should be insured, that it should carry a fire extinguisher and a towing rope, that it should go about burdened with two heavy spares not only locked on the tire bracket but also linked together by a heavy steel chain of his own devising, a chain held in place by a big padlock that made her think of the Subtreasury. But none of that had guarded her.

A moment later, however, she remembered that if she stood without protection, without defenses, it was not so utterly and altogether Mart's fault as she might have wished. She had ventured to act by herself that morning, to think for herself—and it was still a human prerogative to use one's own brain. That, in fact, was being imposed upon her. And even now, she warned herself, everything would depend on her ability to remain calm and clear-headed. This unclean intruder, she tried to solace herself by claiming, could be little better than an animal. And like all animals, he could eventually be outwitted.

Yet when she looked at him again she was compelled to acknowledge there was something more than taurine ferocity in his hunger-lined face. She could see cunning there, and craftiness, and an uncouth recklessness born of desperation. And she harvested the conviction, from his scowlingly estimative study of her face, that he in turn harbored no undue respect for her intelligence.

"Move on!" he commanded, with an impatient head nod toward the narrow road that lay before them. But she remained stubbornly motionless.

"Are you an officer?" she demanded, and into that query she projected an air of meekness which she did not feel.

"Not by a long shot!" he retorted, with his curt bark of a laugh. "Why?"

"Because you must have some excuse for arresting me in this way," she explained, in the tenuous hope that he would still catch at that dissimulative cue, "and for doing what you did to this new car of mine."

"I'll do the same to you," he said, with a quick look back over his shoulder, "if you don't get it movin'."

She met the open menace of his gaze without flinching. Like every woman of undisputed appeal to men, she had long since plotted her curve of tolerance.

"I don't think you'd dare do that," she said, with a faint quaver in her voice. But his face darkened at the unexpected note of quiet opposition in that speech of hers

"You don't know what I'd dare," he said, with a quick hardening of his thin lips.

"But I intend to find out," she was on the point of proclaiming. Instead of confronting him with that ultimatum, however, she let her glance lock with his narrowed glance as she remarked, "I'm not used to being bullied."

"Then here's where you begin," he said, as he settled back in the padded seat. And her blood chilled a trifle at the contemptuous casualness of his tone. It was evidence, unpalatable evidence, of the extent to which he held her in his power

"I'm waitin'," he said, with a movement of irritation at her immobility.

"I also am waiting," she asserted, with the quiet pertinacity of a woman to whom coercion was unknown.

"Waitin' for what?" he snapped, swinging about in his seat.

"For your reasons for this outrage," was her slightly tremulous reply. And his anger flashed up again at that unexpected show of opposition from her.

"Say, you bone-headed lollipop," he suddenly cried out at her, "I'm not paradin' my reasons for this ride. I'm the boss here, and if that isn't plain to you yet, I'll make it plainer."

"How?" she coolly inquired, wondering at the curdling of hate that eddied through her body.

He did not answer her in words. But with a movement of unexpected quickness he transferred his revolver from his right hand to his left. She even thought for a moment that he was going to threaten her once more with the barrel end against her ribs. But instead of that he swung his empty right hand sharply upward and inward, striking her on the face with his open palm.

She did not cry out. But her sharp inhalation was almost a moan. Her face went white, except for the momentary marks where the corrupting hand had smitten her cheeks. And a strangled sob or two broke from her throat as she raised seemingly incredulous fingers and felt along the smooth skin with its island of scarlet.

"D' you want more?" he challenged, quite unmoved by the mental agony on the gardenia-white face.

"I understand," she said in little more than a whisper Yet she gasped again, inarticulately, as she made an effort to brush aside the tears that had gathered in the violet-blue eyes above the blow mark.

"Then start this bus," he curtly commanded.

She was still sobbing as she leaned toward the instrument board and switched on the ignition.

"Where do you want to go?" she asked in a voice which she struggled to keep from shaking.

"I'll tell you that when I'm ready," was his answer. "The thing to do now is to keep movin'."

She started forward without speaking, her eyes fixed on the roadway. Her teeth were shut on her indrawn underlip and her breathing was abnormally quick and shallow. But she seemed to have regained some shadow of her earlier composure.

"Got anything to eat with you?" suddenly demanded the man at her side.

"No," she answered, as she continued to tool her car along the shallow-rutted road.

"Got any road maps?" was his next question.

"No," was her answer.

"Why haven't you?"

"This is the first time I've ever driven this car," she explained, slowing down as she spoke. "It's a new one."

"Until I punctured it," he curtly amended. But he appeared piqued by her quietness of voice, puzzled, apparently, as to the source of some new fortitude he found in it. His glance at her, however, was both brief and contemptuous. He was more interested, a moment later, in studying the interior of the suède-upholstered coupé. When his wandering eye caught sight of her pencil-blue leather book bag, which, along with her handkerchief, she had thrust into the seat pocket beside the window, he casually lifted it from its resting place, blinked at its gold metal edging and opened it.

He counted over the small roll of bills he found there, refolded them and thrust them down in his trousers pocket. Then he took up her driver's license and frowningly studied it.

"Is your name Frances Ledforth?" he asked, his eyes still on the slip of cardboard.

"Yes," she replied.

(Continued on Page 179

"I'm Afraid We've Lost Our Way on the Country Roads," She Found Herself Saying, "and I Was Wondering if I Could Possibly Buy a Little Food From You"

FOR REVENUE ONLY

By Albert Payson Terhune

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

THE main event of the evening had been declared a draw. It was the third time the gladiators had met. One of them had won the first fight on decision. The other had clamored for a return match and had won it—again on decision. The third conflict was a spirited tie bout.

"That gives the sport editors a grand chance to say those are the eveneat-matched pair of lightweights on earth," observed Beasley, as we wiggled and shuffled our way to cleaner air, amid several thousand milling and sweating fight fans. "Likewise, it'll give each of them an opening for a signed statement that he'll never leave off till he's proved himself better'n t'other. So their next go is due to jam the house."

Beasley knows almost everything about sports at large and fights in particular. What little he doesn't know he suspects. So I listened to him with a certain limited reverence as he went on:

"The public won't get wise, even then, that it'll have been whipsawed into paying four times to see the same fight. If those two lightweights had been allowed to do their work without any hippodroming, their first fight would likely have settled which was the best man. But then there wouldn't have been half a gate for their next fight. As it is, they've met three times to big gates, and they're going to meet at least once more. Maybe oftener, if somebody has the sense to hit on a way of stringing the suspense without letting it slump."

"But ——"

"They often work this game nowadays in a way that gets my mouthful of praise. Tigerish grudge fights with a surtax English. Bloodshed for revenue only. When higher education gets to the point where every prize fighter can sign his own signed press statements, pugilism will be a cultured and inspired game that will put Wall Street into the roughneck division. Maybe in the old days the fighting wasn't any squarer than it is now. For all I know, Jem Mace and Mendoza and that prehistoric bunch may have pulled stunts that would have caused a scandal in Atlanta Penitentiary. But it was done in a raw child-of-nature way. It wasn't captain-of-industry stuff, like this we see so often nowadays. This is collapse-proof—except from the inside. Only, I never knew but one time where it collapsed from inside. But that one time was sure good and plenty. It wasn't like any other fight I ever heard tell of, and I've heard of them all."

Obviously, this was the lead for a picturesque reminiscence. In perverse silence I forbore to throw Beasley his cue. But that did not avail. When Beasley feels a reminiscence coming on, mere failure of his audience to register interest cannot stop him. So as we rambled on down the midnight street I listened.

Mary Was a Pitiful Little Scrinched-Up Figure Crumpled There in the Corner of the Big Couch. Something Stuck in Miles' Throat, as He Beat Down Awkward-Like and Patted Her Shoulder

Maybe you read or maybe you didn't, began Beasley, awhile back, where Mack Foley—baptized Ignacio Boccadeleone Cierta—gave out that he was thinking of retiring from the ring, because his artistic wife objected to him being a fighter any longer. The papers made quite a fuss about it; and one or two of them even sent sob sisters out to get an interview with Foley's wife. The sob sisters didn't find her. That wasn't their fault. You see, she isn't born yet. Foley's manager, Tim Russ, had given the papers a girlhood photo of Rose Coghlan along with the story.

There was a whole lot of newspaper talk about it, and a lot of expert guesses as to who'd succeed to Mack Foley's radium laurels as light-heavyweight champion of the East. Then Tim Russ gave out that Foley had got his wife's leave to pick the best of the challengers and fight just once more. If his opponent could put up a good enough fight, Foley would bequeath the title to him and retire.

That title-bequeathing stunt has been worked to the bone in the past quarter century, you know. As if a champ has any more right to bequeath his title than Coolidge has to bequeath his! But it always goes with the crowd. Most anything does, if it's silly enough.

Well, for a miracle, part of the yarn was true. Mack Foley did want to retire and Tim Russ was willing to have him do it. That may sound funny, when you remember the tons of cash Tim had raked in for Mack and himself on all Foley's for-revenue-only fights in the eight years the two of them had been reaping the bumper crops of suckers. But it was a case of must.

I got it on the square from a pal of mine, a specialist Foley was smuggled to. It seems the champ had gotten his nose mashed a couple of times during fights. He hadn't thought anything about it, till by and by he began to have trouble breathing through it. A single hard smash there in training bouts was liable to close his nose up tight for a day or more, and make him do all his breathing through his mouth.

This specialist told me the two fractures had started up a growth or something, away in the back of Mack's breathing apparatus behind the bridge of the nose, and that any very heavy concussion of a flying fist and a nondodging nose was liable to start it swelling, so that he had to become a mouth breather till it went down again. And a mouth breather isn't an ideal fighter. Mack wouldn't even be a good mouth breather, for the swelling bothered the back of his throat, too, and closed it almost tight.

Well, the news sent Russ and Foley into mourning. It meant Mack's days as a champ were winding up. Unless he could make sure of guarding his nose from a chance punch of the right power and from the right angle, he was apt to lose the fight through smothering or choking. It wasn't a cheery prospect, any way you turn your head to look at it.

It was up to Mack to retire from the ring, and that at a time while he was still cleaning up a gallon of dollars every year. He didn't mind stopping the fighting. Not one pug in twelve really likes that part of it. It's just their day's work. But thirteen out of twelve of them fairly worship the purse end of the game.

Well, after Foley and Russ had quit howling and cursing and calling the specialist names that he told me were a liberal education to him, they asked him to keep his mouth shut; and then they went into executive session with their brains. At least it was Tim Russ' brains they went into conference with. Mack had all his brains in his manager's name. But Russ had enough for both and then some.

They didn't try to figure how to keep Foley from retiring. That was out. But Russ twisted his mind dry to find a way to let him retire in a shower of diamonds; to win enough cash from his retirement to make up for some of the future bouts he'd never be able to fight. That was his problem, and he solved it. If Tim Russ had gone in for finance or piracy or empire building, instead of handling a string of pugs, he'd have jockeyed Hen Longfellow out of his Hall of Fame niche and moved in there himself long ago.

That night he sends off a wire to Billy Gaites, fixing a date for them to get together. Gaites was a semi-amachoor, bush-league sort of fight manager, a million notches below Russ' class. He had only one fighter on his hands just then, and he ran a little mortgaged steam laundry on the side. This one fighter of his was Miles Ireson, a lanky Massachusetts Coast lad who had gotten a job in the laundry a couple of years earlier. Gaites liked the raw ruggedness of him and the square of his jaw and his straight eye, and the way his neck linked up his head with his body, and the quick, sure move of his arms and feet.

He tried him out in the gym and he found he had a natural-born fighter on his hands. Hell's full of gifty boxers and rag-chewing sluggers; but a natural-born fighter is as rare as a shy insurance agent. Miles Ireson was a comer any way Gaites could figure it.

He put the big boy on in a pork-and-bean prelim or two, and then in a few bigger-time fights. Ireson went through his opponents like a valet crook goes through the clothes of a rich souse. He had the hands and he had the

head. He could take an ungodly wallop and he packed one that was ungodlier. All he needed was a year or two of the right sort of work to put him high. He was on the level, too, and he was so grateful to Gaites for giving him a chance at such an exciting money-making trade that he acted toward the manager more like a professionally faithful hound than a fine upstanding man.

Naturally, Gaites had swelled his own chest more'n a little in talking about his find. Besides, the boy's work was beginning to make the wise ones do some talking as well as some close watching.

If Ireson was grateful to Gaites, it was up to Gaites to be ten times as grateful to Ireson. For the steam laundry was beginning to buckle and sag under the mortgages Gaites had had to slap onto the business one time when he'd been sick for three months and when the fine oil stocks he'd put all his savings into forgot to spill 25 per cent dividends any longer. Ireson's fight purses were keeping Gaites and the laundry going.

A couple of better managers had sent scouts to pry Miles loose from Gaites, but the boy had jumped down their throats. One of the scouts had been from Tim Russ at that. Ireson pretty near busted the scouts' maps in, he was so sore at them for thinking he'd desert the man who had made him. That was the sort he was

Well, Gaites comes back from a day's trip and he is so tickled that he can't make his face do any teamwork. He spills the glad news all over Ireson and over his own sister, Mary, who keeps house for him and Miles.

It seems he's met up with the famous Mr. Tim Russ just by chance, and they got to talking about this and about that, and finally they've arranged a match between the champ and Ireson.

"Yes, sir, as true as I stand here, that's what we done That's right. The papers will be ready to sign next week. There'll be a spread about it on the sporting pages tomorrow."

Ireson stared, slack-jawed, he was so took back at the wonderful news. Mary Gaites gives a little squeal. She hugs her brother and she all but hugs Miles, too, she's so thrilled.

You see it was as big and unexpected a thing to Ireson as it would be for an upstate church tenor to be asked to hold down Caruso's old job at the Metropolitan. The boy hadn't expected to get where he could challenge the champion for a couple of more years, anyhow—a couple of years made up of grindingly tough uphill work all the way. And now he was clearing all that time in one short jump. It didn't make sense.

"But, Billy," sputters Mary Gaites, when she can get her breath back, "I thought you said last week that Russ was going to pick the best of all the field of light heavyweights for this last big fight of Foley's. And Miles, here, is only ——"

"Miles, here," interrupts Gaites, all lofty, "is the lad Russ and Foley have picked. They have the say-so, haven't they? At that, there aren't more'n two other chaps at most in the light-heavyweight division that could stop Miles today. It isn't a bad choice Russ has made. And even if Foley wins he's going to retire. Remember that. And that'll mean he bequeaths the title to you. You're the next light-heavy champ any way it works out. And ——"

"But what good will that do him," puts in Mary, "if there are two other light heavies or even one other light heavy better than he is? He'll have to defend his title. The boxing commission will make him do that, won't they? And I should think it would be worse to get the title by a gift and then lose it right away than not to get it at all. Wouldn't it, Miles?"

Ireson begins to lose his ecatasy grin and to look some worried. But Gaites jumps in with:

"Rot! At the rate the boy is improving maybe there won't be a one of them can stop him when he's champ, if we can stall long enough to give him the time he needs before he's got to fight anyone else. We can take that up when we get to it. Miles, you're going into reg'lar training tomorrow. I'm getting Scully for your sparring partner; and I'll look around for another good husky lad to work with you besides. This is worth putting a new mortgage onto the business for—if I can raise one. Mary, you'll have to run the laundry by yourself for the next month. I'll be too busy with the big boy here to bother with it. Can you?"

Mary nodded. She was doing pretty near a full day's work as it was, what with keeping house and helping in the laundry at rush times. But she was one of the brown-eyed and level-jawed kind that does its job whatever that job happens to be, and doesn't blubber or sulk over it Besides, it was for Miles Ireson. That was beginning to mean just a little to her, though I doubt if she knew it yet

Well, the sporting editors made almost enough racket over the coming match to suit Tim Russ himself. Ordinarily, if Foley had agreed to fight a newcomer like Ireson, they'd have branded it as a set-up or they'd have left it all alone. It wouldn't have been news. But Russ had announced that this was to be Mack Foley's last fight; and that he'd hand over the title to the man he fought if the man put up any sort of worthwhile fight. That made it news. The editors all explained in sporting-page boxes that a retiring champion had no authority to bequeath his title, but that made no difference. It was to be a championship battle—Foley's last—and if this lanky young New England fighter could prove his own worth in it, it meant the championship would change hands the very night of the bout.

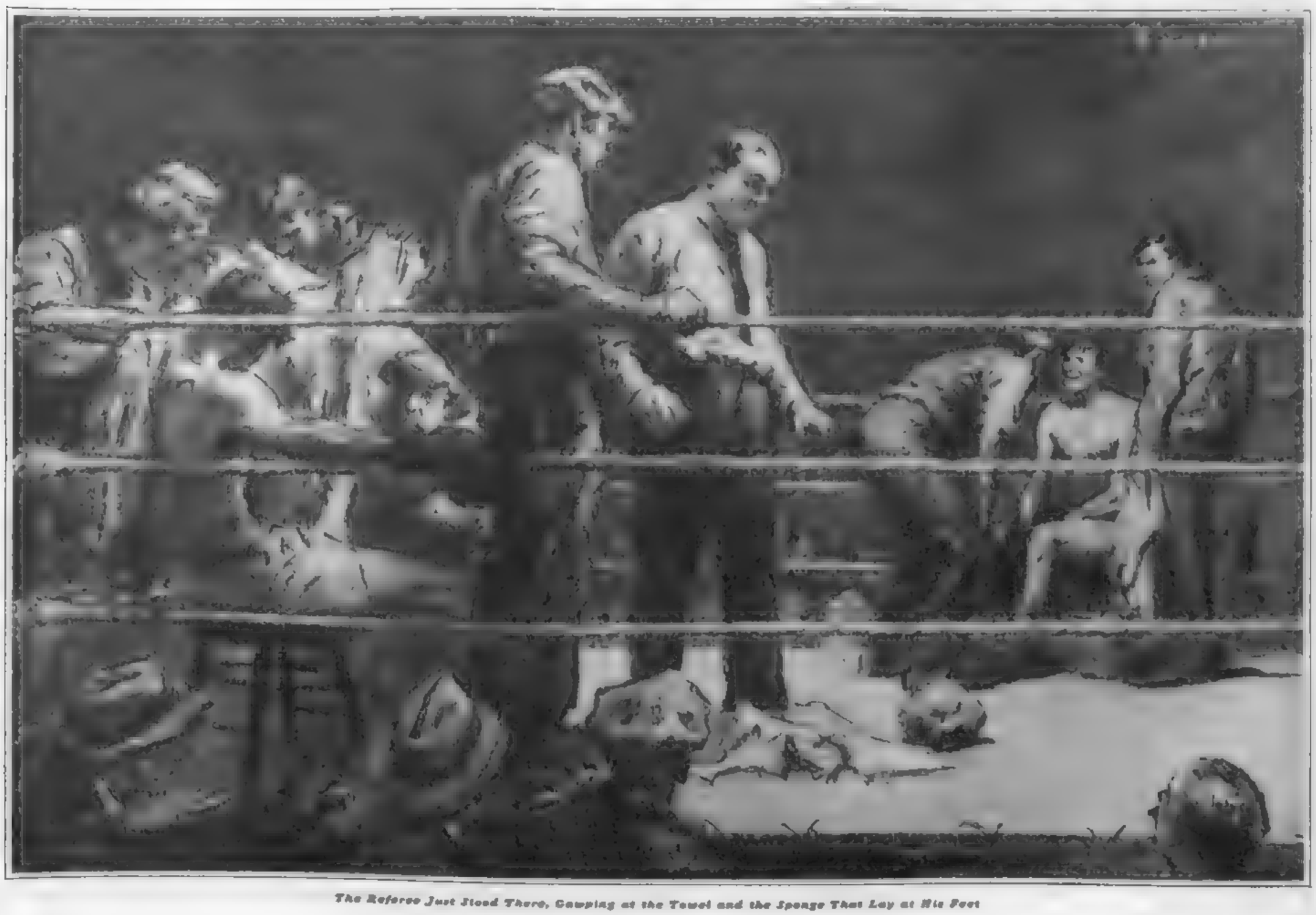
Yes, it was news. It was more than news. It was grand publicity. It meant a record gate and tickets selling at fool premiums. It meant all that. There was a scramble of fight clubs to get the bout, and the bidding for it went skyhooting

As for Ireson, he was training for all he had in him. He had always been a good worker. But now he was putting out more than he'd known he had. It was his first training time with all the fixings that go with a championship bout—the first-rate sparring partner and the expert masseurs and the right quarters and everything. He improved under it faster than he ever had.

Of course the betting was all on Foley. Enthusiasm and sportsmanship are fine things, and the under dog is a noble canine, but cash money follows the line of common sense—except when it happens to stroll into the stock market. So the odds were an easy six to one on Foley. Then there were the usual—more than usual—freak bets; bets that Foley would stop the challenger in or before such and such a round.

You see, nobody had heard about Mack's bum nose. As far as the public knew, the champ was still in his full prime, and as rugged and unbeatable as ever. And Ireson wasn't so very far past the novice stage. He had never fought anyone in the front rank of his class. Six to one looked like

(Continued on Page 124)



The Referee Just Stood There, Gawping at the Towel and the Sponge That Lay at His Feet

The Type of Motor Car That First Crossed the Desert of Sahara

A Chauffeurless Automobile Traveling Along a Paris Street

A Brazilian Snake Farm Where Venom Is Collected

SCIENCE AND

By Floyd

A FATHER discovered recently that we are living in a new age when he used the word "whoa" and his young daughter did not know its meaning. Each generation marvels at its own accomplishments and pities the forefathers.

"What great changes you have witnessed!" wrote Mark Twain to Walt Whitman, on the occasion of the latter's seventieth birthday. "The steel steamship, the railroad, the perfected cotton gin, the telephone, the phonograph, the electric light, the sewing machine and the amazing products of coal tar, those latest and strangest miracles of an astounding age. You have seen anæsthesia applied and the dominion of pain overthrown forever. You have seen the slave set free, monarchy banished from France and reduced in England to a mere machine that looks important but isn't connected with the works In the years you have lived, more has been done to widen the interval between man and the other animals than was accomplished in the five centuries preceding "

What a letter the great humorist could write on this subject today! Monarchy haa been banished almost entirely from the earth. We are a nation on wheels, and the space about us has been transformed into a carrier of music and speech We navigate the air, take pictures of the insides of our bodies, broadcast photographs and photograph music. We refrigerate with heat, rear oysters from artificially fertilized eggs, and measure the length of thought waves sent out by the human brain. We make furniture out of steel, sugar from corn and moto. fuel from molasses

A New Industrial Revolution

NEW industries are being created literally overnight, often displacing old lines of business that failed to recognize the coming of a revolution. A few years ago thousands of people in India were engaged in growing indigo. Then came the by-product coke oven, giving us coal tar, and soon a way was found to manufacture a synthetic indigo from tar, doing away with the means of livelihood of the indigo growers of the Far East

The future is hopeless for the individual or the corporation that gives thought only to the present hour. A short time ago the wood-alcohol industry appeared to have nothing to worry about. Suddenly news came of a method that gets methanol, a product similar to wood alcohol, from coal and water. In this process water gas is mixed with hydrogen, subjected to heat and pressure in the presence of a catalyst, and then the carbon monoxide and the hydrogen combine to form methanol. It is similar to the famous Haber process that the Germans first used to produce ammonia. Manufactured in this way, the cost of the methanol is so low that the wood-alcohol industry, with an investment of $100,000,000, is at a loss to know which way to turn.

No one can forecast with certainty just how any new discovery is going to affect life and industry. The crowded subway has helped make sickness a community affair. The telephone has revolutionized business. The automobile and the radio have made farming attractive. Railroad electrification is transforming slums into fashionable districts. The radiophone promises to revolutionize police and fire fighting methods, while wireless phones on trains are transforming railway coaches into busy offices.

Science, the Modern Columbus

THE curse of our petroleum industry has been the enormous waste of money in sinking dry holes. All the efforts of geologists to solve the problem were unavailing. In the meantime a Hungarian investigator developed an apparatus to measure variations in the force of gravity from place to place. Another scientist perfected a somewhat similar device which he proposed to use in testing the Einstein theory. Some of the oil people heard of these instruments and decided that they might use them in selecting favorable points for the drillers to sink wells. Efforts along this line soon brought gratifying results and important new pools of oil were located. This type of device, known as the torsion balance, though it will not actually locate oil-bearing rock, does provide an accurate picture of gravity variations in any locality. With such data at hand, and taking into account that in oil regions the heavier rocks are always found nearest the surface, the geologists have been able materially to reduce the risks of drilling.

Nine great discoveries out of ten come by accident, and very often are put to uses that were not dreamed of in the beginning. It is recognition of this fact that has turned the curve of human progress abruptly upward and caused our great leaders of industry to understand that there is no sharp line of demarcation between pure and applied science. Today's discovery in the field of scientific theory inevitably leads to tomorrow's discovery in the practical field of business

Columbus started out to find a new route to India, but discovered America instead. Great companies like the General Electric, the Westinghouse, the General Motors, the American Telephone and the Eastman Kodak owe much of their success to the one policy of giving their scientists unrestricted freedom in the research work they are doing

Research that aims at a single definite accomplishment too often ends in failure. The fellow who starts into a new and unexplored region with strict orders to discover nothing but a gold mine very likely will not only fail to find gold but will overlook the other precious values about him that are awaiting discovery. Our knowledge about radium and other valuable elements has come as a result of the open-mindedness of the investigators and their readiness to change plans as circumstances required.

Many of the old school of executives were unyielding in their conservatism. They believed that nothing should ever be done the first time. They were even worse than our modern radical, who is convinced that nothing should ever be done except the first time. The old-timers were sure that the really important discoveries in chemistry and

A Night Photograph of Hadley Field of the U. S. Air Mail at New Brunswick, New Jersey. It is Illuminated Solely by the

EVERYDAY LIFE

W. Parsons

physics had been made, and that future progress was dependent upon mere refinements in elements and measurements already known. But science relentlessly pushed the standpatter aside and new truths began to unfold in rapid succession. It became clear that the character of the atom is not eternal, that "mass" and "energy" are interconvertible terms, and, generally speaking, that former notions about electrical and ethereal phenomena have been pure fallacies

All of which does not mean that our present system is perfect. We have entered an age of industrial confusion where great forces are working against one another. What appears to be a remedy today often reveals itself as an evil tomorrow

The automobile was said to be the answer to the question of how to get around quickly. Now our cities are so congested with motor cars that one can often go faster on foot. Maybe we are building too fast and the structure will topple over. Perhaps our present mechanical age will end by consuming itself. Some day we may want to return to the primitive life and nestle close to the bosom of Nature. But such an outcome is far off, and in the meantime we have no choice but to play our part in the most astounding drama of science and business that has ever been played.

Each day brings its new development. Einstein works a lifetime to give us his famous theory, the future value of which cannot be estimated by any living person. Most of the solutions of problems that he set forth have been investigated and proved correct. He said that if he was right in his deductions, the light of a star would be bent in a straight line by a specified amount while the ray was passing through the sun's gravitational field. Astronomers stationed in Australia during the recent eclipse found that the stellar rays were bent an average of 1.74 seconds of arc, just as Einstein predicted. This may all seem to be far-fetched, but work of this kind may produce effects suddenly causing radical changes in our daily habits.

Practical Uses of Stargazing

TO SOME it may seem to be almost a waste of time and money for a group of scientists to travel to the other side of the earth merely to spend a few minutes in witnessing the phenomena of an eclipse. It was thirty-six years ago that helium was discovered by observers in India during a solar eclipse. No one understood the value of the element and therefore nothing more was done than to give it a name. Ramsay discovered argon in the atmosphere in 1894, but no practical use for the new gas was found until twenty years later, when Doctor Langmuir discovered that an improvement in lighting could be effected by filling the electric bulbs with the inert argon gas. Argon in lamps is now saving the country upward of $100,000,000 annually. As for helium, it is our chief hope in the development of a great airship industry. Another new gas was discovered in the sun by Frederick Slocum, of Wesleyan University, during the last solar eclipse. Doubtless some use will be found for the new gas when its properties have been determined.

Let no one belittle the importance of the work of our astronomical fraternity. New devices make it possible for us to determine the amount of heat we receive from the sun each day. Such data in conjunction with new knowledge concerning sun-spot phenomena and the moon's influence on tidal surges are making possible the development of the interesting new art of forecasting climatic changes. One group of observers now insists that we are fast approaching a coincidence of sun-spot maxima and abnormal tidal pulls that will bring us a change in weather of such proportions that the world will be confronted with a serious food problem. The sun's heat dropped off about 4 per cent in 1922 and since then has not returned to normal. There is no doubt that the sun's power is diminishing. But we are told that 30,000,000,000,000 years is a fair estimate of a star's life, and as the sun is a star, we have good grounds for believing that the earth's power plant will be operating for a long time to come.

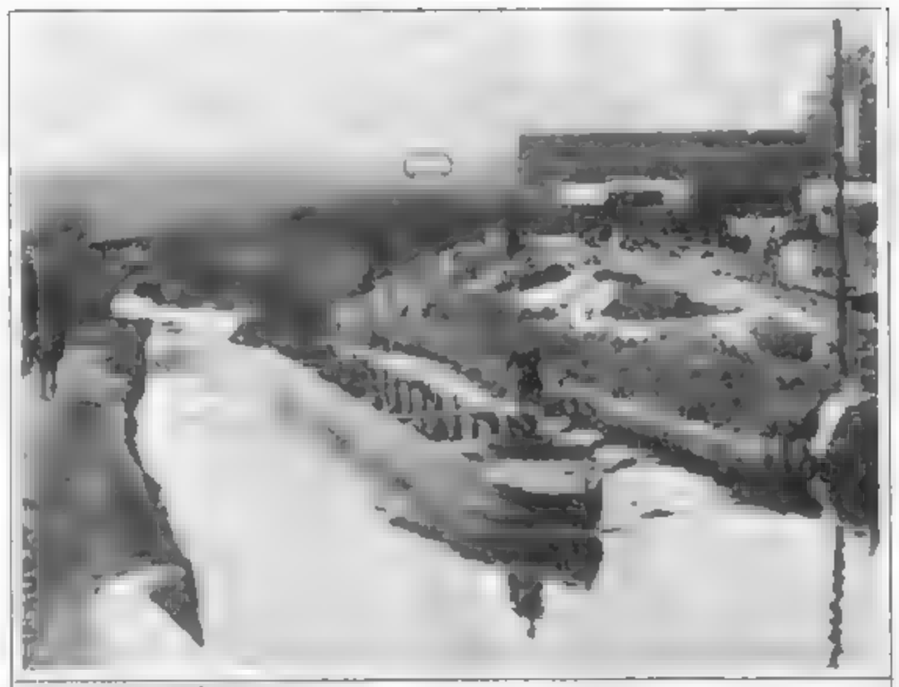
Timing the Tides for All Men

COMPARED with millions of other stars, our sun is but a speck in the universe. Antares, the red star that shines in the southern sky, is 400,000,000 miles in diameter. The light that reaches us tonight from this super giant started toward the earth 360 years ago. But Antares and the other red stars are not nearly so hot as our sun. The superheated gases of which they are composed are less dense than the gases in a nearly perfect vacuum tube This statement becomes more clear when we remember that in an ordinary vacuum tube only one molecule out of every 10,000,000,000 remains. Yet even then in this vacuum tube we still have 40,000,000,000 molecules to the cubic inch. Most of the stars we see in the heavens are composed of gases in a state of rarefaction beyond anything the human mind can comprehend.

New and ingenious devices are being put on the market daily. Members of our United States Coast and Geodetic Survey have perfected an apparatus that predicts what the tides will be in any seaport in the world at any time. This machine, called the brass brain, has 15,000 separate parts and does the work of sixty mathematicians with great accuracy. It now predicts the tides at eighty-five ports, supplying information that enables the department to tell two years in advance what the high-water mark will be at 3500 other ports. Even the extra day in leap year is given consideration by the brass brain.

A new incandescent bulb has two filaments. When the first is burned out, a new one can quickly be thrown into the circuit. An improvement upon the cumbersome X-ray machine of yesterday can now be packed in a suitcase, and will complete in fifteen minutes work that formerly required four hours. The latest type of

(Continued on Page 166)



The First of the English Canals to be Electrified

A Traveling Rural School Dentist in Germany

Getting Nitrate From the Air in Germany

B. B. T. Air Mail Type 600,000,000 Candle Power Floodlight Mounted in the Small House at the Left Center of the Picture

TO LET, ON FLAGLER STREET

"I Can Find You a Pawnshop Easily Enough," Said Walpole. "But I'm Darned if I Can Find Anything to Pawn"

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THE morning sun of the American tropics pierced the luxuriant bougainvillea, casting pastel shades of green and purple on the plain but honest features of a large young man asleep on the back porch. The young man's bed, a not uncomfortable one, was a mattress stuffed generously with uncured Spanish moss and imposed on three trunks; the back porch was in the outskirts of the city of Miami, on the highway to Coconut Grove and Coral Gables. Beneath the young man's brown head, and encircled with unremitting jealousy by his large but soft-muscled arms, was a lank valise of the English collapsible type; on the valise was printed Walpole W. Bagge, New York.

Walpole W. Bagge, of New York, was not alone on the back porch. With the crescent day had come a large black sow and five agile shotes. The shotes were playing a game resembling football with one of Walpole's low brown shoes; the goal of one side was the corner behind the trunks, and the other players had twice lost the shoe while trying to rush it off the porch and away. The black sow was interested in Walpole's smart English luggage; she was nuzzling it and rumpling it, uttering into Walpole's dull ear a liquid and musical "Umph, umph, umph, umph."

Walpole opened blue-gray eyes and gazed amiably at the black sow. His gaze grew intent and inimical; he came bolt upright in bed as if released by a spring, and he said loudly and inarticulately, "Ar-r-rh!" He put on an ugly scowl to deter the beast from any unfriendly act and cast about for a weapon of defense, and then he saw his shoe careering by him. He cried, "Ouf!" and leaped to the floor and took after the fleeing shote.

The little brute ran like a hound, straight across the yard toward the highway. Walpole hung for an irresolute moment at the head of the steps, and then, sweeping with a defiant glance the somnolent fronts of the neighboring houses and the deserted road, he bounded in pursuit. Tearing along so in garish sunlight, barefooted, in violet-tinted pajamas frogged with white braid, he had that sense of unreality that accompanies the average nightmare. His stomach was not particularly robust, and he had often dreamed of being abroad in such garments as no well-dressed man would wear under the circumstances. "Scow-w!" he snarled in a decorously suppressed shout, hurling a stone at the fiendish pig. "Drop it, darn you!"

The shote galloped vigorously down the road; after him pounded Walpole. As distance opened between him and his back porch, he saw ever more clearly the necessity to retrieve his shoe. In the first place, he and the shote had only this one pair of shoes between them, and they had cost six dollars. In the second place, one should be prepared to excuse one's eccentricity if one is encountered on a public highway clad only in one's pajamas; the shoe, it seemed to Walpole, would do very well. He could say humorously, holding it up, "A pig ran away with it," and expect sympathy and understanding. But if one clad in nightdress, and having no shoe to show, should encounter a stranger—an inquiring policeman, say—and should then call out, however gayly, "A pig ran away with my shoe," where would one wind up? He would, indeed. And last but most—his return ticket was under the insole of that shoe.

He heard an automobile coming from behind. He put away proudly the wish to stop and turn and explain the situation to whosoever might be there; hang it all, they could see that unholy pig. He ran on, while the car drew abreast of him.

"Can I help you?" said a contralto voice with a delicious touch of huskiness.

A Gadabout Six was purring beside him, throttled down to the speed of his pumping legs. A green-eyed lady with boyishly bobbed hair of red-brown was in the single seat; even at that vexing moment Walpole noted the quality of those green eyes. They were large and widely spaced, and set the least bit aslant; the white eyelids drooped over them.

"I can't catch him," gasped Walpole, lifting himself with no particular grace to the running board. The powerful car lunged forward, and almost at once it was passing the shote, which, however, galloped on with a heart worthy of a better cause. Walpole jumped, alighting on his enemy with arms and legs, and the battle was hot but short. In just a trice he was sitting in the road victorious, gloating over his shoe, while the shote fled in complete disorder. And it was the shoe containing the ticket.

"Are you quite all right now?" said the green-eyed lady, studying a distant palm tree. "Don't mention it; it was lots of fun." And she departed in a cloud of blue smoke.

Walpole returned quickly to his back porch. The hour was yet early, and he was observed only by a thin and elderly lady from a window of a rose-colored Moorish hut; she settled her gold-rimmed spectacles and stared at him, and said disapprovingly, "What next?"

He drew the foliage of his bougainvillea together and proceeded to dress. He put on linen knickers of a white-and-black check, brown golf stockings, his precious shoes and a soft white shirt. He washed at a gardener's tap in the side of the house wall, had a refreshing drink of hard water, and made himself handsome and appetizing with the help of a case of toilet things from his valise. Printed in gold inside the flap of the toilet case was All Roads Lead to Cohen's, Sixth Avenue, New York. He breakfasted on five inches of sausage, cut from a yard of the same material, and half a loaf of bread, both coming from the valise. The bread was a nameless product, but stamped in blue ink on the sausage was Cohen's for Groceries, Sixth Avenue, New York.

He counted his money—it was sixty-seven dollars and thirty cents—and forced it into the skimpy watch pocket of the checked knickers, whence no one, not even Walpole, could take it without a protracted pulling and hauling.

He looked to see that his solid-gold cuff links were in his cuffs and assured himself of the presence on his person of his sterling-silver pencil and Roman-gold tie clasp and belt buckle of chased silver with initial; it was likely that bad characters had slipped into Miami in the rush of legitimate travelers, and some such might have noted his display with a veiled glance and followed him home to spot the house. They might make off with his English luggage, but it would not be much more than an empty triumph, except for the sausage.

He left his porch and went to the road and caught a trolley for Miami. Being 100 per cent white, he entered the trolley by its front door, and had then his choice of a dozen empty seats; the two rear seats were reserved for the exclusive use of the eleven million colored folks of the United States and their racial relations. Only twenty colored men were in the car, eight sitting blissfully and twelve standing on the rear platform. At first glimpse, it seemed to Walpole, surveying empty seats, that it was too bad to make all those dark men stand; but then he recollected occasions when he, boarding a Subway train that had started from One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Street and Lenox Avenue in New York's black belt, had had to stand all the way downtown with many other white men and women, because all the seats had been preëmpted at One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Street. That recollection, sad to say, reconciled him to the sight of these colored fellows standing now, and he reclined in slothful ease on two seats and let the South run its own trolley car in its own demonstrably wrong-headed way as far as the junction of Flagler Street and Northeast Second Avenue.

He alighted at the junction and strolled northward on the avenue, studying the serried real-estate offices; he would be the guest of one of these hospitable establishments for the day, riding many miles in a luxuriously upholstered bus, lectured instructively through a megaphone, lunching —— "No obligation, mister, everything free, you haven't got to buy anything. Bus starts right off!" The terms suited Walpole, and he had accepted them at the behest of a different office every day of his stay in the magic city. He had ridden through Miami's outer beach—an aching waste of sand only five years back, and now much of it truly beautiful, embowered, deep with flowering shrubs and trees, transformed, from the Biscayne to the warm and languid and incredibly blue sea. He had seen Hollywood and Coral Gables and Hialeah and Boca Raton—all developments full of promise, differing only in degree of performance. Walpole now, choosing like a lord, decided that he would view the Everglades, that vast extent of sunken land that was represented to us by our schoolbooks—appallingly misrepresented, it appears from the researches of modern real-estate agents—as a miasmatic swamp dawdled over by melancholy Indians.

He paused before the twelve-story fireproof Seminole House and looked for the Everglades bus. He did not see the bus in the rank of cars, but he saw a new Gadabout Six resplendent in robin's-egg blue and silver. Thereupon Walpole, pursuing a green-eyed wraith, looking at the rainbow and disregarding the positively guaranteed pot of gold at its foot, abandoning with youthful improvidence his chance to ride on the royal road to fortune in a real-estate bus, decided like a shot to let the Everglades go hang. He hurried with quickened respiration to the Mediterranean doorway of the Seminole and looked in.

Seventy people were sitting about in the handsome Algerian lobby. Walpole's glance flitted over the fifty coatless and hatless real-estate agents, dismissed the dozen new arrivals perspiring decorously in heavy woolens, and winnowed the assemblage until nothing was left of it but eight obscuring newspapers and eight pairs of legs. Of these legs, visible to the hardy observer in degrees varying from the lower extremity of the tibia to the patella, or kneepan, five pairs were certainly masculine; and then there were three. Of these three, Walpole selected the most shapely, a pair in sheer lace chiffon and fatuously high-heeled pumps, being guided to this choice by mysticism; he waited, looking steadily at—almost, it might have been said, staring with trying rudeness at—the obscuring newspaper.

His faith in the good sense and consistency of Mother Nature was vindicated; when the paper was lowered, he saw a bob of coppery hair and a thrilling pair of slightly languorous, slightly aslant, green eyes. He was thrilled. His heart bumped. He fled.

His headlong pace whisked him to a telegraph station; in he popped. The place was aroar with chattering typewriters; patrons lined the counter; eight pretty girls stood behind the barrier and were kept almost too busy to flirt even a little. An exceptionally pretty girl sat at a typewriting desk in the center of the public space; she, seeing that Walpole looked like ready money—or whatever it is that causes some men to get service out of their turn—offered in a silver-plated voice to type his message for him. Walpole believed that she had fallen a victim to his good looks and he was very nice to her; he accepted her offer of free service and dictated two messages to her. He took the yellow slips with a nice bow, put them into envelopes from the counter and walked out. She coughed and looked suggestively at a little pile of dimes and quarters beside her machine, the suggestion being for him to put down a quarter or dime for a tip; but, if he had seen the displayed silver, he must have supposed that she had put it there herself; which, in all probability, she had. She murmured, without silvering, "Short sport."

He returned to the Seminole and entered the lobby. He went to the bench whence the bellhops looked the arriving guests over for live ones, and he said to one of these uniformed and courteous attendants, "Please page Walpole Wyndham Bagge, boy. I was to meet him here with these important wires. I'll be waiting here if you fail to find him."

Walpole was tall and fleshy, sported his white shirt and checked knickerbockers well, and spoke in a tone of cold insolence that seemed the acme of breeding to the bellhop. The youth took the alleged telegrams and departed, chanting, "Walpole Wyndham Bagge—Walpole Wyndham Bagge!" People stopped talking to get the name exactly right.

Walpole sank into a chair that happened to adjoin that of the green-eyed lady and assumed a posture of elegant ease, sitting on his shoulders with left foot on right knee. She read her newspaper, the Miamian.

Back came the deluded bellhop, still voicing his sonorous cry. He approached Walpole, who snapped his fingers, saying, "Here, boy!" He took back the yellow envelopes.

(Continued on Page 94)

"Listen, Chippey: to You I Tell Something. I Wouldn't Give You a Dime! I Should Pay You Money Yet When I Don't Make None!"

HER HUSBAND'S SHOES

Rosalie Flung Herself on Her Knees and Slipped One Slim Arm Under His Head. "Father," She Wailed. "Poor Sweetheart," He Murmured Gently

By Margaret Culkin Banning

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

THE great house, strangely more public than ever at this time of death, was brightly lighted across the length of its second floor; but the dimmed lamps in the drawing-room below showed that it was no hour of gayety. In front, around the tall white portico, stood the long shining cars of doctors and those supporters and friends who had the right of entrance to the governor's house at such a time. The little cars of the newspapermen lurked behind them in the shadows, black lumps against the night, lit only by the glow of the cigarettes their owners smoked impatiently as they watched the house. Behind a caul of translucent cloud the moon sailed dimly and rather mysteriously.

But there was nothing mysterious about the governor's death. It was public from the very germs that had attacked him, the progress of disease, his pulse, his temperature, his diet. Newspaper bulletins marched with him right up to the door of eternity. For two years he had had practically no solitude, and it was clear that he would have to escape to another world to get any. The whole city knew how many hours he could last at the best; telegraph wires had ticked the news out to the country, and the articles for the morning papers were already written with a frequent use of the past tense concerning the governor. Yet he still breathed, still was conscious, lying in that handsome upper room which was as public as his life, so often had it been photographed and described.

He was growing weaker. The doctor in charge took his pulse and glanced gravely at the woman who stood at the foot of the bed. She read the look correctly and moved quickly to her husband's side, bending over him until he opened his eyes as if he felt her presence. They were quite conscious, fearless eyes, which were tired now and not much interested.

"Is there anything, Will," she asked—and her voice was very steady and controlled—"anything you want?"

The weary hollows of his face lit suddenly with the ghost of a whimsical smile, or possibly an ironic one.

"It's your show now, Maud. You can be governor." The smile faded with the jest, leaving in its place that annihilating exhaustion. "Where's Rosalie?" he asked hoarsely.

Rosalie must have been waiting for that question, for she pushed the door open on the instant and came in, a rush of smart green dress and tan silk legs, a tragic, foolish poster contrast to the official drama of death in the great mahogany bed. She did not bend over him. She flung herself on her knees and slipped one slim arm under his head.

"Father," she wailed, "don't! Don't!"

"Poor sweetheart," he murmured gently. "Poor little Rosalie. Be very good to her, Maud."

The woman beside the bed nodded gravely and did not interfere for a moment. She looked down at the two of them, huddled in the grief of separation, but her pale handsome face did not change. Then she spoke quietly to the nurse:

"I think Rosalie had better go, don't you, nurse?"

Rosalie did not yield until they whispered that she harmed her father. Even she saw with horror that he had slipped past her now, that his strange preoccupation was one from which she could no longer rouse him with her careless, boisterous love, and that she could not interfere with his taking up the duties of eternity. She let them lead her from the room and crouched upon a divan in the hallway, weeping her fear and horror in long tragic sobs

But her stepmother, the governor's wife, did not go. The morning papers told that to the world. Mrs. Butler was beside the governor until the end, bearing her grief magnificently. He died at two in the morning, conveniently, for the dead line of the morning papers was at three.

He died at two o'clock, but for the politicians he had been dead since the doctors had first announced the governor's condition was extremely serious. An air of suspension hung over all the offices in the state capitol. Men smoked cigars thoughtfully and gossiped with one another about the last time they had seen the governor, and said that you never could tell when the bell was going to ring for you. Such conversations inevitably ended on the note of inquiry. The wives of petty officials, their faces strained with uncertainty, looked at their husbands over meager breakfast tables, and each of them asked, "But if he dies, just exactly what is it going to mean to us?"

Nobody knew yet. To die on the verge of an election, within two months of it, when reëlection had been practically conceded by everyone, was an awkward thing. There was no line-up. The grab bag was open, as if the string had suddenly broken and the contents were spilling out in the sight of everyone. Hasty conferences were held, but the cloud that hung over each meeting was that nobody knew how many conferences were being held at the same time or how they would run counter to one another. For submerged ambitions were coming to the surface again, and new ones were afloat.

"This comes of putting all your eggs in one basket," said Evans to the group gathered apparently by chance in his office. "What'll that Davis-Bond crowd be up to now? They lay down under Butler because he was so popular and there wasn't any way of getting past that. And he played

pretty good ball and they knew it. But who do you suppose they've got up their sleeve now?"

"Higbee, maybe."

"We haven't got anybody groomed Lowrie couldn't do it, I suppose?"

"Lowrie couldn't get to first base," said Dick Bowles, "and we all know it. He'd have done well if he slid in on Butler's coat tails again as lieutenant governor. But he hasn't got a chance to succeed Butler. Higbee'd wipe the ground up with him."

"And Higbee will veto every bill of ours that comes his way. I'd sooner see a Democrat get in than Higbee. We could lie low for two years and then run the Democrat out."

"Can't do that. That sort of business turns out every Republican employe and makes hard feeling, disintegrates your machine—bad all around. This state hasn't had a Democratic governor in sixteen years. Besides, we've got some bills coming up in this next session of the legislature that we want to pass."

"Got to pass 'em, haven't you, Evans?" asked one of the men jocosely. "Well, who do you suggest?"

They all eyed Evans with that glimmer of amusement which comes at seeing a certain kind of man in a tight corner. They were informally asking Evans if he had been given his orders yet. He evaded, showing that they either had not come through or were not clear.

"It's going to be pretty hard to fill Butler's shoes all right. That's no joke. But it's a shame not to be able to cash in on his popularity. If he'd only played close to somebody it would be easier. But he didn't."

"He was a pretty square old boy," said someone, and the genuineness of the tribute hung in the air for a moment of respect. "You always knew where you stood with him. Real high-class stuff, I'll tell the world."

The governor's widow was restless. Her tall black-clad figure moved to her desk and sorted some papers there. She started to write and abandoned the note, pushing the chair back and going to the windows, staring out on the fall rain as if it hung like a mist between her and the things she wanted to see. Her face was very pale against the dead black of her mourning, and handsome in its cold precise way, and she held herself with a trace of pride or self-consciousness as if always aware that her bearing was no common matter.

Rosalie, passing the open door, did not even look in until she was called back.

Leaning against the door jamb in one of the thousand negligent attitudes that her over-thin, uncorseted little body affected, she regarded her stepmother with something like hostility in her great brown eyes, so weary with emotion.

"Where have you been?"

"I've been out," said Rosalie "out riding."

"Alone?"

"No."

"Who was with you?"

Rosalie lifted an insolent chin, but decided to answer "Peter Capet."

"You want to remember," said Mrs. Butler, "that at a time like this everything you do is carefully noted. It is not a tribute to your father's memory to go speeding around the country in fast automobiles with young men two days after his funeral. It shows very little feeling."

"I show feeling enough," flashed Rosalie passionately. "I'm really sorry he's dead, anyway, and I didn't work him to death either!"

The lips of the older woman were thinned to a stiff line and her voice was almost metallic, but not raised.

"This is no time for hysteria," she said cuttingly. "I merely ask you to respect your father's memory."

Evans caught that line as he came down the hall. He saw the picture too—the girl with cheeks flushed with defiance and not even dressed in complete mourning, looking as if she had made some hasty effort after gravity of dress and failed, and the controlled black-clad woman. He looked with admiration at the governor's widow as Rosalie disappeared.

"How are you today?"

"I am doing the best I can," she said, "to bear up. It is a duty we owe the departed, I feel—not to give way."

"You are very brave," said Evans. "I am sure you know how deeply we all feel for you. If there is anything any one of us can do for you at this time of change and confusion, we are at your service—all his friends."

"What plans have been made?" she asked

"Plans?"

"To fill his place."

He shook his head. "It's a grave problem. The thing came so like a bolt from the blue to us all."

"I know. It wasn't so to me—or to him He hadn't been well for over a year But he wouldn't give up. He kept it to himself."

"Poor fellow!" said Evans. "It leaves things in a very bad way, I must confess."

"But whom do they talk of?"

"Well, of course they talk of Higbee You know that's not satisfactory."

"Mr. Lowrie?"

"We all like Lowrie," offered Evans smoothly. "But the question in all our minds is whether or not he could beat Higbee, or if he did get the nomination, whether he could beat the Democratic nominee. That's what we're up against. You see, there's no timber for governor. Two years from now Nelson might be ready for the job, but he needs a lot of advertising and grooming first. As I said to the boys this afternoon, it's too bad that there isn't some way we could cash in on your husband's popularity"

A ripple of decision seemed to run over the smooth face of the woman, tightening it. She turned to the window again, then back

"He hoped that I would do that," she said quietly.

The man stared.

"You mean ——" He hesitated

She smiled with a kind of tired sweetness and yet strength.

"That was almost his last wish. 'You be governor now, Maud,' he said. 'You run the show.' Poor Will, he thought very highly of my ability—far too highly, I'm afraid. He kept trying to train me, and since —— I've wondered if he didn't perhaps know before any of the rest

(Continued on Page 140)

"But," She Asked, "About Me? What Shall I Do?"

PACING FATHER TIME

As Told to William O. Trapp

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

A BABY is the most interesting thing in the world, and next to that comes a watch. Everybody knows about babies, either by actual ownership or by hearsay. Concerning watches, whose number—50,000,000 in this country—far exceeds the total of babies, virtually nobody outside the watch industry knows anything.

He who sells watches for nearly forty years, as I have done, becomes philosopher, scientist, poet and student of human nature, all in one. For there is no other business that has so many ramifications and complexities as that one which tries to answer that question, asked and answered by countless millions many times a day: "What time is it?"

Yankee ingenuity, with machinery that works to the thousandth of an inch, has put watches in the pockets or on the wrists of half the people of the United States, including men, women and children. Yankee ingenuity through the radio has made it possible for those people to set their timepieces so accurately that for the first time in history a large nation enjoys a uniformity the forefathers would have thought impossible.

In addition, there are 25,000,000 clocks in American homes, exclusive of alarm clocks; of which 15,000,000 are manufactured in the United States every year. The annual production of mantel, marine, chime, wall and lever clocks in this country totals another 1,000,000.

It is estimated, further, that more than 100,000,000 watches have been made in this country since the first watch factory was built some years before the Civil War. Importations from abroad, notably Switzerland, have added many millions more.

Yet with such widespread ownership, in striking contrast to the era when the watch or clock was the possession only of the wealthy, the average American knows little about his timepiece. Here then is the thought I would advance: If you and everybody else who owns a watch would follow a few simple rules, this country would save millions of dollars annually—money saved from needless waste. Watches that would last a lifetime, instead of a few years, would be the result of such observance. Here is the example of a woman who came into our store this morning.

"What in the world is the matter with my watch?" she exclaimed as she placed the timepiece on the counter. Today is a cold day, and I guessed what had happened even before she had told me. In taking her bath she had forgotten to remove her wrist watch and it was immersed for some little time. After dressing quickly she had immediately gone out into the open air. The water, penetrating the case, had frozen and the movement was ruined beyond repair because it was incased in ice. Take another example.

"Here is that confounded watch again," said a man to me recently. "That watch was never any good and I don't want it. Throw it away or do what you please with it. I am through with it."

"What in the World is the Matter With My Watch?" She Exclaimed. Today is a Cold Day, and I Guessed What Had Happened Even Before She Had Told Me

Ills That Watches are Heir To

WHAT was wrong with the watch? Nothing—in the beginning. He had dined too well the night before. He had drunk strong tea, or something else. When he awoke in the morning he dropped his watch on the floor, although he denied that energetically. They always do.

The balance staff had been bent by the force of the fall. The staff is the tiny shaft to which the balance wheel with its 18,000 vibrations an hour is secured. A hairlike pivot is at each end of the shaft. The slightest bending causes the balance wheel to change its vibration rate. If that rate is altered by only ten vibrations an hour, the watch will gain or lose nearly a minute a day. One factory asserts that not one balance staff was ever broken or bent in its 22,000,000 watches except by concussion. Did my customer drop his watch? I leave the answer in your hands.

"I cannot understand what is the matter with my watch," said a woman to me not long ago. "I have had that watch ten years and it has always run perfectly. A week ago it stopped. It was such a good watch that I never had it to the jeweler's, not even once."

"Madam, that is the trouble," I answered. "That watch should have been examined by a jeweler at least ten times since you bought it. Your watch should have been cleaned at least once a year; particularly if it is a wrist watch exposed to weather and accidents. Your watch is now useless. The bearings are rusted and worn, so much so that the watch cannot be repaired."

The amount of dirt, hair, tobacco and lint that gets into a watch through minute openings in the case, crystal and stem would amaze you. I know of an English lever watch which, when examined at the cleaning desk, showed a spider's web across the balance wheel with a small dead spider near by.

For the lack of oil, the most expensive watch may be ruined; and yet only one-tenth of a drop is needed to run a watch a year.

Breaking of the mainspring is the commonest mishap to a watch. Why it breaks, sometimes into twenty pieces, nobody knows. Changes in temperature, contact with a cold object, a thunderstorm, may cause the break. On a sudden warm day I have seen ten watches brought in here with broken mainsprings. On the other hand, I have seen a watch fifty-two years old with its original mainspring. You never can tell.

Here are some simple rules to follow:

First. Wind your pocket watch once a day, preferably in the morning. Wind your wrist watch twice a day at a regular time. The reason for that rule is that regular winding means regular timekeeping, because the balance wheel then will always have the same length of arc through which to travel. The morning hour is suggested, because the hour for arising is more likely to be the same throughout the week than the hour for retiring. The morning hour is better, too, because the watch will then have its mainspring ready for full duty through the hardest part of the day.

Second. Wind your watch fully but not too much. One can be guided by holding the stem loosely and stopping the winding act when the least resistance offers. The practice of winding a watch two or three times a day, or whenever it is consulted, is considered most harmful.

Third. Do not open the back of the case any oftener than necessary. Dust, moisture and even a person's breathing on the open movement may cause serious damage to your timepiece.

Fourth. Take off your wrist watch every time you wash your hands. If the watch should become wet accidentally send it to the jeweler immediately. Promptness may avert rust.

Fifth. Have your pocket watch cleaned at least every eighteen months and your wrist watch every eight months.

Sixth. Set the hands with great care, particularly those of a wrist watch. Never pull out the stem. It may pull out or break off. Instead, place the thumb nail and middle finger nail just below the stem and press them together. That will force the stem out to permit the setting of the hands.

Seventh. Do not carry an expensive watch near a powerful electric generator or high-powered electric machinery. Danger of magnetizing the balance wheel or other steel parts of the movement is the reason for this rule. In case this does happen to your watch demagnetizing is a simple operation in the hands of the skillful watch repairer.

Eighth. Choose your watch repairer carefully.

Of these rules I should say that the last is the most important. One of the best-known watchmakers in this country is authority for the statement that 90 per cent of repair work is caused by the bungling of incompetent workmen. I myself have seen repair work in watches that had been fixed previously that almost made my blood run cold. Watch butchers are by no means rare.

Efficient and Deficient Repairing

GOOD watch mechanics are scarce today because many watchmakers went into other industries during the European War. For the protection of the public and to promote an *esprit de corps* among the good men remaining, the Horological Institute of America was organized in 1921 under the auspices of the National Research Council and the Bureau of Standards in Washington. Certificates are granted to competent men after a theoretical and practical examination. The institute has the indorsement of the whole industry.

Aside from that organization, however, there is one factor in this country that has contributed greatly to more efficient watch repairing, and that is the American manufacturer himself by the introduction of standardized parts. If John Smith, of Bad Axe, Michigan, wakes up one frosty morning and finds that the mainspring of his watch has snapped during the night, he can have it replaced by the town jeweler with exactly the same sort of spring that a New York or Chicago jeweler would use. That perfect interchangeability is possible because American watchmakers have devised machinery that keeps the limit of error within a fifty-thousandth of an inch, with results so fine that microscopes of seventy-five diameters are needed to inspect the final product. In the making of balance screws, for example, highly specialized workers supervise the automatic weighing to the one-thousandth part of a grain. From 2500 to 4000 different operations go into the making of a watch, and nearly all of that is done by automatic machinery. From six months to three years are required to manufacture a watch, with one year as the average time.

Continued on Page 161)

The Horse Thief's Successor

By BOYDEN SPARKES

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

COLD drafts, burdened with the gritty dust of Third Avenue, swept the concrete ramp into the choky atmosphere of the white-washed chamber of the auto-sales garage. The wintry gusts acted as a sheep dog on the buyers and hangers-on, clustering them tightly about the pulpit of the auctioneer.

One man, a detective of the automobile squad of the New York Police Department, stood back from this gathering, observing it. Presently his derby hat began to move up and down on his head in the fashion in which a park equestrian posts a livery-stable nag. The detective had begun to chew his gum with an increased fervor. If he had been a pointer dog, he would have stiffened; he had scented game.

As the cars, most of them repaints, were put up for sale, they were driven back and forth in a narrow oblong of concrete floor space. This was marked out by the radiators of other tagged cars that stood wheel to wheel awaiting their turn to be sold. There was hardly enough room for these demonstrations to establish that an automobile actually could move under its own power. The last car sold had been a member of a numerous species, a sedan of which the price, new, was about $1800. Here it had gone for $850.

"And you got a bargain, mister," rasped the orthodox auctioneer, his words a signal to an assistant to start up the next car.

Capturing a Fast Worker

BUT this was not what concerned the detective. His attention had been captured by the attempts of two men to entice away from the auction sale one of the unsuccessful bidders on the last car. The bidder was small and swart. One of his arms was held by the grubby fingers of a sniffling youth in a shepherd's-plaid suit. This individual was known to the detective as a steerer for one of the totally unscrupulous gyp automobile dealers of the neighborhood, a seller of used cars who lived as a sort of jackal on the better reputation of the larger establishment. The man who had the other arm of the prospect was a stranger.

"Listen," the detective overheard the stranger say venomously to the gyp steerer, "get off before I turn you off like a faucet."

"Aw, I was just helping you," whined the steerer. "Can't you let me help you?"

Something in the stranger's bearing, a glitter in his eyes that spoke of a reckless disregard of consequences, seemed to warn the steerer, so that he backed away as a vicious coyote might skulk from the more vicious presence of a rattlesnake.

"Now then, fellow," commanded the stranger, turning the full force of his personality on the small man whose elbow he gripped, "this is a great chance I'm giving you. Come outside and see for yourself. My wife's got to have an operation. There'll be nobody to mind the baby. I got to have money. Don't take another look at these tin cans. For $650 ——"

"You said $600 the first time," protested the customer.

"Have it your own way, fellow. Come on and see what I got."

They left almost unnoticed in the confusion caused by the auctioneer's strident cries, the back-firing of a cold motor, the challenges of bidders.

Two partners of the automobile-squad detective had been engaged in lifting the hoods of the cars on the floor. Seemingly, they were hunting for a sound machine for which they could afford to bid. Actually, they were performing an important part of their daily routine—hunting for mutilated numbers on engine blocks or other telltale marks of stolen cars. They were summoned away from this by a meaningful jerk of their companion's head, a jerk in the direction of the exit. Without asking for an explanation, they fell in behind him as he strode down the concrete ramp to the sidewalk.

"Take it easy," he cautioned as they reached the curb. "Watch that pair going down Third Avenue. I think we got something."

Presently the detectives, too, began to walk down Third Avenue. When they reached a shiny late-model six-cylinder sedan in the front seat of which the men they were trailing had seated themselves, they stopped. One stepped quickly into the street and stood beside the doors on the left of the car. The others closed in on the right side.

"Got your driver's license, Jack?" asked the leader of the detectives.

"Sure," replied the man at the wheel, but he had become as alert as a weasel.

"And have you got your certificate of registration?"

He did not have that, nor did he have satisfactory answers for the rest of their questions, so they took them all, including the sedan, the woman, the baby and the customer, to headquarters. There records were scanned, but no record was found of any alarm ever having been sent out for the stranger's vehicle.

While the detectives were making their search some fresh stolen-car alarms came in—there are at least a score every day in New York—and among these was a report of the disappearance less than an hour before of the car in question.

"Well, well," said the chief of the auto squad to the thief, "it looks as if you had been brought to the right address."

From a memorandum book taken from the thief when he was given a frisking at headquarters, the detectives got the names and addresses of twenty-one persons who had purchased cars from him. Those cars were recovered, and when they were lined up in a police garage it was discovered that every one of them was of the same make and model. The thief had a system. He had believed it was pretty nearly foolproof.

He owned a car which was properly registered. Since he made his money easily, it is even possible he had bought it from a legitimate dealer. Besides this car, he used as tools his wife and baby. On days when he felt like working he would drive his little family into one of Manhattan's traffic streams, moving slowly until he was passed by a machine that resembled his own. He would follow that machine until its driver parked it. Then the thief would park his own machine as near to it as possible, after which he would follow the unsuspecting car owner.

A Trick Played Once Too Often

IF THIS man entered an office building and got into an elevator, the thief would get into the same elevator, get off when his victim did and trail him to his destination. Then, sure of a safe margin of time in which to operate, he would go back and with his family get into the victim's car.

Since he specialized in one make and model, he was well equipped with keys for the ignition locks, so that ordinarily he was able to drive off within a few minutes. Invariably he drove straight to one of the used-car auction rooms in New York and selected a customer from among the disappointed bidders. In that way he generally managed to deal with a man who had the cash for a quick deal. Usually he had completed his sale before the real owner had even discovered his loss, let alone given an alarm to the police.

Suppose the real owner of a car returned to it before the thief had succeeded in unlocking it. Well, this was the experience of an Eighth Avenue pet-store proprietor. He came out to get in his car and found it occupied by a man he never had seen before. In the back seat was a woman with a small child.

"What ye trying to do?" he roared, being full of fight.

"Who you think you're yelling at?" retorted the stranger.

"I'm yelling at you. What ye doing in my car?"

"Your car? Where you get 'at stuff?"

Then the wife broke in, saying, "Dear, this isn't our car. We've made a mistake. That's our car behind."

"Well," exclaimed the man at the wheel, "I'm a son of a gun!"

"That's all right, friend," assured the pet-store proprietor. "It might have been me that climbed into your car. The machines resemble each other so closely your mistake was perfectly

(Continued on Page 149)

"My Wife's Got to Have an Operation. I Got to Have Money. Don't Take Another Look at These Tin Cans. For $650 ——"

A CHANGE OF SWORDS

By Edgar Jepson

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

THE heart of Japan was in the sword. However admirable may be the paintings, prints, lacquer, ivories or bronze, the supreme artistic achievement of Japan was a sword blade forged by Masamune, Muramasa, Sadamune, or Rai Kunitsugu. A prince would leave a province to one son and one of these swords to another. The son who had the sword was reckoned the luckier man, and fighting men would journey a hundred miles to see it.

Little Miss Timmins did not share with the Japanese this passion for the sword. She would buy prints, or lacquer, or ivory, or bronze, whenever she could obtain a lot at a price which made it practically certain that she would sell it at a pleasing profit; she would even buy, with the same pleasing profit in view, Japanese sword guards of strange metals, shakudo, sentoku, and shibuichi, the exquisite work of which would have made Benvenuto Cellini, could he have seen them, howl, hopelessly outclassed, with envious rage. But a sword she would not buy, unless a collector paid her a commission to buy it for him. For lethal weapons she had no use.

It was in the course of such a transaction that she came up against Mr. Bramley-Bowkett, and, to his mind, she came up against him good and hard.

The affair began in Farringdon's salesrooms, at a sale of Oriental objects of art. The early part of that sale did not interest Miss Timmins; she was there to buy, at a fitting price, a set of lacquer saké cups for which she had a customer. Farringdon was selling netsuke, those little ivory and wooden figures of men and animals and fishes and dragons and plants, among the makers of which, so Jules de Goncourt declared, are to be found Michelangelo. Miss Timmins was dutifully but listlessly noting on the margins of her catalogue the price of each lot as the hammer fell. During the sale of lot 44 she saw the young man in spectacles come into the room and stand just inside the door, looking about him with an air of uncertainty.

In a quite detached fashion she decided that it was a pity that he had to wear spectacles, for he was a good-looking boy with an oddly wistful face that made her feel that she would rather like to look after him. Most women had that feeling about John Roaker. It was uncalled for; John could look after himself. He did so—often.

She watched the sale of another lot. Then she saw that the good-looking boy was talking to Cartwright, the commissionaire who kept the door, and that they were looking at her. Presently Cartwright came to her.

He leaned down and said in her ear, "Please, miss, there's an American gentleman over by the door who'd like you to buy a couple of lots for him."

"Thank you, Cartwright," said Miss Timmins gratefully.

If anyone asked Cartwright's advice about getting a dealer to buy lots for him, Cartwright always recommended Miss Timmins. He admired Miss Timmins; also he knew that she could be trusted to buy a lot as cheaply as anyone; he had a suspicion that Farringdon's hammer dropped a trifle quicker for her than for anyone who came to his sales. If Cartwright always remembered Miss Timmins when called on to recommend, Miss Timmins always remembered Cartwright at the close of the transaction.

"This is Miss Timmins. You couldn't be in better hands, sir," said Cartwright by way of introduction

She rose and walked round the table with him. As she drew near him, John Roaker found that the suspicion that had entered his mind when he had seen her at a distance was well grounded. She had a face that made him feel that he would rather like to look after her. Most men had that feeling about Miss Timmins. It was uncalled for; Miss Timmins could look after herself. She did so—often.

"This is Miss Timmins. You couldn't be in better hands, sir," said Cartwright by way of introduction.

"That's good," said John Roaker, taking off his hat with the shy air that helped women to like him.

Miss Timmins smiled at him. He had not often seen eyes so blue; also he had never seen anyone so pretty look so capable. He did not hesitate for a moment to intrust the matter of buying the swords to her.

He told her that out of the twenty-five swords that were being sold he wished her to buy two—lots 93 and 94. Both the swords in these two lots were katana, long, two-handed swords. Lot 93 was a Bizen blade, forged by Norimitsu and dated 1456. It was a very good blade, without a scratch on it, and polished to a mirror-like clearness. Lot 94 was also a mirror blade and it was the pick of all the blades in the sale, and indeed of all the blades that had been sold anywhere in Europe during the previous three or four years. It was not dated; but Rai Kunitsugu had signed it with the signature he used between 1280 and 1300. It was an admirable blade, of an astonishing balance, and in the hands of an expert would cut through the finest Ferrara or Toledo blade as if it were so much blotting paper. Both the swords were in the wooden sheaths with wooden hilts, in which the Japanese warriors used to keep them when they were not on the warpath. The only method of distinguishing one from the other was by the signatures, which were not only engraved on the tangs of the blades but also painted in black ink on the outside of the sheaths.

John Roaker instructed Miss Timmins to bid up to forty pounds for the sword by Norimitsu and up to one hundred and twenty pounds for the sword by Rai Kunitsugu—wretched prices, compared with those the warriors for whom they had been forged paid for them in the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries. But the sword is superseded. Miss Timmins thought it more than likely that he would get both of them for one hundred and sixty pounds, for no very keen collector of swords was present, except Bramley-Bowkett; and she had never known him to pay more than fifty pounds for a sword.

The two swords were still about twenty lots off. Miss Timmins went back to her chair at the table; John Roaker set another chair behind hers and talked to her in a low voice as the sale went on, asking her questions about the lots as they were put up. He bought two lots of netsuke because she said that they were good, or rather she bought them for him.

Then Farringdon began to sell the swords. As Miss Timmins had expected, seeing that none of the really keen collectors were present, prices were running low. The dealers were having it all their own way and quite good blades were going for fifteen or twenty pounds apiece. Miss Timmins kept an eye on Bramley-Bowkett; she saw that he did not bid for any of them. Evidently he was waiting for the Norimitsu or the Rai Kunitsugu.

This did not displease her. She did not want either of the swords to go for an old song; the higher the price they were sold for, the higher would be her commission; and though she liked this shy and wistful American boy—he was evidently not more than six years older than she—she felt that if he could run to one hundred and twenty pounds for a sword, he could well afford the extra six pounds for her commission if Bramley-Bowkett ran it up to that sum.

At last lot 93, the Norimitsu blade, was put up. Miss Timmins did not join in the bidding till one of the dealers who were competing for it bid fifteen pounds. At twenty, Bramley-Bowkett joined in the bidding. She was pleased That meant that the blade was going up to thirty pounds It did go up to thirty pounds, and then the dealers dropped out, leaving her and Bramley-Bowkett bidding against each other. She went on bidding; Bramley-Bowkett went on bidding. Hopefully she bid forty pounds; Bramley-Bowkett bid forty-one pounds.

She turned and whispered to John Roaker: "Shall I go on?"

He looked disappointed, more wistful than ever indeed. But he shook his head.

"No; when I fix my limit, I stick to it," he said sadly.

Miss Timmins approved of this practice. It was her own. But she was sorry to lose the commission. Farringdon knocked down the sword to Bramley-Bowkett.

Then the sword of Rai Kunitsugu was put up. Miss Timmins told herself, with a grim satisfaction, that there was going to be a bigger fight for that. She looked at Bramley-Bowkett with the eyes of a warrior measuring a foe. Bramley-Bowkett had risen from his chair and was walking down the room. He was looking uncommonly pleased. At least his lips, as a rule so tightly set, were parted in a smile; and his little eyes, set so closely together, were shining.

The bidding for the Rai Kunitsugu sword began. Only dealers were bidding for it. To the surprise of Miss Timmins, Bramley-Bowkett had disappeared. He must have gone into the office to clear lot 93. The dealers went on bidding for the sword with considerable spirit up to forty pounds. Then they began to slacken. At fifty pounds only one was left contending with Miss Timmins. The sword was knocked down to her for fifty-four pounds.

She heard John Roaker breathe a deep sigh of satisfaction.

Then he said, "Gee! If I'd only guessed that I was going to get this Rai for two hundred and sixty dollars, I'd have had the Norimitsu too!"

"Well, you've got the most important one anyhow," said Miss Timmins.

They leaned back in their chairs, smiling. Bramley-Bowkett came out of the office, carrying the Norimitsu sword. He had not waited to have it wrapped in brown paper. He walked briskly down the opposite side of the room and out of the door. As he passed, Miss Timmins fancied that his eyes sought hers in a rather queer look, and that there was a touch of mockery in the smile that still wreathed his lips. She told herself that it was just like the tight-lipped, hard-faced pig to gloat, and thought no more about it.

She turned her attention to the sale. There were six more swords to be sold. John Roaker bought the best of them, a sword forged by Nobusada of Kioto between 1429 and 1440, nearly as good a blade as the Norimitsu that Bramley-Bowkett had wrested from him. She got it for him for twenty guineas.

The swords came to an end and Farringdon began to sell sword guards. Miss Timmins' lacquer was many lots away; she took John Roaker to the office to clear his lots. He paid cash for them, received the order to deliver them to him, and took it to the clerk in charge of the sold lots, who handed them over to him. John dropped the two lots of netsuke into his jacket pocket and took up the sword forged by Rai Kunitsugu.

Smiling, he drew the blade from its wooden sheath and gazed at it with admiring eyes. Of a sudden they opened wide, the smile faded from his face, it became a mask of dismay.

"Sakes alive!" he muttered under his breath, turned the sheath in his hand, and looked at the signature on it.

"B-b-but this isn't the Rai!" he stammered. "It's the Norimitsu!"

"What?" cried Miss Timmins; and she fairly snatched the sheath from his hands.

"It's the Norimitsu," he repeated.

"But it's labeled 94," she said.

"I don't care what it's labeled! It's the Norimitsu!"

Miss Timmins turned to the clerk and said, "Is it really a Norimitsu sword, Mr. Masters?"

Masters, the office expert in Japanese signatures, looked at the sheath and said, "The signature on the sheath is certainly Norimitsu. But we'd better go to the office and look at the signature on the tang."

"I don't want to see any signatures," snapped John Roaker. "When I've handled a blade once, I know it. This isn't the blade that was catalogued Rai Kunitsugu."

"Let's go along to the office and get it set right," said Miss Timmins in a soothing voice.

"But will they set it right?" asked John Roaker.

"Of course they will. Farringdon's have nothing to do with this; they wouldn't," said Miss Timmins in a reassuring voice. "They'll set it right." Then, bethinking herself of the law governing sales by auction, she added in a less reassuring voice, "If they can."

They went to the office. With a hammer and a small punch, Masters knocked out the peg which, running through the tang, fastened the wooden hilt to the blade, and drew off the hilt. On the tang was engraved the signature of Norimitsu of Bizen and the date 1456. Beyond a doubt, the swords had been changed. Masters brought Spenser, Farringdon's partner, and told him what had happened.

"It's quite certain that the right labels were on the swords originally. I catalogued all the Japanese stuff myself," he added.

"Oh, we'll set it right—we'll set it right," said Spenser cheerfully. "Who bought lot 93? If he's gone we'll get in touch with him at once."

"He's gone all right, sir," said Masters in rueful accents. "It was Mr. Bramley-Bowkett."

"The devil it was!" cried Spenser; and the cheerfulness swept off his face. "Then he's changed the labels again!"

Masters nodded.

"Confound it all! But I gave instructions—special instructions that he was to be watched very carefully whenever he came to look at the things on view!" cried Spenser angrily.

"I've no doubt he was watched very carefully," said Masters dryly.

Spenser turned, frowning, to Miss Timmins and John Roaker, and said, "I'm very sorry, Miss Timmins and you, sir, but I'm afraid I shan't be able to set it right. This trick has been played on us before. We shall try our best, of course. But the law of auction sales roughly is that you buy what you see put up for sale and the catalogue does not matter, unless there is definite misrepresentation. We will try to get your sword from Mr. Bramley-Bowkett in exchange for this Norimitsu blade. But frankly I haven't much hope of succeeding. All I can do is to refund you the money you paid for this one."

There seemed indeed to be nothing else to be done. Ruefully and protesting that it was the sword and not the money that he wanted, John Roaker received from Spenser the fifty-four pounds he had paid for the Norimitsu blade and put the notes into his case.

Then Miss Timmins asked Spenser what he would do with the Norimitsu blade, if Bramley-Bowkett refused to return the Rai Kunitsugu, and was assured that he would keep it till the next sale of good swords.

"Though, of course, we're going to be out of pocket over it. It won't fetch fifty-four pounds under its own name," he added.

They came out of the office. Miss Timmins was looking uncommonly thoughtful. She returned to her chair; John Roaker sat down beside her, very gloomy indeed. She deplored his bad luck in such a sympathetic fashion that he was a little comforted. Then he paid her her commission. There was a dispute. The two lots of netsuke and the Nobusada sword had cost thirty pounds; Miss Timmins' commission was thirty shillings. But he held that, since she had actually bought lot 94 for him for fifty-four pounds, he owed her another fifty-four shillings. He thought that she was going to take it. He found that he had another think coming. It looked to be about as easy for him to push over Nelson's Column with his good left hand as to induce Miss Timmins to accept money she did not feel that she had earned. He had never dreamed that anything so delicate and charming to the eye could be so like adamant. Sadly, he paid her the thirty shillings.

Farringdon had been selling lacquer most of the time they had been debating the matter of the fifty-four shillings. The set of saké cups was put up; Miss Timmins bought them at a price which would enable her to sell them to the customer she had in mind at a very pleasing profit indeed. She cleared the lot at the office, and it was delivered to her.

"Say, won't you come along somewhere and have tea with me?" said John Roaker with a becoming timidity.

(Continued on Page 61)

Then She Said, "Well, You Absolutely Refuse to Change These Swords?" "I Do," Said Mr. Bramley-Bowkett With the Most Dignified Air

THE CLAWS IN THE CONTRACT

"Now I Tells You Honest That When I Hits a Man He Stays Hit"

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

ROTTEN! Do it over."

"What's rotten?"

"What you done—an' also you!"

The exquisitely muscled and decidedly ebony figure of Mr. Hurricane Gamp showed unmistakable signs of profound agitation. Mr. Gamp, who was a pugilist by profession and an actor only incidentally, swayed across the lot of the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., and hovered menacingly over the slender and irate form of Director J. Cæsar Clump.

"Repeat that again," challenged Hurricane.

J. Cæsar was not lacking in courage, albeit he showed himself woefully weak in discretion. He looked like a human match stick in his shiny putties, sport shirt, horn-rimmed goggles and checkered cap. But fury overpowered him and he glared belligerently at the angry prize fighter.

"You is the rottenest actor an' the most uppity cullud man I has ever met up with, an' ——"

What occurred immediately thereafter was unutterably amazing. The closely packed group surrounding the pair didn't have time to interfere, even if they had so desired. Mr. Gamp's left arm came out and wrapped around J. Cæsar's neck in that gesture known in the grappling profession as a half nelson. Mr. Gamp seated himself on a near-by chair and pulled the wriggling Mr. Clump across his knees.

And thereupon Hurricane Gamp, middleweight boxing champion of the world, proceeded to deliver to J. Cæsar Clump a thorough and resounding spanking.

J. Cæsar was released as suddenly as he had been grabbed. He dived for a weapon, but Opus Randall restrained him. Mr. Clump was frothing at the mouth as he swung on the sneering figure of the world-famous pugilist.

"I'll git you fo' that, Mistuh Hurricane Gamp! Ise gwine plumb ruin you! An' you is fired!"

"Oh! I is, is I? Well, I reckon I ain't. I got a contrack with you folks—a real, regular contrack, an' there ain't no clause in there what says I cain't spank any director that gits fresh with me."

They dragged Cæsar from the set. The dynamic little man was weeping copiously and vowing dire vengeance. Deeming his own office unsafe, they hauled him to the sanctum of Orifice R. Latimer, president of Midnight, where Mr. Latimer was in earnest conversation with Evans Chew, the erudite attorney. The situation was briefly explained. Lawyer Chew was deeply interested. At length he shook his head portentously.

"What that feller says is true, Cæsar. Maybe so you can sue him fo' assault an' batt'ry, but we suttinly never written no clause into his contract which said he cpul'n't spank anybody he wanted to."

President Latimer was disposed to argue the point.

"We ain't got no clause, Lawyer Chew, which says he can spank, has we?"

"Tha's negative, President Latimer—entirely negative an' reverse. Only what you specifies is you got something to do with, an' what you don't specify don't affect the contract. Of course, I is sorry fo' the indignity afflicted upon our good friend, Brother Clump, but I don't see what we can do about it." Orifice groaned.

"We got to do something, Lawyer Chew. We honest to goshness has. If that feller stays on the lot much longer we ain't gwine have even a scenario left. It's positivel fierce the way he's messin' things up, an' anybody which don't like the way he speaks gits busted right in the eye."

"You can leave him go," suggested the lawyer.

"No we cain't. Us is payin' him twenty-five hund'ed dollars fo' this one pitcher, an' we has spent more'n ten thousand on it a'ready, an' the big fight scenes ain't took. If we let him go before us gits the fight scenes, the money is all th'owed away."

"You got yo' choice, losin' yo' money or losin' yo' business."

"On'y two choices," mourned the president. "An' the on'y one which is awfuler than the first is the second."

J. Cæsar Clump had been rocking back and forth, agonized by his abysmal woe. Vague schemes for revenge flitted like wraiths through his mind—schemes which for the most part dealt with luscious methods of mayhem with Hurricane Gamp as the mayhemee. He only half heard the conversation—the long-winded, interminable, oft-repeated anathema concerning Hurricane Gamp's general cussedness.

The original hiring of Hurricane Gamp to star in one Midnight comedy had seemed to be a stroke of genius. It had happened this way: Out of the nebulous background of obscurity Hurricane had crept in the guise of a decidedly second-rate prize fighter.

In all his record there was no single indication of ability. It was admitted that he could punch, but not often. And because he looked like what is popularly termed easy meat, the then middleweight champion of the world had consented to meet him in what the champion regarded as a bout of decidedly soft nature.

The fight had been uninteresting. From the first round to the seventh, the champion had jabbed and crossed and jolted and uppercut Hurricane Gamp at will. He had drawn back his good right hand for the finishing punch ——

Hurricane struck. It was a sharp, wild, jolting, desperate blow, and it landed flush on the button of the middleweight champion of the world. Ten seconds later a bewildered colored fighter was learning from a group of frenzied friends that he had ascended the middleweight throne.

There followed a wild, weird wail from the champion's camp. An energetic promoter stepped in and offered Champion Hurricane Gamp twenty-five thousand dollars cash for a return bout; and just when Hurricane would have signed, the proprietor of a Harlem vaudeville theater offered him a thousand dollars for one week of stage appearances.

Thus Hurricane was given his first taste of easy money. One thousand dollars for a week before the footlights! Hurricane decided at once that art was his forte; any art which would pay him that much good money. He bade the ex-champion wait for a return bout while he, Hurricane, annexed a few of the perquisites of the championship. He acquired a manager; a shrewd business man who also knew fighters and who realized that the next time Hurricane stepped into the ring with a good man the title would again change hands. Whereupon Mr. Gamp and his manager agreed that Hurricane had already retired from the ring, and that the fact was to be kept a secret.

Vaudeville, musical comedies, burlesque, then a tour of the Southern negro vaudeville houses, where Hurricane was fêted tumultuously. Hurricane's head became dizzy in the lofty altitudes and he cut a wide and sanguinary swath in certain social circles.

At first his colorful exploits filled the sport pages, but later they became so regular as to excite little comment, and that little entirely invidious.

Hurricane acquired a pet monkey—a tiny, grimacing, chattering animal of which he was excessively fond. He brought the monkey with him to Birmingham when he arrived to make a single two-reel picture for Midnight.

His signing had apparently been an exhibition of rare business acumen on the part of Orifice R. Latimer. Latimer wished to go on record as heading a company which was not only successful but very much in touch with the modern move of progress. Therefore it behooved Midnight to feature this colored prodigy in one of its films. The contract was executed in Brooklyn, Mr. Gamp's crafty little manager seeing to it that his protégé was well protected. And the manager remained in New York, while Hurricane Gamp came South with Orifice R. Latimer and the monkey.

Latimer wired ahead and Hurricane was received at the studio with much pomp and pageantry. He rode out to the lot in Latimer's sedan and there met all the employes, from the elegant Cæsar Clump and dapper Florian Slappey down to the merest water boy. He posed serenely, monkey on shoulder, and when the introductions were finished, surveyed the crowd disdainfully.

"Well," he inquired cuttingly, "what about it?"

From the outset, Mr. Gamp made it plain that Midnight was to be congratulated on acquiring his services. J. Cæsar, somewhat irate, ordered Hurricane to a set on Stage Number 2. Hurricane looked down disdainfully.

"Li'l' man," he asked, "who is you?"

"I is Julius Cæsar Clump, chief director of this heah organization."

"Which organization?"

"Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc."

"What that is?"

Cæsar spluttered. Then quite suddenly something was placed in his arms.

"Hol' my monkey, cullud man, until I returns back."

Mr. Clump was dazed. He dropped the sniveling monkey. Hurricane was back in an instant, shaking a threatening fist under Clump's nose.

"One mo' thing like that, Useless, an' you is suddenly gwine to be ain't."

"I ain't no monkey nurse."

"You ain't good-lookin' enough."

"Well, you listen at me ——"

"I don't listen at nobody. Ise middleweight champeen of the world an' who don't like my looks is privileged to try an' change 'em."

The spectators gasped. Florian Slappey tried to console his friend.

"Goshness goodness, Cæsar, ain't that man uppity?"

"Tha's the one thing he ain't nothin' else but!" Cæsar's lips twisted into a determined expression. "But Ise gwine fix him. Ise gwine make him do a few things. You watch!"

News of Cæsar's threat circulated through the lot. The employes were interested. They regarded Cæsar as being a trifle better than superhuman. And then, in the days immediately ensuing, they became ardent allies of Mr. Clump.

Hurricane's exploits were varied and drastic. He beat up the driver of one of Acey Upshaw's Gold & Silver meter taxis because that individual did not understand directions. He started a demonstration at Epic Peters' sedate and respectable road house on the Montgomery Highway and smashed considerable crockery. He manhandled any and all persons on the Midnight lot, provided they happened to displease him. In brief, he exhibited the temperament of a prima donna and the physical prowess of a Hercules.

Midnight writhed and squirmed. J. Cæsar struggled futilely with the new star. Nothing seemed to suit Mr. Gamp. He refused to work on sets which did not appeal to his lately developed artistic sensibilities. Cæsar tried martinet methods and they got him slightly less than no place at all. Then, because his one remaining desire was to finish the picture and be rid of Hurricane, he quietly accepted insults and abuse. Only to Florian Slappey did he express the unfathomable depths of his misery.

"If somethin' ain't done," murmured

"One Mo' Thing Like That, Useless, an' You is Suddenly Gwine to be Ain't"

"You-All is a Fine Bunch of Boneheads. All Put Together Between You, You Ain't Got One Brain"

Cæsar direly, "Mistuh Hurricane Gamp is gwine wake up some mawnin' to find out he has occurred to a murder."

"Oh, boy! An' woul'n't you be justified!"

"Honest, Florian, I never seen such a peranickety feller in all my life. He ain't got brain nor neither sense, an' the way he's handlin' things, he's gwine have our whole organization quittin' befo' no time a-tall."

"He ain't botherin' the gals none," observed Florian sagely.

"Huh! Wimmin is the fondest things he's of, but the gals on this lot is all decent ma'ied wimmin an' they hates him wuss than us does."

So the fire smoldered and smoked and threatened to burst into flame. And now Middleweight Champion Hurricane Gamp had placed Director J. Cæsar Clump across his knee and administered a spanking—an efficient spanking such as an irate parent gives to an unruly child.

J. Cæsar Clump possessed an overplus of dignity, and that had been stripped from him. The other persons on the Midnight lot were sorry for Cæsar, but they also laughed at him. After all, he would always be remembered now as the man who had played the stellar rôle in the little drama He Who Gets Spanked. The bar sinister of physical chastisement was upon him; in one way and one way only was it possible for Cæsar to live down this disgrace. He must obtain revenge.

He did not evade the issue. It was clear-cut as a two-carat diamond. And so he scarcely heard the generous offer of President Latimer—"Us loses ten or twelve thousan' dollars, Cæsar, does we fail to complete this pitcher. But if you says so, we just takes our loss cheerful an' lets Hurricane Gamp go."

Cæsar looked up, but the light in his eyes was one of belligerence rather than gratitude.

"Much obliged, Orifice, but this thing has got kind of pussonal between I an' Mistuh Gamp. I craves to keep him hangin' around until I git even."

"Shuh! Foolishment what you talks! You can't git even with a big fighter like him."

"No? Reckon I'd rather have big brains than big muscles."

"Humph! Does big muscles hit big brain, somethin' gits splattered, an' it ain't the muscles."

"You leave us be, Orifice. Was he to git fired now, nobody wouldn't forget how he spanked me."

"We-e-ell," agreed the chief executive reluctantly, "I understan', but it doesn't sound sensible that you should crave to start somethin' with a champeen prize fighter."

Somehow, someway, news of Cæsar's attitude leaked out. The Midnight employes watched with tongue in cheek. If Hurricane heard he gave no sign. For one thing, it was humanly impossible to make himself more obnoxious. As for the work, he did what he pleased when he pleased. In the matter of direction, J. Cæsar became bleakly civil.

"Mistuh Gamp, will you be so excruciatingly kind as to walk to'rds the cam'ra, reflectin' mis'ry?"

(Continued on Page 109)

RABBIT FEET AND JINXES

PHOTO FROM THE ALBERT CAMPBELL COLLECTION

Miss Adelaide Nelson

Miss Kate Claxton

Mr. Joseph Jefferson

By WALTER DE LEON

WHEN the members of a musical-comedy company last September learned that their nice new show, playing its try-out dates with stimulating success, was to be taken into the X Theater for its New York showing, there were direful shaking of heads and doleful sinking of hearts. Actors, you may have heard, are the most superstitious class of people known to modern civilization. Among troupers, the X Theater bore an evil name. To use the short and ugly word, it was jinxed. It had never housed a hit. The most promising of plays had gone into it, only to struggle along undernourished in the death grip of its resident jinx—until the ghost walked no more of a Saturday afternoon.

With fear and soulful invocations to Thespis, the musical-comedy company opened at the X. The press treated the play kindly. Such of the public as witnessed the first week's performances left the theater well pleased, thus giving the piece the unpurchasable advantage of mouth-to-ear advertising. During the next few weeks, despite the fact that the actors forbore decorating their dressing rooms, leaving them bare save for an occasional small leaden image of Saint Anthony of Padua on a make-up shelf, or a first-night best-wishes telegram pinned to the frame of a mirror, box-office statements revealed that the show was merely breaking even. Soon tickets became available at the cut-rate ticket agencies.

The producer of the show realized that something drastic must be done to save his financial investment. He began looking about for a star to replace the charming but unknown girl playing the principal female rôle. There were available several young women whose names are supposed to attract shekels to the box office. The producer selected a so-called lucky one, an actress who had not been associated with a failure since she had become a star. She was finally bound to a contract.

Don't Whistle at Lady Luck

THE fact was advertised. The company's spirits rose. Came the question, was the lady's luck powerful enough to exorcise the stubborn X jinx?

At the close of the star's first week in the part, while making up for the Saturday-night performance, the juvenile of the troupe began whistling cheerily. On his way into the theater the manager had told him that the week's receipts had jumped five thousand dollars over the previous week; that the lucky star had taken the show out of the cut-rate agencies, and that the advance sale and regular ticket brokerage demands for seats indicated a long, prosperous run. The house jinx had finally been dispelled. Therefore the juvenile whistled blithely, unconsciously.

"Cut that out!" gruffly commanded an old trouper in the next dressing room.

"Sorry," apologized the juvenile. "But don't worry." He then retailed the manager's good news.

"Even so," the old stager grumbled, "whistling in the dressing room never brought any luck to anybody."

It is one of the oldest and most widespread superstitions among stage folk—this ban against whistling. An unfailing forerunner of grief, actors will tell you that whistling in dressing rooms has resulted in every manifestation of misfortune from closing the show to relaxed vocal cords. It has caused train wrecks, divorce and varicose veins to the whistlers, and any company that tolerates a whistler lays itself open at all times to loss of money, fire, chronic indigestion, half salary, baldness, brutal press notices, insomnia, kicks in the shin and barber's itch.

Whistling, *per se*, invokes every known genus of jinx that can becloud an actor's life. Sweet-tempered old women have refused flatly to dress in the same room with an incurable whistler, and meek, anæmic men have fallen furiously, intent on mayhem, upon the husky persons of whistlers whom continued warnings failed to stifle. No matter how gladsomely your spirits soar, no matter how deliciously the mad joyous music of life carols in your arteries, you simply must not whistle in a dressing room. No good can ever come of it.

There are some who attribute the rise of this superstition to Edwin Forrest, that stellar tragedian who flourished during the first half of the past century. The legend relates that a dresser of Mr. Forrest allowed himself the luxury of whistling while laying out the actor's wigs, costumes and dressing-room accessories. Annoyed, irritated and irked by the *lèse majesté* the whistling implied, Mr. Forrest discharged his dresser in approved stellar manner, impressively, largely, sonorously and without thinking to divulge the source of his displeasure. When a similar fate befell the dresser's successor, when the two compared notes, the knowledge became general that whistling in the dressing room was a sure sign you were going to lose your job—with Forrest.

But there are evidences in traditional history that the superstition existed before Forrest's time; that, in truth, it was his private and personal fear of impending evil, rather than mere nervous irritation, which actuated the great tragedian in ridding his company of dressing-room whistlers.

Mr. and Mrs. Dion Boucicault

The Devil's Workshop

IN ADDITION to all the common superstitions obtaining among nontheatrical folk—such as the beliefs concerning the number thirteen, walking under a ladder, making a wish upon a load of empty barrels or the first raspberry of the season—actors cherish an assortment of signs, auspices and portents peculiar to their profession. Before you peruse with superior smile the subjoined list of them, a seed of sympathy may be planted which will aid in understanding why the stage has been so ridden, steeped and saturated with superstitions.

Recall that for years the theater was called by pulpit and press the

Devil's Workshop. Its workers were outcasts from polite society, forced to consort with themselves, barmaids and similar unenlightened characters. Until the comparatively recent organization of the Actors' Equity Association, and similar bodies here and abroad, the profession admittedly was the most hazardous and unstable of them all. "Acting—that's not a business," ran the old joke. It is still, and bids fair to remain, the profession in which luck, as most people call it, plays always the largest, most important rôle. No man, from Aristotle down through the ages to J. J. Shubert, has ever been able to prophesy infallibly the success or failure of a play, or of any individual performing in that play.

Consider further that intelligence is an asset but not a necessity to the actor. It is the actor's emotion, not his mentality, that audiences buy. All good actors are highly, often weirdly, imaginative. And so, realizing that the old-time actor was a pariah, innately egotistic, sensitive, incredibly clannish, carrying around an overdeveloped bump of imagination which continually caused him to see pretty mirages on the desert of his peregrinations, dependent for his beer and skittles not so much on native ability as upon the favoring smile of fickle fortune, it does not appear strange that he and his fellows kept a weather eye peeled at all times for signs and omens to guide them as they groped blindly through the maze of show business.

What were, and are, some of these guiding signs? Let's start alphabetically, with animals. It bodes ill for a show when a cat, any color or sex, strays on the stage during a performance. However, at the very first rehearsal of a play, if a feline, especially a black one, walks clear across the stage from one side to the other it is an augury that promises success, long life and much renown for the play and all connected with it.

Dogs, on the other hand, are always bad luck. When, as sometimes happens in the best regulated theaters, a hound pup darts past the door tender, bounces clumsily out on the stage, catches sight of the audience and, startled, streaks wildly into the wings, calamity of some description is only a matter of moments. Though some actors lug around pet dogs, said canines are always tied, roped, locked up and otherwise securely confined in a dressing room throughout the duration of each performance.

Barked Out of a Job

THE leading lady of one traveling repertoire troupe carried a pet purp that knew his place thoroughly. There were eighteen plays in the repertoire, and the dog—company members swore—knew the last line of every play and would not leave his mistress' dressing room until it was spoken. Certain it is that throughout the performance the dog would lie quiescent and self-muzzled in a tray of the lady's trunk. But as the very last line of the play was being said on the stage, he would rise, stretch and trot out of the dressing room as the final curtain descended.

Dogs howling outside a theater during the course of a performance are believed to presage the closing of the show. This ancient myth was completely vindicated in the eyes of an American musical-comedy troupe which toured the Orient some years ago.

The company landed in Manila for a run. At that time Manila was full of dogs—dogs of all known descriptions and indescribable dogs of unguessable parentage and instincts. During the course of a performance one evening, one of the comedians with the show moved his bulk into the vacant lot adjoining the theater to cool off after a dancing specialty. In the distance a dog was baying a serene full moon. The comedian, a clever mimic, began imitating him. Annoyed, the unseen dog began barking. The comedian barked right back at him. A second dog, his slumber disturbed, barked a protest. The comedian barked a sharp retort. Soon the comedian was the only human member of a howling quartet which rapidly swelled to a frantic chorus as every dog within earshot added his voice. At the height of the racket a chorus girl ran wildly out of the theater.

"What are you doing?" she shrieked. "Here we are, fifteen thousand miles from home—and you start the dogs barking!"

The next day the comedian had no voice; nothing remained of it but a wheezy whisper. That same day the star of the company lost his foot—that is, he wished he might lose half of it, for it had swelled to twice its normal size with an attack of gout. So the company laid off for a week—without salary.

"Barking dogs—what less could you expect?" the troupe asked itself, and answered its own question. Likewise it greeted with raucous jeers the individual who suggested that standing in the night air, dripping with perspiration and yowling at the moon, might hoarsen any man's vocal cords. And, further, that a goutily inclined gentleman is quite liable to experience a recurrence of the malady after three solid months of constant day-and-night entertainment in lands where excellent French champagne costs but two dollars and fifty cents the quart.

PHOTO, FROM THE ALBERT DAVIS COLLECTION

Miss Clarion, as Louise, in the "Two Orphans"

There is a generally observed superstitious belief regarding the tag, or last line of a play. It is practically never spoken until the first public performance, lest catastrophe swoop down upon the production. A company will rehearse every line of a new play right up to the last speech. When he gets the cue for it, the actor to whom the tag falls will suddenly drop out of character and mumble, "Such and such and such—tag."

Tagging the Jinx

THE director usually will check any actor who unwittingly starts reciting the tag line. In musical shows the tag, of course, is the orchestra leader's cue to begin the finale. During rehearsals, though he may drive everyone distracted by his insistence upon being given the exact word cue for every other musical number, the director is apt to tear his hair in despair and emit poignant cries of anguish if he gets any other finale cue except a laconic "Tag: finale."

There have been cases where the tag line has been changed when spoken by mistake or in ignorance—that is, a new last speech has been added in an effort to fend off the invited jinx.

No one seems to know when or how this superstition originated. One may guess that it arose from the psychology of the actor which prompts him to save something for his audience. He hates to shoot the whole works at a rehearsal. In fact he cannot. Though his art consists of keeping various emotions on tap and in venting them as demanded, a stream of flooding emotion is difficult to extract from one's system at a drear, drab, deadly rehearsal. It is like draining a frozen radiator. He needs the warming influence of lights, costumes—and an audience.

For instance, difficult stunts such as leaping over a high wall, jumping through a window or from a balcony, falling down a flight of stairs and other semidangerous acrobatics, are seldom rehearsed. Like the tag, they are left for the first performance. Under the inspiration of the audience, an actor can, and does, perform feats that in his calmer moments he would flunk. A couple of flunks during rehearsals, resulting in a black eye, a sprained ankle or a wrenched back, are very apt to impair one's confidence in one's ability to perform the allotted task. Hence the belief, which approximates knowledge, that you tempt fate and invite disaster to self and play by rehearsing stunts.

A smooth-running dress rehearsal is universally considered a harbinger of evil for the production. Contrariwise, a poor dress rehearsal means a good first performance—undoubtedly because of the extra added care and serious consideration given an opening performance whose dress rehearsal has been

(Continued on Page 169)

A Scene From the Play "Never Say Die," in Which Mr. Nat Goodwin (at Right) Appeared

NO THOROUGHFARE

"Do You Like Swimming, Sam?" Sam Nodded. "Swim Every Morning in the Cove," He Explained

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

V

SAM woke early next morning—woke at a little after daylight. Ordinarily he was willing enough to be abed; but this morning, as soon as his thoughts cleared, he remembered what had happened the night before. There was an unreality about this memory, something incredible in the whole affair, so that it would have been easy for him to believe he had imagined it. But when he touched his chin it was sore beneath his fingers, and in the pocket of his knickerbockers hanging on the chair beside his cot he found the hundred-dollar bill. His sleeping quarters had once been a horse stall in a corner of the old stable which was now a garage; and his car customarily held a place just outside this apartment. He remembered that the machine required his ministrations, and with the recollection he swung out of bed.

It was still so early that there was a dewy moisture in the air; and across the ocean to the east stray ribbons of mist curled upward under the first touch of the sun, drew aside like veils disclosing the placid blue surface of the water, scarcely rippled now. Yet for all the apparent calm, slow swells were rolling in, rhythmic as a sleeper's breath; and Sam could hear them tumbling lazily against the rocks in the little inlet below the road. He found his bathing suit and jogged down to the shore and plunged into the icy water, came up panting and blowing with the shock of its chill, swam vigorously for a moment and then climbed out again. Returning to the house he took a racing gait, and reached his room at last, panting and exhilarated. He changed his bathing suit for overalls and attacked the problem of repairs upon the car.

The damage, he discovered, was no more serious than it had appeared. He would need two wires, two plugs. It was a matter of pride with Sam never to put into his car anything actually new; so he sought around among the litter of odds and ends in the corners of the garage until he found plugs and wires that would do. Having fitted them in place, he made some further inspection of the engine, could find nothing else amiss. He wished to start it, test it, but its clamor would wake the house; and Buck liked to sleep till breakfast time, and even Millie had no sympathy with any disturbance in the early morning hours.

It occurred to Sam that it was not yet six o'clock; he might well get in two hours or so of work before the time when his day's duties ordinarily began, and this would justify him in leaving early in the afternoon to drive to the farm with the grocery order he had been commissioned to bring. He had been working on Saturday on a touring car committed to his charge, the valves and the cylinders of which required attention. He attacked this now industriously enough, but though his hands were engaged in the task it did not command his thoughts and they wandered freely. They had much material on which to work: His encounter with Peg Delemay and Nell, and that later meeting with the man Ote had called Lin Ruble. Peg he remembered with a doubtful wariness, Nell with a warm delight; and he smiled at the recollection of his impertinent rejoinder to her last remark, then flushed at his own temerity. He looked forward to seeing them again with a satisfaction not unmixed with doubt. Millie would not like it; she had made that clear enough. He felt a faint resentment at Millie's attitude.

When he thought of Lin Ruble it was with a rising anger. He knew now where that man could be found; and he promised himself to seek Lin out and square accounts.

"I'll hand him one," he thought. "And I'll do it when he's looking for it too." It may be gathered that Sam was upon occasion a pugnacious young man.

He had been only faintly impressed by the warning Sheriff Budd had uttered, but it occurred to him now that he would give Lin back that hundred-dollar bill. He did not analyze his reasons for this decision; did not put into words his own certainty that the money was to some extent evidence that there was ugly business afoot, in which he wanted no share.

"They can't buy me," he told himself resentfully.

While he ground the valves methodically and with an expert touch, his reflections became more and more irate. This may have been the result of his increasing appetite; for his supper the night before had been scanty, and he was hungry for breakfast. The effect was at last to make him leave his work and return to his own car and start the engine. If it woke Millie and Buck, well enough; it was, he told himself, time they were about. The engine ran eagerly, and this somewhat conciliated him, so that he began to feel more forgiving toward the world; began to feel even a grim amusement at thought of Lin.

Buck drifted into the garage at last to summon him to breakfast.

"It's ready," he said. And Sam nodded cheerfully and scrubbed his hands and face and went into the kitchen.

He grinned at Millie, greeted her amiably; but she said sharply, "Get out of my kitchen with them greasy overalls on, Sam. I don't want you setting on my chairs. Get some decent clothes on when you come to meals in here. I've told you often enough."

His anger instantly returned.

"Is that so?" he retorted.

"Don't you talk back to me," she warned him.

He felt like telling her rudely to take her breakfast and frame it and hang it on the wall, but he was hungry, and prudence advised him to obey. He returned a moment later more respectably clad, and found her waiting on Buck, who ate in a loquacious and grumbling fashion.

"You never did fry eggs right, Millie," Buck protested. "I like 'em hard clear through. I ah'd think you'd know by now."

"Fry 'em yourself," Millie told him resentfully; and Sam caught Buck's eye and winked. Millie saw this interchange.

"What you winking at him for, Sam?" she demanded.

"Got out the wrong side of bed, didn't you, Millie?" Sam suggested.

"If you don't like your boarding place you can go somewheres else," she retorted.

"I get sick of being bawled out all the time," he said angrily. Then he grinned and sought to placate her. "Come on, Millie. Don't be a grouch."

She felt herself melting and hardened her heart to resist him.

"You can't get around me," she told him. "Pounding around in the garage all hours of the night and keeping folks awake."

"I been grinding the valves on Mrs. Thomes' car," he protested. "She wanted it today."

She poured him a fresh cup of coffee grudgingly.

"Enough cream?" she asked, softening a little. But as she softened, Sam became more angry.

"Got to take what I get, I guess," he replied.

Someone stopped for gas and Millie went out to serve him while Sam and Buck finished breakfast.

Buck said warily, "Millie's kind of sore at you, Sam. What you been doing?"

"She's mad because I helped out them girls," Sam explained. "But she can be mad and welcome."

Buck grinned. "It's good for her," he agreed. 'You got to handle women, Sam. I know. I was married twenty year."

Sam refused his sympathy.

"Guess you didn't do much handling," he derided, "from what I hear."

"I was boss around here when I wanted to be," Buck boasted; and Millie in the doorway heard.

"You're not boss around here now," she told him. "And you've set long enough stuffing yourself. There's somebody wants some work done, out at the garage."

Buck went uncomfortably out through the shed, but Sam sat defiantly where he was, and Millie seemed not to mind.

"You had enough, Sam?" she asked, more gently.

"Guess it'll do," he confessed.

"I could cook you up some more eggs."

"Oh, don't take any pains about me." He got up, turned toward the door.

"You'll be kept busy today, I guess," she suggested. "Monday, and folks going back to town."

"I'm going to get away about two o'clock," he said without looking at her. "Take them groceries in "

"You can't go on being errand boy for them," she urged unhappily. "Not and do your work here too."

"They might need a man around the place," Sam replied with affected indifference. "Said something about it. I might take on the job, if I happened to feel that way."

She turned away without replying; and Sam, who had expected anger, felt shamed by her silence, and he went out conscious that he had been unfair, and hating himself for his brutality. But for the rest of the morning he was too busy to give much thought to the matter; and when just before noon he finished the car on which he had been working and took it out to test it, he turned toward the village. It occurred to him that he might get those groceries now, save himself the short trip to the village later. Accordingly he stopped at the store, consulted the list Peg had given him, and made the indicated purchases.

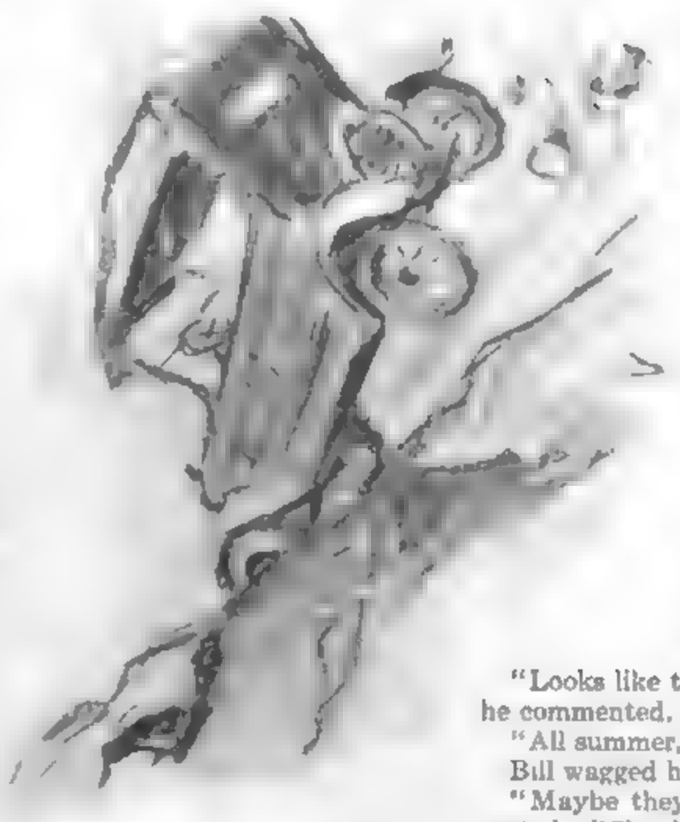
He was thus engaged when someone hailed him; he turned and saw Bill Stackhoe. The fat man had drifted into the store in the most indolent fashion imaginable; he was at the moment about to drink a bottle of birch beer.

"Have a drink, Sam?" he invited.

"Sure will," Sam agreed. He found the big man cheerful company. "Getting on to be a hot day."

"It gets me," Bill agreed. "I can stand cold weather, but a day like this fries it out of me." He surveyed the pile of Sam's purchases. "Getting stuff for Millie?" he inquired idly.

Sam hesitated only momentarily. The storekeeper was for the moment out of hearing; and Sam was very full of his experiences of the day before. He found himself telling Bill all about it.



As They Watched, It Toppled and Fell End Over End

Stackhoe listened with an indifferent attention and said at last, "Can't keep away from them, eh? What does Millie think of that, Sam?"

Sam grinned.

"Kind of short with me this morning," he agreed. He hesitated. "What do you make of that other thing?" he asked. "The money and all?"

Bill shook his head.

"Too hot to think today," he retorted. "I'm on a vacation, Sam."

"I'm going to hand him one," Sam declared.

"Looks to me you were all square with him," Bill suggested. "I'd take one in the jaw for a hundred dollars myself. Make a good living that way if I could find enough customers."

"I'll pay him back both ways," Sam retorted.

"Wouldn't go hunting trouble if I was you," Bill warned him. "Might be worse next time."

"What was he doing in on the back road?" Sam insisted.

Bill waved his hand largely.

"Private business, the way he acted, wasn't it? How do I know?"

Sam began to move his purchases out to the car, and Bill helped him.

"Looks like they're planning to stay a while," he commented. "They're laying in enough."

"All summer," Sam agreed.

Bill wagged his head.

"Maybe they'll change their minds," he suggested. "Shouldn't think they'd want to be off there alone that way. Can't tell what'll happen on a back road. Something scare them out, prob'ly."

"Guess they ain't the kind to scare easy," Sam told him.

"Most folks'll scare if you go at 'em right," Bill reminded him, and Sam looked at the other keenly.

"You think someone's going to try to scare them?" he asked acutely.

"Well, if this Lin Ruble's got business on the back road, and it's so blamed private, he won't like their being there."

"I'll see't he don't bother them," Sam promised.

Bill eyed him thoughtfully.

(Continued on Page 68)

He Cried Aloud, "Jay!" Then, Forgetting Peg and Nell, He Leaped Around the Brink of the Quarry to Pursue

EVIDENCE

By RICHARD CONNELL

ILLUSTRATED BY RASBURN VAN BUREN

OFFICER CULLEN heard the clock in the Oldport town hall strike twelve. Officer Cullen yawned. Four more hours to go; four more hours to patrol the silent streets. He moved his big policeman's feet down Garfield Avenue at a slow pace. He swung his night stick idly. He thought about the things policemen think about. He thought how soft the rich men in the mansions along Garfield Avenue had it; he thought how pleasant it would be if the town raised his salary from thirty-two dollars and fifty cents a week to forty; he thought of the secondhand car he could buy in that event; he thought of his wife and for a moment speculated on the advantages and disadvantages of monogamy; he thought about the hangnail on his left index finger; he thought about the crack a brother officer had made at the station house that evening in regard to his—Officer Cullen's—growing baldness; he regretted that his repartee had not been more devastating than "So's your old man"; he thought about the joys of consuming a porterhouse steak bedded down in onions; he thought—and then he stopped thinking. He had seen something.

He was passing the most palatial house on Garfield Avenue, a solid, impressive house set in an acre of shrub-studded lawn. The house was dark. But it was not the house that attracted Officer Cullen's attention. It was something white lying on the grass, not far from the wide veranda. The spotlight of the full moon seemed to focus on that white patch. A towel blown from a window, he thought, and was about to continue on his way, when he decided to have a look, anyhow, if only to give himself something to do. He strolled up the drive. Then his pace quickened to a run, for he saw that the white thing was the glistening bosom of a man's evening shirt. He bent over the figure that lay there and made a hasty examination. Two facts hit him. One was that the man huddled on the lawn was dead; the other was that he had been beaten to death.

From the signal box on the corner he called police headquarters.

"That you, chief?"

"Yeah." It was the voice of a man not fully aroused from slumber.

"This is Cullen. I found a dead man on my beat. Mr. Falconer's place on Garfield Avenue. It looks like murder."

"Are you sure it's murder?" queried the sleepy voice.

"His head's smashed, chief."

"Mebbe," said the sleepy voice hopefully, "it's suicide, and the coroner can handle it."

"A man don't go round smashing in his own head," stated Officer Cullen.

The chief appeared to be thinking this over.

"No," he decided presently, "it ain't usual." Then, after reflection, "Perhaps he fell out of a window, or got hit by a car, or something accidental like that."

"Don't look like it, chief."

"Well, then," said the chief resignedly, "I guess mebbe I'll have to come down there."

How an otherwise progressive town like Oldport came to have a man like old Dan Daly for its chief of police was a question for students of civic matters to ponder. He had been the town's only constable some forty years before. When the town attained to the dignity of a uniformed police force he had become a patrolman. When he got too old and fat to waddle a beat, something had to be done with him; and as nobody had the heart to compel the old fellow to go to work, he was made chief of police. It was commonly said of him that he had not been fully awake in six years.

"Go in the House, I Said." His Voice Was Low

As Oldport was a well-behaved New England community whose crime wave seldom included anything more serious than a juvenile raid on a melon patch or a public snake dance by a farmer full of hard cider, it did not matter much if the chief of police was not an intellectual giant. Old Dan Daly had friends, as easy-going, good-natured people often do; but the most loyal of them did not dispute the assertion of some of his critics that he was the laziest and dumbest man in a dozen counties.

Chief of Police Daly arrived, finally, at the Falconer residence. He had stopped to pick up Hoyt, the district attorney, and Doctor Waterman, the coroner's physician. The district attorney and the doctor hastened up the drive with long, eager steps, for they were youngish men, zealous to do their duty.

Chief Daly, after dislodging his ponderous stomach from under the steering wheel of his car with difficulty, followed them, panting.

"Well, doc," asked Chief Daly, "is it really murder?"

"It is," said the doctor, and added with a slight shade of malice in his voice, "Yes, it's a job for you, all right, chief."

Dan Daly sighed.

"Who kilt him?" he asked, turning a stern eye on Officer Cullen.

"Blest if I know, chief," said the patrolman.

"It happened on your beat, didn't it?"

"Yes; but I ain't to blame for that, am I?"

"When I was a constable," said Dan Daly severely, "nobody got murdered on my beat. . . . Well, who is he, anyway?"

District Attorney Hoyt turned a thin, keen, legal face to the chief.

"It's Edwin Bain," he said.

"Why, so it is!" said Dan Daly. "Now ain't that a shame—a nice, quiet-spoken fellow like that. Who could have kilt him?"

"That's what you have to find out," said the district attorney shortly.

"Did anybody wake up Mr. Falconer? Maybe he knows who did it," said Dan Daly.

"Great idea, chief," said the district attorney dryly. But sarcasm was wasted on Dan Daly.

"Well," he said, "seeing that it happened right in his own front yard, I guess I'll wake him up and ask him how come." He started for the front door of the mansion, but stopped. "You do it, Cullen," he said.

Officer Cullen approached the front door with a certain amount of diffidence. Even in urgent circumstances, one does not lightly break into the sleep of the town's richest man, who is also a political leader and reputed to be one of the most astute and successful lawyers in the state. A drowsy butler who answered the doorbell went to call Mr. Falconer, but not until he had been assured that the matter was sufficiently grave to warrant what the butler seemed to consider an act of daring.

George Falconer came down presently in a silk dressing gown. He was a dignified, self-possessed man of forty, and at the moment, patently cross at being called from a warm bed on a cool night.

"What's wrong, Daly?" he asked. "Burglars?"

"I wish it was burglars, Mr. Falconer," said Dan Daly. "But it ain't. I'm afraid it's murder."

"Murder?"

"Yes. There's a man out here with his head beaten in."

"What man?"

"Edwin Bain."

"What? Ned Bain? Are you sure?"

"Look," said Dan Daly.

"This is terrible!" said George Falconer. "Terrible! How did it happen? Who did it?"

"I wish I knew," said Dan Daly.

"And think of it happening here, practically on my doorstep!" said George Falconer.

"I don't suppose you know who done it," ventured Dan Daly.

"Hardly." George Falconer turned from the chief. "What facts have you, Hoyt?" he asked the district attorney.

"Nothing much yet, Mr. Falconer. Doctor Waterman, the chief and I just got here. The patrolman on the beat, Cullen there, saw something white on the lawn, investigated and found—this."

"It looks to me," observed Dan Daly thoughtfully, "like his head had been beaten in with some blunt instrument."

The district attorney glanced at the chief of police impatiently.

"That's obvious," he said. "Now all you have to do is find the instrument and the man who used it."

"I was thinking of that," said Dan Daly. He lowered himself to his fat knees and began a minute scrutiny of the lawn.

"The chief seems to think," remarked George Falconer, "that the murderer has been so obliging as to leave his weapon behind, just to simplify matters for him."

He addressed Doctor Waterman.

"Shall I have the poor fellow taken into the house while you send for the ambulance, doctor?"

"Wait a bit," called Dan Daly. "Don't move nothing. I got to look for clews."

"Very well." George Falconer shrugged his shoulders. "The chief has been reading Sherlock Holmes," he said to the district attorney.

"George!"

They heard a woman's voice call the name. A figure had appeared in the door of the house. Her face looked white in the moonlight.

"Minna," said George Falconer to his wife, "you'd better go back to bed."

"What is it? What's happened?" she asked.

"A man's been — well, killed."

"Who?"

"Bain."

She gave a little cry.

"Ned?"

"Yes, Ned Bain."

"Oh, where is he?"

"Never mind. Go back to bed."

She started for the little group gathered about the prostrate figure. George Falconer stepped toward her, took her arm, turned her around sharply.

"Go in the house, I said." His voice was low.

"But, George ——"

"Do as I tell you."

He kept his grip on her arm and led her back into the house; then he closed the door and came back.

"Found anything, chief?" he asked.

Dan Daly emerged from under a bush, wheezing in triumph.

"Yup," he said, "I got it—the blunt instrument. Found it right in plain sight too." He held up a heavy blackthorn stick. "Wonder whose it is," he said. "Here, Cullen, give me your flashlight."

Dan Daly examined the stick.

"That's what he used, all right," he said. "Still damp. And say, what's this? There's a silver band on it, with the initials G.B.F." He rubbed his chin. "G.B.F.—why, say, them's your initials, ain't they, Mr. Falconer?"

"Yes, they are."

"Is this your stick?"

"By Jove—it is!"

"How did it get here?"

"I've no idea."

"Ain't you? That's funny."

"I've got a dozen sticks," added George Falconer.

Dan Daly stood staring at the stick. Then he rubbed his chin and muttered to himself. Then suddenly he said, "Mr. Falconer, would you mind letting me see the sole of your shoe?"

"What's the idea, chief?" asked George Falconer, with some asperity.

"I ain't saying nothing—not a thing," said Dan Daly. "But I would like to see the sole of your shoe."

George Falconer looked at the district attorney, shrugged his shoulders, laughed.

"A little scientific research, eh, chief?" he said. "Well, I want to help if I can."

Dan Daly bent over and examined the leather sole of George Falconer's bedroom slippers. Then he straightened up and faced Mr. Falconer.

"They fit," announced Dan Daly.

"What?"

"Your shoe fits a footprint near the body."

George Falconer stared at him; then he laughed.

"That looks bad for me, doesn't it?" he said. "Well, chief, I dare say one could find plenty of your footprints all over the place."

"I don't mean new footprints," said Dan Daly. "This one was made before you came out."

"Now look here, Daly, what are you getting at?"

"Mr. Falconer, I ain't saying nothing—not a thing. I got to collect evidence, that's all. That's my job."

"So you have," said George Falconer, and there was an amused contempt in his manner. "I am entirely at the service of you gentlemen." He bowed in the direction of Hoyt. The district attorney took Dan Daly aside.

"See here, chief, you mustn't make a fool of yourself," Hoyt said.

"How do you mean—make a fool of myself?"

"Acting this way."

"But I got to find evidence," said Dan Daly doggedly. "And I guess I know evidence when I see it. Here's a man killed, and I find another man's stick did the job, and that man's footprint near the body. And that ain't all. When Cullen went in the house, there was one of Mr. Falconer's raincoats hanging on a rack in the hall—and there were bloodstains on it. Why, Mr. Hoyt, it's a clear case, as plain as the nose on your face."

The district attorney spoke in the tone of a parent addressing an unreasonable child.

"Chief," he said, "I know a little something about evidence myself, and I want to tell you this before you make a lot of trouble for yourself: The three pieces of evidence that make you think Mr. Falconer had something to do with the crime are three excellent reasons why he did not do it."

Dan Daly scratched his grizzled head.

"I don't get that," he said.

"Listen," said the district attorney. "In the first place, no man kills another without a motive."

"I think mebbe I see a motive."

"Really? I'd be interested to hear it."

"There wasn't no love lost between Mr. Falconer and Edwin Bain," said Dan Daly.

"Oh, that old story," said the district attorney.

"I know," said Dan Daly. "But, anyhow, it might be a motive. You know that Bain was engaged to marry Mrs. Falconer years ago, and then Falconer came along and carried her off. He always was the kind that gets what it goes after. Well, folks say that Mr. Falconer and his wife ain't been happy together. Now Bain was a nice, good-natured fellow, but once a few years ago he had a row at the country club with Falconer because of the way Falconer bawled out his wife in front of people. Gave Falconer

(Continued on Page 64)

"Mr. Falconer, Evidence is Evidence. That's All I Get to Go By. Now Please Get Dressed and Come With Me"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription: To the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala Isle of Pines, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and Uruguay, $2.00 the Year. Remit by U. S. Money Order, Express Money Order, Check or by Draft, payable in U. S. Funds.

To Canada—By Subscription, $2.60 the Year. Single Copies, Five Cents—Canadian or U. S. Funds.

To Newfoundland (with Labrador) and other Foreign Countries, exclusive of those mentioned above, by subscription, post paid, $4.00 the Year. Remittances to be by Postal or Express Money Order or by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. Funds.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 6, 1926

The Ups and Downs of Wages

PROF. PAUL H. DOUGLAS, of the University of Chicago, has lately made public some figures which are the result of his elaborate studies of the movement of real wages in the United States during the past thirty-five years. Real wages, as distinguished from nominal wages, are estimated not in money but in what money will buy; that is to say, in the purchasing power of the nominal wage over commodities and services in general.

According to this economist, those who work with their hands are, on an average, 27 per cent better off today than they were in the 1890's. The most spectacular advance is in the real wages of school-teachers, whose purchasing power appears to have increased 140 per cent.

It is important to note that during the period studied, real wages of factory workers have increased 28 per cent. Most of this gain has been achieved since 1914, for in that year the general level of real wages was about where it was in 1890.

Two-thirds of the betterment reported has taken place since the early part of 1918. Steadily rising manufacturing efficiency also has brought about a striking increase of per-capita production, for while the factory worker's real wage was advancing 28 per cent his output rose 52 per cent. "What," asks Mr. Douglas rather pointedly, "happened to the 24 per cent increase per worker in the physical activity of manufacturing which the workers did not receive?"

Unless we are very much mistaken, the answer to the professor's question is to be found in the labor-saving machinery and equipment which made such a marked increase of production possible. We are by no means convinced that the increase of production noted was secured by greater physical activity, if by this phrase Mr. Douglas means the outlay of human energy. Love of machinery is our national passion and we indulge it with special freedom when we can thereby diminish physical exertion. Thus we create not a vicious circle, but a sort of economic merry-go-round. A device may be styled labor-saving by those who use it; but it did not come into being without making labor or furnishing jobs to all who assisted in its construction. Moreover, the machinery which contributes most highly to efficient manufacturing must be repaired, renewed and eventually replaced in a market whose tendency is upward rather than downward. It can scarcely be doubted that investment in steadily improving plant equipment accounts for a substantial proportion of the 24-per-cent discrepancy about which Mr. Douglas inquires. It must be remembered, too, that most of the added equipment cost is, somewhere along the line, mainly a labor cost, and that factory workers are thus the gainers both coming and going.

Again, figures alone rarely tell a well-rounded story. Even if labor-saving machinery yields no cash profits to either employer or workmen, its adoption is likely to be advantageous whenever it relieves factory workers of the wear and tear of industrial life, allows them to use judgment rather than muscle or enables the head to save the heels. It is a misfortune of a large class of white-collar men that the nature of their work is such that it is not susceptible of being speeded up by the installation of new machinery. The chief exceptions are those operations which can be performed on billing machines, typewriters, duplicating apparatus, the whole ingenious family of calculating machines and those elaborate devices which click out statistical work by electricity. All these modern inventions tend to increase production and lower unit costs; but only a small proportion of office men benefit by these mechanical labor savers. American invention has nowhere been more active than in the organization and development of office systems and appliances. A considerable proportion of the nation's clerical work is performed more efficiently and more systematically than ever before; but it nevertheless appears to be a fact that the rank and file of office workers are just about where they were in 1890, in that their output depends, in the main, on skill of head and hand and not upon the revolutions per minute of a length of electrically driven shafting. There is no known method whereby all our office workers can be reduced to one typical group and its per-capita production achievement measured and compared with that of the group engaged in similar tasks back in the 1890's; and yet, if such a thing were possible, no one could suppose that during the past generation it has bettered the old performance either by 52 per cent or by anything like it.

There is often real pathos in the lot of these office workers. Loyal, intelligent and industrious, they have entered a race in which there are many competitors and few prizes. Had they gone into machine shop or factory, their superior education and broader outlook would have brought them to the front and won them the rewards to which they would have been entitled—but they would insist on a white collar. In the beginning, a white collar costs but a quarter; and yet the continuing fixed charges on it and all it implies may run into hundreds or even thousands of dollars a year.

Inequality of pay often seems to be without rime or reason; but if one looks deep enough, the reason, at least, is always to be found. The reason that school-teachers are better paid by 140 per cent than they were in the 1890's is not that grateful taxpayers and paternal school boards insisted upon giving them their due, but that the rising bids of business and industry for the services of bright young women gradually exacted a higher scale of pay in order to keep our schools staffed by competent instructors.

Dread of contact with machine oil and overalls and factory grime is blighting the careers of thousands of our over-nice young men; and the curious thing about it is that the less exalted their social origin is, the more strongly they feel they will lose caste if they soil their hands. Railroad presidents' sons, just out of college, often go into the car shops and think it a lark. They get blacker than coal heavers before the whistle blows at quitting time; but there is not a case on record in which the grime struck the skin and soiled the young man's reputation for being a useful and respected member of society.

New Boundaries for Yellowstone

THE Teton Mountains, immediately south of Yellowstone National Park, are regarded by world travelers who have beheld their serrated peaks, rising six to seven thousand feet sheer above pine-bordered lakes at their base, as the most beautiful range in America, and there are many who believe these mountains unsurpassed by any others on the face of the earth. The Grand Teton, 13,747 feet, highest in the range, has a central steeple of granite that dominates the entire range; but below it and all around it are lesser spires, straight and symmetrical, that give to the peak the appearance of a vast cathedral. Its surface is sculptured by glaciers, and this work is still uncompleted because the tools of ice are still etching according to Nature's plan of her temple.

There are several other peaks in the Teton Range that almost equal the Grand Teton in grandeur. All these peaks are separated by cañons cut by glaciers almost to the level of the surrounding region. The entire range is mirrored in a group of lakes nestled in forests at its feet. The largest of these, Jackson Lake, has been hopelessly destroyed as a thing of beauty through conversion into an irrigation reservoir, and its shores are littered by millions of dead trees, killed by raising the surface of the lake. However, the remaining lakes are nearer the Tetons and are more a part of them. They have been filed on as irrigation reservoirs, but have been saved by Executive order in aid of a plan to give them national-park status as a division of the neighboring Yellowstone.

This park proposal has been pending ten years, and if previous plans of somewhat different character are to be considered, the Tetons have been regarded as entitled to park protection for more than thirty years. Several Presidents and Secretaries of Interior and Agriculture of many Administrations have recommended the future safeguarding of the best part of the Tetons in a national park. Once a bill to accomplish this purpose passed the House of Representatives unanimously, but was lost in the Senate.

During the summer of 1925 a special commission selected by the President's Outdoor Recreation Committee, which is composed of five members of his cabinet, studied the Yellowstone boundary question and examined the Tetons.

This commission was made up of park and forest experts of wide experience in the West. They recommended unanimously the revision of Yellowstone's boundary lines to conform to natural features—rivers and mountain summits—and they also recommended the establishment of a Teton division of the national park, to protect the best part of these mountains and all the unspoiled lakes. Careful consideration was given to Wyoming's economic resources, and all territory affected by the commission's conclusions is without commercial value except the lakes, which should never be used for reservoirs.

The headwaters of the Yellowstone River, a very scenic region naturally belonging to the park, would be added if the commission's recommendations are accepted by Congress. This is a favorite range for moose, and when unmolested by hunters, they will multiply and become a great attraction to summer visitors, who, more and more, are using the game trails of the park instead of hurrying through in automobiles.

From every standpoint it appears that the commission's recommendations are essentially correct, and they should receive the early approval of Congress through passage of the Yellowstone boundary-adjustment bill. There is opposition to the measure in certain parts of Wyoming. Some of the stockmen's organizations, and other very local interests that see possible future advantage to themselves in leaving the Tetons in their present status, are contending that Wyoming should not give up any more land to the Federal Government. Of course, the land really belongs to the nation now. It is under national-forest administration, and the United States Forest Service agrees that it should be turned over to the National Park Service, because that body is especially authorized by law to protect inviolate the nation's finest scenery and natural phenomena, as well as her most cherished landmarks on the public domain.

The Congress should assign the Tetons and other territory affected by the altogether admirable decision of the President's commission to the Federal organization that can best protect and administer them in the interest of the whole nation, and for future generations as well as for those of our time.

MILLIONS—By O. A. OWEN

OPPOSITE where I live, in a suburb, is a hospital, and upon its lawn a thin elderly man is constantly busy picking up litter with a pointed stick, stooping occasionally to clip an intrusive weed and fussing around the shrubbery set here and there. He stops at noon to sit within the watchman's shanty and eat what looks like a pretty scanty lunch. He is simply a poor man compelled by circumstances to eternal light outdoor work and restricted fare.

I often compare him in my mind to another thin elderly man in the Pocantico Hills likewise compelled to spend most of his day in light outdoor work and whose meals are exiguous.

Calling the work golf and the food diet does not alter the actual resemblance between John D. Rockefeller's life and Joe Bogart's.

The at-one-time richest man in the world in his waking hours follows substantially the routine of a poor laborer. In his sleeping hours, of course, he follows it precisely. Sleep is sleep.

At this point you snort.

"Good heavens!" you probably cry. "Mr. Rockefeller is obeying doctor's orders and exercising. His diet, too, is laid out for him. His age and health make these measures necessary. But he cannot be compared to the hospital gardener."

I retort that one of the hardest things a human being is ever called on to do is to see the facts under his eyes as they are, and not as strained through his mind, with its traditions and prepossessions. I do not know how Joe Bogart and Mr. Rockefeller enjoy puttering around outdoors all day and never having a good square meal of victuals. I do know that I would not like that sort of thing. I call it monotonous and disagreeable—only bearable because to both of them it means keeping soul and body together. But whether pleasant or not, the plain vimble fact is that they do it.

I think a disinterested observer from Mars, standing beside me across the street and then up in the Pocantico Hills, would say, "Yes, each man is doing the same thing practically all day. To the eye, both are victims of some compulsion. If the man you call rich dislikes his treadmill, evidently his riches don't afford him the power to escape, or he would escape."

The Self-Made Rich Man

I THINK if Mr. Rockefeller were interrogated he would admit, very simply, that he had nothing on Joe except an inner consciousness. The universe could sell him some things, but not life. He has to work for that just as Joe does.

As private secretary to another rich man—John W. Gates—I had opportunities to study riches at first hand, not only in his person but in the persons of numerous other millionaires, his familiar associates. And I was struck by certain peculiarities of the possessors of money.

A poor man, no matter how good his imagination, cannot form a correct idea of what owning millions means. His experience does not furnish clews. Nor, if his fortune mounts to a moderate figure, such as $100,000, will he be able to know. He must either own millions himself or he must have such intimate touch as does a private secretary, who is in the life without being of it.

The majority of men who read these lines, being presumably residents or citizens of the United States, face the possibility of becoming millionaires by their own efforts. They will not be deterred by being told that millionairedom is not all it is cracked up to be. They will go ahead inventing, dealing in real estate, storekeeping, reporting for a newspaper, farming, mining, fishing for cod, braking on a freight train, and so on, always with the dream before their eyes of what they will do when they have millions. They won't see any symbolical significance in the fact that the figure 1,000,000, though large, is mostly ciphers.

We Americans are all potential millionaires, self-made. The self-made species is the only one I know about from actual contact. Gates was one, J. J. Hill another, Frick another. Others are, or were, Schwab, Gary, Lambert, Edenborn, Clifford, Chisholm—I say "are or were," because I don't dare attach the present tense when from manuscript to print may be weeks. Max Pam, millionaire and brilliant lawyer, was among the living, but his tense changed only a few weeks ago. Good and kindly Max!

One must be careful in writing for print. I saw a magazine lately that boasted of William J. Bryan as an example of what Florida's climate could do in lengthening life, and the Great Commoner's body was lying in state as I read.

I never was personally acquainted with proprietors of inherited fortunes. Consequently I have not enough knowledge of what money means to them to be able to warn anybody never to inherit. If there is any reason for selecting one's ascendants and ancestors among the ill-to-do in order to avoid the dangers of coming into unearned cash I don't know it. The only breed familiar to me is the typical American or self-made "multi." What money brings and doesn't bring to such is my theme.

The Oriental philosophers draw a beautiful distinction between objects of human desire, dividing all gratifications into two classes. Fortunately the English tongue yields two words exactly fitting the distinction: Pleasure and happiness.

Dancing, rich viands, silks, kisses, travel, mansions, pictures, jewels are pleasures, along with a thousand other earthly or outward delights that money may command They are not necessarily wrong because they are pleasures.

Happiness is, as Perlmutter would say, something else again. To love and be truly loved, to have a serene religious faith, to be respected and esteemed, to lie down at night without fear, to have no torturing memories of ill deeds done—such things are happiness, and money cannot buy them. Youth is happiness. Gold can't bring it back. Health is happiness. If purchasable, why does the golfer of Pocantico have to work for health as hard as Joe Bogart works for a living?

The Oriental distinction is real. The man now fighting his way to millions may as well remind himself that they will get him pleasures galore if pleasure he wants, but that happiness is just as near him now as it will be then.

COPYRIGHT BY HARRIS & EWING, N. Y. C.

John D. Rockefeller Putting on His Private Golf Links at Ormond Beach, Florida

Big Wealth That Can Buy So Little

YOU can't even have the fun of being a prodigal prince with money. Mr. Rockefeller tips everyone he meets—children with bright new pennies and grown-ups with dimes. Why does he tip at all? Because of the tyranny of the legend of his wealth. A nightingale has to sing for all because that is all anybody knows about a nightingale. John D. has to produce money. But why small coins? Every tip could be a glittering gold piece without impairing even the interest on the interest of J. D.'s hoards. But such tips would produce social disorder all around him. Throngs would follow and perhaps crush him. He could never stir out if he showered real largess. Only the other day he refused to be photographed again because every new photograph published is followed by thousands of begging or threatening letters and crank plots.

The millionaire Schepp innocently asked the public some time ago to give him advice as to a wise use of his wealth in charity, having found, as all his tribe do, that to be able to give away money, to be willing and even anxious to give it away, is only the beginning of the game and that from then on Solomon in all his wisdom could hardly give without doing more harm than good. His reward was 100,000 begging letters and a small handful of real advisory letters; also visits, telephone calls and threats that drove him into hiding.

Henry Ford recently bought an organ. His delight with its performance was such that he wrote to the company, asking for the name of every person high and low in the organization who had done anything toward the making of his organ, directly or remotely. Naturally the list he received was in effect a copy of the company's pay roll. Ford sent to every name on the roster his check for $100.

A generous, impulsive act; the kind of thing one loves to dream of doing if a millionaire. Harun-al-Rashid himself couldn't have invented a better. The sequel to the story has not yet appeared. But it is certain that this deed will be accepted by tens of thousands all over the land as a sign that the dam has broken, that Ford is at last ready to scatter alms and gifts. The Detroit postmen will have to deliver Ford's personal mail in furniture vans instead of ordinary wagons as now. So the possession of millions, instead of enriching you with the joy of giving freely, strangely and oddly, by some law within itself, ties your hands.

It is a paradox of great wealth, not only that it can buy so little for its owner but that it is so powerless to buy for others. Ask the average man what he would do if he came into an immense fortune. Usually he answers, "Among

(Continued on Page 132)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The Shoppe

YE GODS! Where'er I
move or stoppe
I see a sign that marks
a Shoppe—
A Beautie Shoppe, a Shoppe
for food,
A Booke Shoppe, for the
reading mood,
A Notion Shoppe, a Shoppe
for gowns,
A Mappe Shoppe—guides
for roads and towns.
I turn to flee from Shoppe
and Shoppe
And bump into a traffic
Coppe!

Now hearken! I will never
droppe
Into a place that's called a
Shoppe;
Down some dim cellar way
I'll poppe,
Or over hedges fall and
floppe,
Or primly prance by like a
foppe,
Or trot and leap and skip
and hoppe,
Or in the kitchen wield a
moppe,
Or hide within some tall tree
toppe,
Disguise myself as Greek or
Woppe
And in strange sauces bis-
cuits soppe
Before my lagging feet shall stoppe
Within the portals of a Shoppe.

Ye gods! I need a razor stroppe—
Look! Look! That sign! "Ye Barber Shoppe!"
—Wilbur D. Nesbit

The Salesman's Calendar

(Showing Good Standard Reports on Prospects

JANUARY: Not interested; taking inventory.
February: Weather bad, no trade; not buying now.
March: Grouchy; making out income-tax returns.
April: Building new plant; no money.
May: Buying in small quantities only; see him in fall.
June: Too hot; getting ready for vacation; not interested now.
July: Vacation.
August: Vacation.
September: Vacation—went to Europe on long trip.
October: Away hunting; see him next month.

"Mr. Finkle? Mrs. Finkle is Here to Collect Her Alimony"

November: Bought his Christmas stock last month; see him after New Year's.
December: Auditors there; all tied up; see him later.
—C. H. Stanton Massey.

Be Yourself!

LITTLE Psychotherapy's in our town to stay,
To snoop around among our works and give us dead away,
To show we're mean when we're awake, and meaner when we sleep,
To turn our motives inside out, and prove them low and cheap;
And evenings after dinner, when the yarns are spun,
We sit around and analyze and have the mostest fun,
Discussing the repressions that you mustn't think about,
For the inhibitions get you if you
don't
watch
out!

And once there was a little girl 'ud always laugh and grin,
And fall for jazz and shingled hair, and smoke, and call for gin,
And whenever there was company, and old folks were there,
She knocked 'em and she shocked 'em, and she said she didn't care.
She prattled of reactions till her grandma nearly died,
But two big doctors, a-standing at her side,
Agreed that self-expression was a thing you mustn't flout,
For the inhibitions get you if you
don't
watch
out!
—Corinne Rockwell Swain.

Mother Leaves Them Flat

"I'VE been trying to revive the great American home for six months," said Mrs. Ulysses Grant Jenkins, "and now I'm locking it up and putting the key under the mat. I have followed the advice of the magazine articles and newspaper editorials strictly, but now I have quit and am on my way to the movies."

She set the night latch of her Prairie-State Colonial house and threw open the doors of the garage with a flourish.

"It's no fun sitting at home alone combating the crime wave," she went on. "One of my male felons is jumping center on the high-school basket-ball team and hasn't been home for three weeks. They're playing the state eliminations and that eliminates the home. His father said the best he could do was to go before the trustees and insist that all high-school athletes write their parents once a week, or at least send home their washing.

"Another of the boys is majoring in saxophone at the state university and expects to become a professional as soon as he gets a good offer. He has taken only five lessons and can make longer runs than Red Grange. But the saxophone seems to take more time than the mandolin did back in '97; at any rate, Cuthbert writes he won't be home till July, and not then if he can get into a resort orchestra. Considering the orchestras I heard on our tin-can tour last summer, I don't expect him.

"Then there's our little Phyllis, our baby. Phyllis is counselor for a Camp-Fire group; in addition, she carries six studies in school, takes typewriting in the evening and teaches æsthetic dancing on Saturdays. I give her half an

(Continued on Page 138)

The Terrible Aftereffects of Aunt Minnie's Operation

What Many Husbands Feel Like Doing

TOMATO SOUP! START THE MEAL WITH ITS DELICIOUS FLAVOR!

See how eagerly your appetite responds. Notice how thoroughly everybody relishes the famous Campbell's flavor. There's tonic in this soup—refreshment and vigor. Especially if you are careful to serve it piping hot. You will be astonished how much it adds to the enjoyment of the whole meal. And that's so wholesome—a sure sign that you are getting the most benefit from your food.

Campbell's Tomato Soup contains all the good of the finest tomatoes! It is the puree of the rich tomato juices and luscious tomato meat, blended with fresh and nourishing country butter. This soup is prepared from such high quality ingredients and with such great care in the spotlessly clean Campbell kitchens that mothers serve it with confidence to their children.

21 kinds

12 cents a can

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

"Nearly Right"

DRAWN BY H. L. BLUMENTHAL

"NEARLY right," said Joseph Boyer, "is never nearly right at all. It's wrong!"

He smiled at the seeming paradox, then went on: "Here, let me explain. Suppose that this sheet of paper is a piece of steel. Suppose that the blue print says we're to drill a quarter-inch hole through this piece of steel, the center of the hole to be an inch and twenty-two-thousandths—yes, twenty-two-thousandths of an inch—from this point here.

"The task goes to a man at a precision machine out in the shop—a machine guaranteed by its makers to be accurate within two-tenths of a thousandth. The man knows precisely where that hole is to go. He has at his finger tips the means of finding the precise spot and the means of placing that hole exactly there. But suppose that, instead of centering the hole an inch and twenty-two-thousandths from this point, he centers it at an inch and twenty-three-thousandths. He'd be so nearly right that the eye couldn't detect his error. But if that piece of steel were to enter an assembly of parts in which the fit must be close—well, it wouldn't work. It would be as wrong as if the error were a foot and a half.

"Do you see what I mean? Well, the same principle applies, I think, to a man's life."

It is natural for Joseph Boyer to draw his analogies from the shop. In a shop in Ontario he got his first job—at fifty-four cents a day. In a shop in St. Louis he met a slim, dark-haired young man named Burroughs, who had been a bank clerk in Auburn, New York, and had come to St. Louis with the idea that he could invent an adding machine. Out of that meeting of more than forty years ago grew a great manufacturing enterprise. Its product is serving business men in every country on the globe. And of that enterprise, Mr. Boyer, after years of service as president, now is chairman of the board of directors. But his heart is still in the shop.

"Out there," he explained, "you find precision. And precision is wholesome. Exactitude, accuracy, detailed knowledge—provide these qualities in almost any circumstance and you insure against mistake and failure.

"In life there are so many, many ways of doing a thing wrongly, and only one way, usually, that is right. Too often, it seems, a fellow chooses one of the ways that are wrong. It may be nearly right; but ultimately, if he follows it far enough, he finds that it's wrong.

"For instance—money. Why is it that some men, regardless of how much they earn, are always broke? In the old days, when I was a machinist, the boys in the shop used to come to me to borrow money. Yes, they always paid me back; but I remember that the same ones always came back for more.

"I've known men that approached the heights of genius. One was an inventor. I worked in his shop before I met Mr. Burroughs. Now that man was brilliant. He knew a great deal more than I did; in every way he surpassed me.

"He was developing an invention—one of his own—and a good one. His future seemed assured. If he'd build slowly and solidly he'd build high. But his error was the error you find in many men—the error of mismanaging money.

"Well, he craved to expand. Lacking capital of his own, he sold stock—sold it right and left. And his business expanded all right. It expanded so much that it blew up.

"Just recently he died; and he left almost nothing. In the years between the time I knew him in St. Louis and his death, he turned from one project to another, each time with enthusiasm, each time with the same ambition to expand overnight, and each time with failure.

"Once, in those intervening years, I saw him. A friend of mine—we can call him Mac—and I encountered him in a hotel dining room down East. As usual he had hold of 'something big.' He said to me, 'Joe, this is a mighty lucky meeting; I want you to work for me.' And he named a certain salary. I thanked him for the offer; and really, I did appreciate it. But just then I was called to the telephone; and while I was away from the table my friend Mac told him, tactfully, you know, that the salary he had offered me was about a twentieth of my income. He said to Mac, 'Good Lord—and when I made him the offer he never even smiled!' You see, he was a good sport.

"Then there's a man's attitude toward his work. A fellow can be pretty sure he's on the right way, I think, if he's doing work that he's fond of.

"A few years ago, here in this business, I had a mechanical engineer, a most capable man. I was mighty glad to have him with us; and I believe he was happy to be here. Anyway, for a while he was.

"He was crazy about automobiles—loved to work on them and keep them running sweetly. And for the rest of us around the plant his hobby was something of a blessing. He kept all our cars in tune.

"Then, one day, out of a clear sky, he came to me and said, 'I'm leaving.' I was shocked. I asked him what was wrong. He said that nothing was wrong, except that he'd been offered a job by a big concern that makes motor cars. Well, we talked the matter over and he said finally that he'd stay with me another year. But in a week he came to me again and said, 'It's no use; I guess I've got to go.' He went.

"Now that man was wise. And although I hated to lose him, I knew that he was going the right way. Of course he has made good. That was to be expected. And he's perfectly happy. Not long ago I dropped into his office for a little chat. I mentioned that somebody we both knew had gone to Florida or California or somewhere for the winter. He said, 'Let 'em go! If they can get more fun and recreation out of that than I get out of my work, they're welcome!'

"The right start—that's mighty important. Two crews of engineers drive a tunnel through a mountain. One crew works from one end and one from the other. In the center they're supposed to meet. Well, suppose the tunnel is a couple of miles long. And suppose one crew, in starting, goes just a little wrong—just the merest slice of an angle off the true line. Extend the lines of that angle a mile, and you can demonstrate on paper what's going to happen in the middle of the mountain when the two crews meet—or, rather, when they fail to meet.

"Then, after the start, the idea is to keep going true. The engineers driving the tunnel and the machinist at work in the shop keep checking their work as they go along. So, too, I think, a man can check his life. He knows just as definitely as the engineer or the machinist what is the right way. He has the means of measurement—the advice of his friends, the accumulated experience of others. He has his sense of direction—his own common

"Anyway the program seems to have worked with me. I'm a mechanic. I went into shop work because I loved it. In the shop I learned the lesson of precision—that 'nearly right' can never be right at all because it's wrong.

"And as I've gone along I've been careful with money. It's bad, most times, to have to borrow. I've managed my capital with respect."

—ARTHUR H. LITTLE.

Money in Decoration

IT SEEMS five years ago, in reality it is less than two, since I entered the interior decorating section of Martin, Brown & Co., the largest department store in our city. Ambitious to become a professional decorator, I found this the surest and quickest way to accomplish my desire.

I tried to get into the big department stores in New York the summer following my graduation, but I soon discovered that an inexperienced girl cannot earn enough to pay her board and buy clothing and necessities for the length of time she is obliged to study at some institute or at one of the art leagues.

The interior decorating courses at these schools are thorough, but if you do not live in New York or where these opportunities are available, it is wiser to seek a position in your home town with a specialist in this line or in your largest department store. The decorating firms in New York where I applied, in several cases refused to give me a hearing; the others would not consider me on any terms. They might do so, they said, after two years of actual experience and study. The salary? Twenty-five or thirty-five dollars to start. In six months I might receive an increase. In a year fifty or seventy-five dollars a week, depending upon my ability to please customers and execute orders. Commissions were generally based on the same conditions. Their representatives, they added impressively, must be smartly gowned, good talkers and possess a general knowledge of who's who in fashionable society!

Disillusioned, but not discouraged, I came home, thankful to make a beginning selling draperies at twenty dollars a week, with no worry about smart society or clothes, neatness and appropriateness being the only sartorial requirements here.

Employes in the decorating departments of the large firms do not, as a rule, secure their positions through the employment bureau of the store, but through an interview with the buyer or director of the department, who is usually a woman; which is significant. As the head of a highly specialized department, the director is given the privilege of choosing her own sales people, subject, of course, to the approval of the general sales manager of the firm. If you state your case frankly, as I did, you will be given the opportunity to sell in the different sections of the decorating department—furniture, curtains, rugs, fine glassware, ornaments, and so on. If you have a customer who wishes to buy goods in any of these sections, you are permitted to take her to another sales person and the commissions on the sales as recorded will be divided between you. This is not compulsory, but is an unwritten law in large stores to promote good will and teamwork among the employes.

I am on a salary basis, but this is a city of three hundred thousand, not three million. For the past nine months I have been getting 3 per cent on my sales, in addition. In New York and other great centers the high-class stores put their sales force in nearly all the departments on a commission basis, the drawing account each week being subject to the percentage of sales. The commissions are a trifle higher—3½ to 4½ per cent. A newcomer is given a trial of from one to three months. If her sales do not cover her quota or fail to show an increase at the end of a stated period, she is likely to lose her position.

(Continued on Page 157)

This famous lard now comes *already measured!*

Just score the print as shown on the flap of the carton, and in a twinkling cut the *exact* amount you need! No delay, no waste, no inaccuracy. And so much easier than the old bothersome way of leveling lard in a spoon or packing it in a cup!

Another advantage, too—the lard that comes in this new convenient form is "Silverleaf." For years and years "Silverleaf" has been a favorite in thousands of households for all shortening and frying. Rendered sweet and pure, it makes foods taste *extra* good—gives them a certain added delicate flavor that you'll find most tempting!

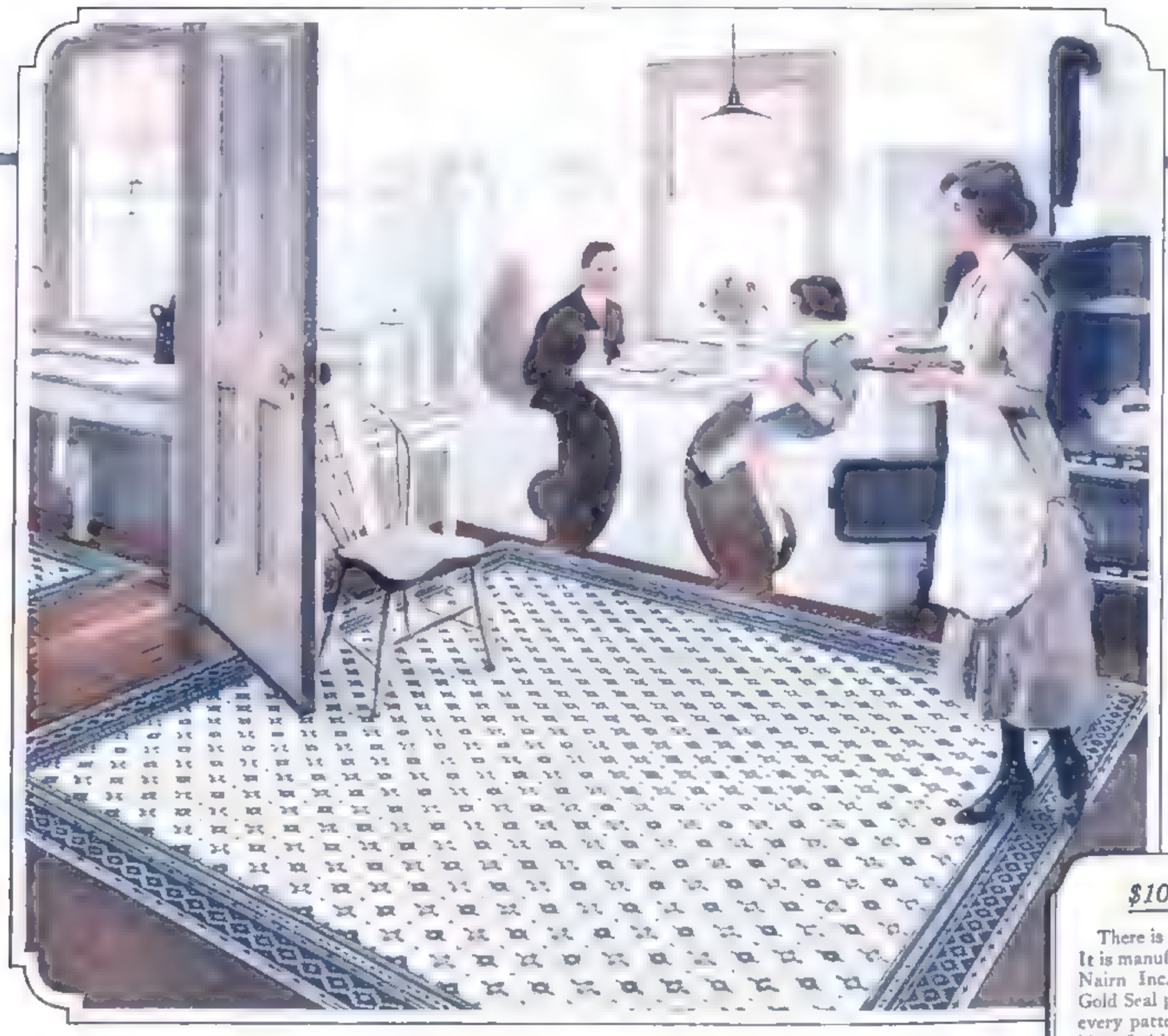
Just try "Silverleaf" in one of these pound measuring cartons. Or, if you prefer to have larger quantities, this same fine lard can be bought in pails of three sizes—2, 4 and 8 pounds. Only remember to ask for it by name—Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard.

Swift & Company

"Best to buy for bake or fry"

In one-pound cartons or pails of 2, 4 and 8 pounds

Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard



On the floor is shown the attractive "Mosaic" Design Congoleum Gold Seal Rug No. 408

A Cheerful Congoleum Kitchen—

A picnic for the youngsters, to have their meals in this sunny kitchen! Bright, cozy, and attractive—especially with the dainty, mosaic-patterned Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rug to complete the picture. And it's just the thing to stand the hard wear of kitchen use.

Sanitary—Easily Cleaned

Durable, waterproof, and sanitary—it will stay bright and new in spite of accidents, spilled things, and constant hard wear. To make the surface spotlessly clean requires only a few light strokes of the mop.

Then, too, Congoleum Rugs always hug the floor tightly require no fastenings. They never curl or "kick up" at the edges.

There's such a host of patterns to choose from that you cannot fail to find a pleasing, distinctive Congoleum Rug for any room in the house.

Big in Value—Low in Price

Perhaps you, too, have been thinking how cheery and attractive a Congoleum Rug would be in your own kitchen—and how it would help lighten your housework. Have your dealer show them to you. You will be amazed at the low cost of these beautiful rugs. Sizes range from small mats to 9 x 15-foot rugs.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.

Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago Kansas City
Pittsburgh
New Orleans Cleveland London Paris Rio de Janeiro
In Canada—Congoleum Canada Limited, Montreal

$100 Reward!

There is only one "Congoleum." It is manufactured by Congoleum-Nairn Inc., and identified by a Gold Seal pasted on the surface of every pattern. All "Seconds" are identified by a red label.

As the sale or representation of any other make of floor-covering as "Congoleum" is a violation of the law, we will pay $100 to any person who will secure evidence that will lead to the conviction of anyone guilty of this practice.

If you want the genuine ask for it by the registered trade-mark name "Congoleum" and look for the Gold Seal on the goods you buy.

CONGOLEUM
GOLD SEAL
GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

"Dalton" Design Congoleum Gold Seal Rug No 516

"Parquet" Design Congoleum Gold Seal Rug No. 386

CONGOLEUM
GOLD SEAL RUGS

ALWAYS LOOK FOR THE GOLD SEAL WHEN YOU BUY

FORTY YEARS OF MELODY

By Charles K. Harris

A COPY of the Last Farewell, which I wrote for Patti, was criticized by a famous New York music critic. He said I must have lost all sense of rhythm, rime and melody to perpetrate such a monstrosity of a song and foist it upon the market; but little did he dream that it was written just to fit Patti's failing voice and was really to be used as her swan song.

A few months later there appeared in one of the magazines an offer of $500 as a prize for the best ballad to be written by an American composer. The manuscripts were to be passed upon by the music critic who had panned Patti's song. I showed the article to Mr. Grau, and he suggested that I write a song and send it in, but with my name spelled backward, Carl K. Sirrah. I wrote a song entitled On the Sands at Night and sent it in to the contest. Imagine my surprise when a few months later I received a letter inclosing a check for $500, informing me that I had won the prize, as my song had been passed on and O.K.'d by the celebrated music critic. Naturally I could not cash the check under the name of Sirrah. Grau told me to write to the editor of the magazine and explain the joke to him. The song appeared in the magazine with my correct name as author. This only goes to show that a critic often changes his opinion.

Robert Grau, after Patti's tour, occupied a desk in my office, as he had decided to engage in the booking of stars for vaudeville, which in those days was looked down upon just as the moving pictures were when they first started. One morning a handsome young man, fresh from college, came in and asked for Mr. Grau. I told him I expected him at any moment. I asked him whether he was on the stage, but he said he was not, although he was very anxious to go on, as he had made a big hit in his last college show as a female impersonator. He certainly did not look like one at the time, as the ones I had met usually were effeminate. He was a handsome, manly chap, and there was nothing effeminate about him. I asked him to sing for me, which he did in a low barytone voice.

"Have you any photographs of yourself as you appeared in your last show?" said I.

He placed one on my desk and I was nearly knocked off my feet when I gazed at what appeared to be one of the most beautiful girls I had ever seen. Any man would have fallen in love with that photograph if he did not know whose picture it was. I told him to come up the following morning so that I could introduce him to Mr. Grau. When Grau came in I showed him the photograph and he asked who the beauty was. The next morning the young chap returned and I introduced him to Mr. Grau, who immediately engaged him for Hammerstein's Roof Garden. At his first appearance he created a sensation. This young man was Julian Eltinge.

Lillian Russell

When Ren's Airship Came In

AROUND this time a new song entitled In the Good Old Summertime, by George Evans, known as Honey Boy, and Ren Shields, was making quite a hit. This song was published by Howley, Haviland & Dresser. One day Shields, who was formerly a vaudeville actor, and who was then writing lyrics exclusively for Honey Boy Evans, came up to see me to place a song with my house. He said he had just finished a new one in conjunction with Evans, called Come Take a Trip in My Airship, and Evans was going to sing it throughout his vaudeville engagements. I told him to bring Evans to my office, and the next morning I signed them up for this song. Evans sprang a new idea at this time at one of the vaudeville theaters when he had the entire audience join him in the chorus, which naturally started the song on its way to become a hit. He toured the country with the song and orders came in thick and fast.

Dear old Ren Shields asked me one day how the song was selling, and I told him pretty fair, as I intended to surprise him with quite a large royalty check in a few months' time.

He said, "I hope I shall get more out of it than I did in the case of another of my songs."

I was surprised when he named the song, as it was one of America's big hits.

He said, "I got fifty dollars advance royalty, and at royalty time I got a statement for 500,000 copies."

"Well, that was pretty good," said I. "What did you do with the money?"

"I did not get the money; all I got was the statement. My publisher busted and could not pay the royalty. I hope this time everything will be all right."

I laughed and told him that I hoped so, too, for his sake. When July came, which was the regular royalty month, the royalty on Come Take a Trip in My Airship amounted to $6200, to be divided equally between Evans and Shields. I made out the check, and when Shields came in I said, "Ren, I am sorry it could not have been larger, but times are hard now and people are not buying music, so all you get is thirty-one dollars."

"Well, that is better than nothing," said he, putting the check in his pocket, still under the impression that it was for thirty-one dollars.

He immediately walked over to the Corn Exchange Bank and handed the check to the paying teller, and as he was always kidding, he told the teller he would take it in pennies.

The teller looked at the check and then at Ren and smilingly said to him, "My boy, you will have to get an express wagon if you are going to take the amount of this check in pennies. I advise you to take it in bills."

Ren, thinking he was joshing him, said, "All right; give it to me in ones and fives." When the teller started to pile up $3100 in bills Ren's eyes popped out of his head. He said, "Haven't you made a mistake?"

The teller replied, "We never make mistakes."

Ren grabbed the bills and hurriedly stuffed them in every pocket he had, and then made a bee line for his home, never stopping once on the way, being afraid he would be held up or touched by his legion of professional friends. It was with tears in his eyes that he came to see me next day, bringing me a box of cigars as a little gift to show his appreciation. Then he told me the story of the bank. It was more money than he had ever seen before in his life in one lump.

I had frequently noticed a sad-eyed young chap who hung around our offices to see my professional manager. I called the latter's attention to him one day and asked who he was.

"He writes songs," said the manager. "He is working in a cabaret downtown and he thinks he is a regular song writer."

"Bring him into my office the next time he comes, as I want to talk with him. He sort of interests me."

I looked over the young chap's songs and thought them very good—mostly comedy songs which did not fit into my catalogue at the time. He thanked me and left. Why, oh, why did not a little bird whisper to me to sign up that boy for a term of years or for the term of his life? You can imagine my surprise when Alexander's Ragtime Band burst like a rocket and blazed a path around the country, it being a new style of song that was quickly taken up by the public. This boy was Irving Berlin. It was then that the firm of Waterson, Berlin & Snyder was formed, and so remained up to a few years ago, when Irving Berlin withdrew and started his own publishing house under the name of Irving Berlin, Inc., with Saul Bornstein as general manager. A great many unknown geniuses whose names since have become famous have passed through my office in the days gone by.

Publishing Twiddle Twaddle

IT WAS my ambition at this time to make arrangements with some big producers of musical comedies so that I could branch out on a larger scale. Weber and Fields were then the leading comedians, owning their own theater, with a star cast. I thought that perhaps I could get a contract to publish all the music in their several productions. I called to see them at their offices above their theater, called the Weber and Fields Music Hall, and the two partners received me cordially. I came to the point at once. They told me their contract with their last publisher had expired and that they had not as yet renewed it, and asked me what I had to offer. I sat down and wrote out a check in four figures and told them that I would give them a similar check the first day of every year for the next three years. In a few moments the contract was drawn up and signed.

The first show music of Weber and Fields that I published was Twiddle Twaddle, music by Maurice Levi and lyrics by Edgar Smith. The boys were splendid, giving me all the leeway possible. I was permitted to attend all rehearsals so that I could pick out what I thought would be the hits of the show and prepare them in advance. The shows were big successes.

My one ambition was to sign up Victor Herbert for just one show. His name attached to my catalogue would mean a great deal to me.

"Just have a little patience, C. K. You can never tell what may happen," said Joe Weber.

When the second show was about to close, Joe sent for me.

"Charlie," said he, "my next show is going to be of a higher order than what we have been doing lately. The dialogue and lyrics will be written by Edgar Smith and the music by Victor Herbert. It is going to be called Dream City and the Magic Night."

I stood looking at him, and gasped, "You don't mean to say, Joe, that Victor Herbert is going to write the music!"

"Sure!" said he. "Why not?"

"But where do I get off?"

"Why, you're to publish the music."

"But I understand that he is under contract with another publisher, and has been for several years. In fact, he is a silent partner of the concern."

"That makes no difference to me, C. K.; you publish the music. So that settles that." And it did.

This was my first meeting with the celebrated composer, Victor Herbert. What a pleasure it was to work with such an artist! His scores were sent over to my office intact. All he wished to see was the printer's proofs. No other arranger or musician ever touched his manuscripts and everything went like clockwork. I spread myself on the title page as well as on the vocal score. Herbert was thoroughly surprised when the opening night came and the music as well as the score was ready for the market. I shall never forget the pleased look upon his face when I handed him the first vocal score of Dream City and the Magic Night.

He must have been pleased with my work as well as with my royalty statements, as he sent me his next show to publish. This was Algeria, which many musicians claim

to be one of his best scores. I also later published Little Nemo, book by Harry B. Smith and score by Victor Herbert.

A short time after I had signed the contract with Weber and Fields there was a rift in the lute with the two partners, and it was rumored that they were going to separate. I can assure you it was a sad time for me. They intended to produce their own shows individually. In spite of this, my contract held good with Joe Weber.

Before his next show was produced Joe sent for me and said:

"C. K., I've a big surprise for you. I intend to produce a show in conjunction with Flo Ziegfeld, who will bring Anna Held into the show. The book and lyrics will be by Edgar Smith and the music by Maurice Levi, and it will be a crackajack."

The show was Higgledy-Piggledy.

At the same time Lew Fields was not idle, for he started in to produce on a very large scale. His first big musical extravaganza was named the Midnight Sons and was put on at the Broadway Theater. He also granted me the publishing rights. Talk about spending money! Some of the sets must have cost Lew a fortune.

I was placed in a rather peculiar position at this time between those very dear friends of mine, Joe Weber and Lew Fields, owing to the fact that I handled the publishing rights for both. One night I would take in a part of Joe Weber's show and he would ask me how his ex-partner was doing up at the Broadway, and I would tell him, "Wonderfully well."

Joe would laugh and say, "Stop your kidding, C. K. They tell me that last night the house was only half full."

Victor Herbert

Then I would go over to see Lew Fields and he would say, "How is Joe Weber doing?"

"Splendidly, Lew," I'd say; "big business."

Lew would laugh and say, "Don't try to fool me, C. K.; I'm an old showman. I hear that Joe is papering the house."

Nevertheless, I knew that they were wishing each other the best of luck; but it was a very peculiar situation to be placed in.

I remember one rainy night at the old Weber and Fields Music Hall, after the show, when Lew, Joe, myself and several other professional people, among them Miss Lillian Russell, were sitting at a table in their café having lunch. A great many of the chorus girls were standing huddled at the stage entrance, wondering how they were going to get home, on account of the storm. They looked helplessly around, as there were no taxis in those days, only hansom cabs.

Hammerstein Dreams That Came True

MISS RUSSELL took in the situation at a glance, and calling the porter she said, "Round up fifteen or twenty cabs and see that all these girls get home safely," which the porter did. The girls certainly loved her, each and every one of them, from the leading woman down to the chorus girls. To hear her sing Come Down, My Evening Star was alone worth the price of admission. What a pleasure it was to sit with her and the boys after the show! She and Pete Dailey always joshed each other, and it was better than the show itself.

In 1904 Oscar Hammerstein was writing his own operettas. I wanted to sign him up to publish all his compositions. The first operetta was called Oscar Hammerstein's Musical Production, which he intended for Paradise Garden in the Victoria Theater. Among the numbers he wrote for this production, both words and music, were songs entitled When You Said Yes; Bridgetta; Leap Year in Midnight Town; Fireman's March Song; Lizzie O'Conner, the Great Prima Donna, and the Squirrel in the Tree. The contracts were signed for the show and it was very successful. Hammerstein was much pleased with the manner in which I published his music, as I had the orchestrations made and played in all the restaurants and cafés in the city at the time. Whenever any of the musicians saw Hammerstein enter a café or restaurant they would hurriedly pick out the orchestration of his melodies and play them.

He was ambitious even then to write the score for a grand opera; and as far as that goes, he was willing to write the book as well as the lyrics, as nothing seemed ever to faze him; nothing was too great or too hard for him to attempt.

I was in the habit frequently of going to Paradise Garden, where in a corner a table was always reserved for Mr. Hammerstein and his friends, and I would invariably find him there. It was a pleasure for me to hear him talk.

"Some day," he was wont to say, "I will show them how to run grand opera, with new singing stars, new ideas and new theaters." We all thought he was dreaming, as usual, but nearly all his dreams came true.

A new musical show, of which I was the publisher, was about to be launched at the Madison Square Garden. Maude Fulton was engaged as one of the leading soubrettes. There was quite a large cast of chorus girls, all good singers and dancers, also a very fine quartet, and some splendid songs scattered throughout the show. My manager, Mr. Cohen, and my superintendent, Mr. Blaise, and I were present the opening night for the reason that the quartet was to introduce for the first time upon any stage a new song I had written, entitled Somewhere the Sun is Shining. I occupied a seat in one of the boxes in the gallery, facing the stage, with a friend of mine. The manager of the show told me as I entered the theater that he had walked down from Eighty-fifth Street to the Garden, as he did not have car fare to ride down, having spent his last penny in producing this show. He said that if it proved a flivver he would be down and out. Naturally we all hoped it would be a big success.

My manager and superintendent were seated downstairs on the main floor. Seated at the table next to them was Stanford White. He had an appointment with one of his professional friends who was appearing that night. During the performance a merry crowd entered. I nudged my friend and said, "That is Harry Thaw and his wife." They passed Stanford White's table and sat down a few feet behind him, listening to my song Somewhere as sung by the quartet, which went over fine.

Near the end of the performance, just before the curtain fell, the chorus was singing All for a Million Girls, when I saw Thaw walk toward White's table and deliberately shoot him down. I clutched my friend's arm just as the shot was fired. Not wishing to be tangled up as witnesses in a murder trial, my friend and I walked down the spiral stairs to the ground floor and made our way to the street. An hour later extras were out stating that Stanford White had been shot. As fate would have it, I was drawn as a juror for the trial. I was quaking in my boots as I was called, as each prospective juror was asked by the district attorney whether he had attended the performance the night of the shooting. After hearing my name and my business, District Attorney Jerome informed Judge McIntyre, the presiding judge, that in his opinion I should not serve, as he had no doubt I was acquainted with everyone involved in the case. I was excused, much to my relief. My manager, Mr. Cohen, and my superintendent, Mr. Blaise, were important witnesses in the celebrated case.

Meeting the manager of the show a few days later, he told me the show was making a small fortune for him, as visitors to New York were anxious to see the table and chair where Stanford White had been shot. Consequently the show remained on all season and played to big success. I was of the opinion that if the shooting had not occurred the show would never have been a success.

O. Henry and the Lambs

I HAD contracted for a new musical show, book by O. Henry, lyrics by Franklin P. Adams and music by A. Baldwin Sloane. It was called Lo. O. Henry was a quiet, retiring chap, and we were together for nearly three weeks, as all the music for the show was being written in my office under his personal supervision. I invited him to take dinner with me one evening at the Lambs Club, which invitation he accepted. We entered the dining room and walked over to the round table, where there were seated David Warfield, DeWolf Hopper, Wilton Lackaye, Milton Royle, William B. Conner, William Courtleigh, Ben T. Roeder, George Fawcett, Victor Herbert, Cecil DeMille, Wallace Eddinger, Harry Allen and Charles Hart. I introduced him as Mr. Henry. They all acknowledged the introduction with a short bow and forgot all about him.

George (Honey Boy) Evans

During the meal Wilton Lackaye, who sat next to him, casually remarked, "Are you in the profession, Mr. Henry?"

O. Henry smiled and in a quiet voice answered, "I am a writer of short stories."

"I did not quite catch your name," said Mr. Lackaye

"O. Henry," replied he.

"You don't mean to say you are the author of Alias Jimmie Valentine and a thousand other stories!"

"Yes," said he quietly, "that's me."

He was soon surrounded by the members of the Lambs, who heartily shook him by the hand, and all blamed me for not informing them who my guest was. That was just a little surprise I had kept under my hat, and it surely made a hit with all those present, and O. Henry enjoyed the joke as much as they did.

When Mortimer H. Singer, manager of musical productions, informed me that he had engaged John Barrymore to play the lead in Stubborn Cinderella, I was very much surprised, it being the first time that he had ever appeared in a musical comedy. Sallie Fisher was the prima donna and she was one of the sweetest-voiced sopranos upon the musical stage at that time. I told Singer that I had no doubt Barrymore was a good actor, but thought he had made a mistake in engaging him as comedian and singer.

"What good will he do for the songs I publish?" I asked.

(Continued on Page 197)

CARBON EVERY REVOLUTION
-but carbon trouble in your Ford can be a rarity

WHEN you rake up leaves in the fall the neighbors hope that your bonfires won't make too much smoke. All smoke contains soot. All soot is carbon. All substances which contain carbon—leaves included—give off smoke which contains soot.

Did you ever stop to think that there are a myriad of little bonfires of fuel and oil inside your engine when it is operating? The lubricating oil is thrust up in minute quantities past the piston rings.

Drop by drop it reaches the combustion chambers where at times the heat may reach 2000° F. to 3000° F., as when the engine is working under heavy load. Under the proper conditions the lubricating oil that does reach the combustion chamber should be burned *clean*. Then it will leave behind but little carbon. The light soot will be expelled through the exhaust just as the smoke in a factory goes up the chimney. If, however, the engine is operated under heavy load with too rich a mixture or if the engine is run at idling speed too much, there will not be sufficient heat to burn the oil clean.

Cut down carbon and you cut down the possibility of noise. You encourage free valve action—and power. You invite free sparking of the spark plugs—additional power. Your spark may be even further advanced on the hills and so you get—*more* power.

To minimize carbon in your Ford engine four factors are important:

1. Avoid too rich a gasoline mixture
2. Avoid unnecessary idling
3. Avoid carrying the oil at a level higher than the upper petcock
4. Use only an oil of the highest quality whose body and character are scientifically correct for the Ford engine

Mobiloil "E" is the Vacuum Oil Company's specialized oil for the Ford engine. It is ideal for the Ford lubricating system where all motor parts and frictional surfaces are lubricated by the engine oil—oil which must be of the correct body and character to be readily circulated to all friction points by the Ford system of splash lubrication. Mobiloil "E" distributes thoroughly to the close fitting Ford main bearings. It protects the Ford planetary transmission. But above all it cuts down carbon—and all the annoyance and money loss which carbon can bring.

An Economical Demonstration

For economy's sake why not try Mobiloil "E"? It will cost you only a little over a dollar to drain off your old oil today and refill with four quarts of Mobiloil "E." A single week's use of Mobiloil "E" will show you how it conserves power and adds to smooth, quiet running. And as weeks turn into months the freedom from carbon will give you new comfort in your pocketbook as well as on the road.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

Mobiloil "E" *for* Fords

Vacuum Oil Company, branches in principal cities. Address: New York, Chicago, Kansas City or Minneapolis

This crisp, delicious food makes a small breakfast a safe breakfast

—and any breakfast a better breakfast

GENERALLY SPEAKING, the modern breakfast is small and growing smaller. Yet this lesser quantity of food must be made to supply abundant nourishment, or health suffers.

Choose your breakfast with care! The stomach is empty after the longest fast of the twenty-four hours. The body is craving nourishment—*balanced* nourishment to supply all its needs. Appetite must be tempted

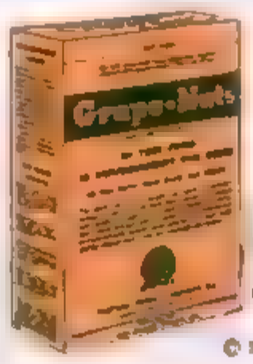
The food expert who originated Grape-Nuts had all these points in mind. This food, made of wheat and malted barley, has an enticing, nut-like flavor. It is prepared for ready digestion by a special baking method. And a single serving supplies your body with more varied nourishment than many a hearty meal!

Grape-Nuts contributes dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; iron for the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; protein for muscle and body-building; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of appetite. Eaten with milk or cream, Grape-Nuts is an admirably balanced ration. And it is a *crisp* food! Remember that foods which must be chewed do much to preserve the health of teeth and gums.

Try Grape-Nuts for tomorrow's breakfast! Get it today from your grocer—or accept the offer below.

A series of health breakfasts—with two servings of Grape-Nuts, FREE - - MAIL COUPON NOW!

Mail the coupon and we will send you two individual packages of Grape-Nuts, free—enough for two breakfasts. We will also send you "A Book of Better Breakfasts," containing menus for a series of delightful health breakfasts—and written by a former physical director of Cornell Medical College who is known as America's foremost conditioner of men and women. Follow these menus and form the habit of healthful breakfasts.



Post Health Products

© 1926, P. C. Co.

G.—S. E. P. 2-26

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, INC., Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me free two individual packages of Grape-Nuts, together with "A Book of Better Breakfasts," written by the physical director of Cornell Medical College.

Name

Street

City State

In Canada, address Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., 45 St. Lawrence Boulevard, Montreal

Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties (Sweetened Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate.

THE BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

The Intruders Perceived the Tableau on the Sofa. They Looked at Each Other in Awe. Then They Looked at the Floor and the Ceiling

By Stephen F. Whitman

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

EARLY on a bright spring afternoon, Dr. Rufus Delliver, the fashionable heart specialist, impatiently glanced at his watch as he sat behind his handsome desk in his handsome suite in a handsome office building in Los Angeles, California. Doctor Delliver was handsome, too—or so, at least, a number of ladies had told him. He was tall and lean, with crinkly reddish hair; he got his clothes from Hanover Square, London; he had perfect manners except when he was in love. Then, because of his flair for jealousy, he became insufferable.

What could be keeping the woman, he wondered, putting up his watch. She was half an hour late.

He had known her only six months, and now they were going to be married. First, of course, she had to get her divorce from Mortimer Tamborlayne, that languid gentleman of leisure who at this moment, no doubt, was drinking Scotch in New York. It was to get her divorce that Claire had come from New York to Los Angeles, accompanied by her mother, who was trying all the while to effect a reconciliation. Claire's mother did not approve of divorcing a man merely because he flooded himself with Scotch. She had suspected Claire of having someone else in view—a most unjust idea. For Claire had been three months in Los Angeles before meeting and falling in love with Doctor Delliver.

From that moment she had felt that destiny had impelled her to seek her freedom in the state of California. She had enjoyed a deeper conviction of her personal importance, as if great, invisible, benignant forces had been all the while preoccupied with her case. She had become intolerably radiant. Consequently, wherever she went men showed her by the expression of their eyes that they were laying their hearts at her little feet.

"That's it—she's run into some fellow," muttered Dr. Rufus Delliver dismally.

He had just now dismissed Mrs. Marcus Portibus and her defective mitral valve. He thought he might as well listen to Mrs. Cortinett's tachycardia. Yes, by George, let her cool her heels in the reception room for a while, that too radiant woman who, although not yet his wife, had already kept him waiting half an hour. He pressed the reception-room bell.

In the doorway floated a slim ash-blond creature in mauve, with slanting gray eyes like a cat's and a mouth like a bit of pink fruit. This was his secretary, Miss Destouches, formerly of Versailles, whom he employed in part so that she might help him to keep up his knowledge of French.

There were also two nurses, Miss Shane and Miss O'Day, who made little tests and helped patients with their dress waists; but they were never seen unless summoned by the laboratory bell.

"You can send in Mrs. Cortinett," he said morosely to Miss Destouches in the language of France.

The secretary ushered in a large, florid, richly dressed lady. Mrs. Cortinett immediately put on the appropriate look of melancholy archness.

"What lovely roses!" she murmured, filling the chair beside the desk and marshaling her symptoms in her mind. But first how about a few moments of social chitchat?

"Doctor, I didn't see you at Mrs. Stentor's dance."

"This will take ten minutes, if I am pretty ruthless," he remarked to himself. And while his ears hearkened to Mrs. Cortinett, his mind returned to that truant, Claire Tamborlayne. Perhaps at this moment the beautiful wretch was strolling into the reception room.

Miss Destouches would never again be such an ass as to ask her if she had an appointment. It was now tacitly understood that whenever Mrs. Tamborlayne appeared she must be the next to go in, and she must go in as if she had arrived at precisely the proper time. And now and then she and the secretary would play, with a brittle pleasantness, a little game.

Mrs. Tamborlayne would brightly exclaim, "I hope I'm not late!" And would receive the smiling reply, "No, indeed; you're next."

Then Mrs. Tamborlayne would sit down and, without seeming to, take in the other women who were waiting. And they would take in her marvelous toilet, from the Frenchy plume on her hat to the Frenchy heels on her shoes, resentfully wondering what could be the matter with her heart.

It was Claire who had insisted on all these subterfuges.

"If," she had said long ago, "we are to go on meeting before I get the divorce, we shall have to meet secretly or else give the effect of having run into each other by the barest chance. Neither mother nor Mortimer must have the least suspicion about us. And how do I know but he's got somebody watching me here in Los Angeles to see if there's any chance of fighting the suit? For I'm quite sure that he still wants me back," she had explained in an annoying tone of satisfaction.

Of course he could not go to her hotel, on account of the gorgon mother, and she would not even take tea with him at the club where he was living. So, outside of Doctor Delliver's office, they had to meet in queer, obscure places—outlying, deserted parks, the shadowy balconies in movie houses; or else, in his car, they slowly jiggled over the back streets of Hollywood. Sometimes she believed that a man in a brown felt hat was following them. Once she had gone so far as to search the doctor's office for a listening-in device. All this sneaking about annoyed Rufus, who felt that it made their great love ridiculous.

He was now listening to Mrs. Cortinett's tachycardia.

"It jumps about an awful lot today," she pointed out.

"You have an awful lot of gas today—that's what." And Doctor Delliver succinctly told her what to do for it. "I can imagine the kickshaws you ate for lunch," he added, most sardonically for a man of thirty-five years. "That's the trouble with the restaurants in this town—they're getting too good."

He ought, he reflected, to take the old girl's blood pressure; but what would be the use? She'd go on tomorrow

solacing herself with food for all her unacknowledgeable disappointments.

"Do go home now," he concluded, with a touch of pity, "and take your treatment."

"Yes, doctor," Mrs. Cortinett meekly assented, all in a ruddy quiver. It was dreadful to have such conversations with so fascinating a man; yet somehow one would rather have them with him than with a less charming physician.

The fair, cat-eyed secretary presented herself with the news:

"Mrs. Tamborlayne."

"*Faites entrer*," said Rufus Delliver, wrapping his tongue round that "r" almost like a Parisian.

How delicious it was, after the long succession of invalids and hypochondriacs, to see this perfect woman enter the room! Her skin was so fine in texture and her eye so clear, her thick, blue-black shingled hair was so full of life, her whole aspect was so alkaline and eupeptic, that Rufus kissed her three times. Her lip paint—the shade for brunettes with ivory skin and large violet-colored eyes—always seemed to be flavored with cinnamon, though it probably was not.

She wore today nothing more annihilating than a new coat frock of yellow bee's-nest cloth, a new hat of burnt-yellow straw with a lemon-colored pompon, burnt-yellow gloves with arabesques on the gauntlets, and burnt-yellow shoes adorned with leather rosettes. On her coat lapel was pinned a live camellia.

"What a mob of women, waiting for you out there!" she complained in her silvery voice when she had caught her breath. "I suppose it's this languorous weather."

From the chair that Mrs. Cortinett had occupied she glanced round the handsome consultation room. She discerned in one of the Empire bookcases a dark-red volume entitled Clinical Electrocardiography. This was her Rufus' contribution to science, so far his only brain child, his secret pride and joy. Months ago he had presented her with a copy, inscribed "To C. T., with all good wishes, from R. D." She had cherished it, and had often tried to peruse it. She kept it beside her bed in the hotel, and had found it the very thing to read when she could not fall asleep.

This exquisite young person—she was barely twenty-seven—habitually took an interest in Rufus' career. At times he had blabbed a bit to her about his patients; so she could say, with a sympathetic look, "How's Mrs. Brederode's aneurism getting on?" Or else, "Has Miss Circle been in lately about her murmur?"

This afternoon she neglected to ask such questions. Her slender gloved hand was fiddling with the stethoscope on the desk; her violet eyes had a pleased, absent-minded look.

"You could never guess," she began, "what happened to me just now."

He smiled indulgently. Good heavens, how proud he was of her—how much he loved her! No woman had ever before filled him with this æsthetic satisfaction, none had given him this sensation of congeniality and peace. At each new investigation into her temperament he felt a soft shock of delighted recognition, the enchanting knowledge that they had been made for each other.

"I adore you!" he had told her many a time; and she, her uniquely beautiful face transfigured, had answered, "I worship you!" These words had usually been exchanged during the reconciliations after their quarrels.

"Imagine!" she persisted. "But perhaps I'd better not tell you."

"Why not?" Dr. Rufus Delliver protested, still indulgent

"Well——" And since she could not possibly have kept it to herself, she blurted it out.

She had been a little late setting forth for his office. She had hurried out in front of her hotel, to find all the taxis gone. That had put her in an awful stew; for she knew how unreasonable he could be sometimes; how, when she wasn't precisely on the dot, he suspected all sorts of things. So while she was stewing there in the driveway because no taxi arrived, a man came up to her and said, very politely, "If you're in a hurry, couldn't I give you a lift?" He had his car there; and he, too, was tall and slim, and excellently dressed. It turned out that he was an Englishman seeing America.

"You mean to say," Rufus Delliver inquired in amazement, "that this fellow deliberately accosted you?"

"Yes; wasn't it terrible?" Her eyes sparkled, her color seemed higher than a moment ago. "But, dearest, I knew that you must be fuming by that time. So I said 'All right' and jumped into his car; and off we went, but in the wrong direction. You see, he didn't know his way about town."

"Ah!" Rufus Delliver commented, turning cold.

"And I had a great bother getting him straightened out. These Englishmen can be so thick sometimes! And then—what do you suppose?—all at once he became simply dreadful. I can't imagine what got into him. He asked me if I was married; and when I said yes he groaned, 'So am I; but let's undo it, now that we've found each other.' And he said, 'What do you do with yourself on all these annoying spring days?' And with that he grabbed my hand and gave it a squeeze. I had to speak very sharply to him before he'd behave himself."

Silence fell in Doctor Delliver's handsome consultation room with its Empire furniture. The beauteous Claire, losing her animation, stole a startled look at Rufus.

"And then?" he inquired.

"Why, he drove me here; and I didn't even thank him, I was so indignant."

"Why were you indignant?"

"Why, indeed!" She seemed aghast. "Because of the way he'd behaved!"

"And what else did you expect of an unknown man whom you had allowed to pick you up in front of a hotel?"

"Pick me up!" she uttered in an extinguished voice.

He was suddenly pale with fury. He had an unpleasant sensation round his solar plexus. She, this unprecedented example of absolute beauty, smartness, congeniality, had been riding about with a stranger who had made desperate love to her. She had done it purposely, Rufus decided, for the sake of excitement, because the fellow had caught her fancy with his English accent. She had enjoyed that "dreadful behavior," too; one had only to recall the glitter in her eyes at her entrance into the room. And who could be fool enough to suppose that they wouldn't meet again, both staying at the same hotel, and with this adventure to start from? A shameful coquette; what she needed was a good spanking.

"I came straight and told you all about it," she faltered.

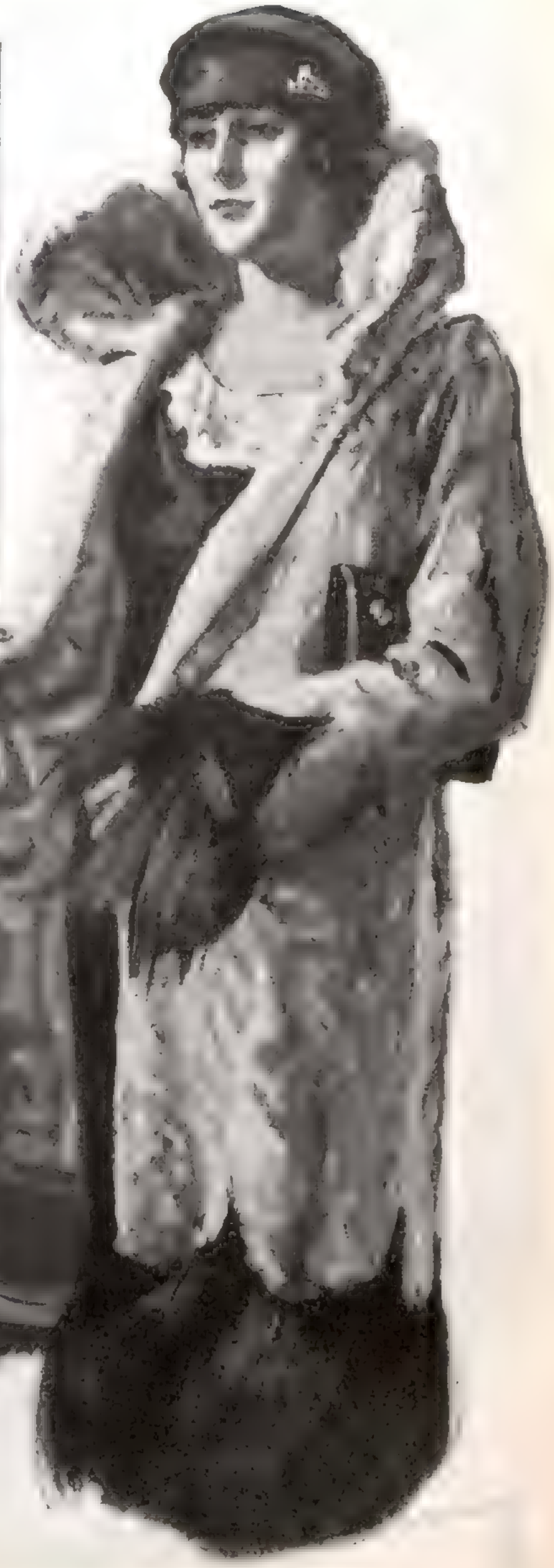
"Yes, smacking your lips," he flung at her. "Because you thought I was getting to be too sure of you again, too calm again, too happy."

"What a fool I am," she lamented, "to tell you everything!"

"Do you? How do I know? At least you won't tell me much about your next meeting with that blighter."

(Continued on Page 46)

"In Fact, the Whole Business Was Simply Unspeakable; and I Already Ill With Nervous Indigestion"



ACQUIRE the new 90-degree Cadillac and you come to the end of your quest for the utmost in motor car luxury and elegance. Short of soaring through space, a ride in this Cadillac is the ultimate in unfettered, exhilarating motion. Cadillac not only delights you with the perfection of its service, but it contents you with the deep, abiding conviction that you have the finest thing of its kind that money can buy.

Priced from $2995 upwards, f. o. b. Detroit

NEW NINETY DEGREE

CADILLAC

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

(Continued from Page 44)

He knew that if he could not control his temper better than this she might end by telling him nothing; and that would be still worse—to have made her afraid to confess these escapades, to suspect them without being sure, to imagine them as ten times more frequent, a hundred times more significant——

He clenched his teeth in order to keep quiet.

"Are you going to make me cry and get my eyes all red?" she demanded plaintively.

"You cry too easily," he ground out, infuriated by the knowledge that what he said was true. "You even cry at the movies. You can turn your lachrymal ducts on and off like faucets. It's no compliment to have a woman cry for me, when she cries just as hard at a scene of Gloria Swanson's."

Claire Tamborlayne sat for a moment crushed by this brutality. Then she got to her feet.

"This is the end," she said.

She was now as pale as he. Her face resembled a mask of new ivory. Only her tragical eyes, as dark as a violet sea, and her painted lips retained their habitual richness. Her slender and tapering body, with its marvelous flexibilities and unsuspected plumpnesses, was trembling like a form of exceedingly solid jelly. And though no tears appeared on her long black lashes, there was an effect of moisture welling up between her eyelids, but instantly drying in the blaze of those magnificent orbs.

Erect, immaculate, attired for adoration and scented as if for love, she began her farewell speech:

"I've shut my eyes so often to our incompatibility. I've tried to tell myself that one of these days you'd turn over a new leaf. But I can't stand your jealousy any longer, your unfairness, your insults. No woman could live with you. You'd wreck her health and drive her out of her mind."

The fashionable heart specialist made no reply. He had put on an icy, indifferent look, as though waiting for her to finish and depart. He felt no remorse, because he was thinking of the Englishman who was seeing America. What man could live with her, who allowed such things to happen? Yes, better to end it now, instead of dragging out any longer these quarrels and sufferings.

"All these scenes," she declared, "have begun already to make me neurasthenic. That's my reward for trying every moment to please you! And all my praying to Allah ——"

Her voice broke and was silent.

"What are you talking about?" he exclaimed.

"Every night for a month," she confessed defiantly, "I've prayed to Allah for you before going to bed."

"Why to Allah?" he asked her blankly.

"Because. Why not? What's the matter with Allah? It was merely a nice thought. Every night, before going to bed, after I'd brushed my teeth, I'd lock the bathroom door ——"

"You prayed to Allah in the bathroom?" he persisted, leaning across the desk to watch her indignant face.

"Certainly. On the bath rug. Didn't I tell you one day? Very strange I didn't; I tell you everything. On my knees on the bath rug, facing toward the east; and what's more, now and then I'd give my head a nasty bump on the washstand. Praying there to Allah for the likes of you! It won't happen again, I can tell you."

"Gad!" he sighed, leaning back in his Empire chair.

"And now," she said, "I'll be saying adieu, my dear. Henceforth I'm through with men. It doesn't pay, I find. No man will ever be able to bother me again. I'll read books and I'll have my woman friends; that's all. And you can have your woman friends," she added, with a sudden homicidal smile on her lovely countenance. "You can have your patients who've nothing the matter with them except that they can't stay away from you. Call it Delliveriasis or Rufomania. And you can have your Miss Destouches, from Versailles, who keeps you so well brushed up in the French language, the chief word of which, I gather, is '*l'amour.*' And she'll probably end by suing you for something, if I know a cat when I see one."

"Stop there!" he commanded hoarsely, slapping his palm on the blotter. "Miss Destouches is a young woman quite above reproach."

"Ha-ha-ha!" pealed Claire Tamborlayne with a diabolic and profoundly attractive look. "If you had been half as charitable to me, I shouldn't be giving you this."

With which she fished out of her beaded tan-and-yellow wrist bag a platinum ring set with a huge square emerald. Tossing this sacred and expensive pledge upon the desk, she turned away.

She turned toward the door by which departing patients issued into the public corridor. She knew how to open this door; she had only to twist the knob. But she was gathering her wits together for a still more effective last word; and she knew very well that Doctor Delliver's gaze was fixed on the shingled nape of her neck, with which his lips had once been so familiar. In the end, she turned partly round, raised one finely traced black eyebrow and cast at Rufus the appalling remark:

"On reflection, I wonder if Mortimer was so awfully bad, as men go."

With two bounds he traversed the room, caught her by the shoulders and shook her till her teeth should have rattled in her head.

"You still love that sot!" he shouted straight into her matchless face, which looked dazed, satisfied, contemptuous and happy. "You miss him! You love him! And simply out of curiosity, by George, I'd like to know why."

"Well," Claire Tamborlayne mused, "drunk or sober, Mortimer always did have a gorgeous sense of humor."

Finding herself released from that viselike grip, she went joyously away.

Although she had thought of the perfect last word, she had dropped her beaded wrist bag on the floor. When Rufus roused himself, turned and stepped on it, she had been gone three minutes. Now he'd have to send it to her. Always dropping her things about! Imagine her as a housewife!

And just as Claire Tamborlayne was "through with men," so Rufus Delliver was through with women—he meant to say, "in that sense." Naturally, he could not free himself, as a physician, from the other sex, with all its pressing complications of the heart. He could not even avoid a moment longer the pale-haired, lissom, mauve-draped Miss Destouches, who floated in with her notebook, cast one veiled, all-seeing glance at her employer, and breathed, as softly and melodiously as a harp that has learned to speak French:

"Mrs. Bastable couldn't wait; but there are still seven patients."

"All ladies?" he inquired bitterly.

"There is one strange gentleman," said Miss Destouches in soothing accents.

She was very decorative, this young woman from Versailles, who moved like a shaft of pallid sunshine. Why wasn't she, he wondered, in the movies? Did she let strange Englishmen take her for a ride? Was there some fellow in her life whom she maddened every day by her escapades?

To his surprise he heard himself asking her, "How is it that you're not married?"

For a moment she remained absolutely still, her slanting eyes examining his face, her lips naïvely expressionless. Then, without any change of countenance, she seemed possessed by disillusionment. With a pathetic sort of resignation she told him she was not married because she was engaged. And to prove it she thrust out her blanched and narrow left hand, on the third finger of which was a pink pearl, less rosy and lustrous than her finger nails. He had never before perceived its significance.

"I hope your engagement is a happy one," he remarked pessimistically.

She closed her eyes, then astonished him by making a face and rejoining, "Sometimes."

"Not all *couleur de rose*, eh?"

"The men are so unreasonable," she sighed, with an unexpected gesture at once as dramatic and restrained as that of an actress in the Comédie Française. "If it were not for jealousy!" she whispered in a white voice.

"And your intended—of course, without reason—is jealous of everybody?"

Whereupon Miss Destouches, once more like a faintly tinted statue incapable of movement or expression, hurled a bomb at Doctor Delliver:

"Of everybody? No, he is jealous only of you."

There was silence amid the purple hangings. In the end, as if she had been impassively waiting to suffer some annihilating retribution, she turned round, drifted out of the room. Her mauve gown was admirably cut in the back, and there was something of the glory of ancient Greece in the reticence of that silhouette like Diana's.

Doctor Delliver thought that he would never get rid of his patients. When the last one was gone he snatched his hat and walked round to the club where he lived. For a while he lay on the couch in his bedroom, staring at the ceiling.

How glad he was that he and Claire Tamborlayne had parted—this time, forever!

No good could possibly have come of such a union. Their natures were utterly unsympathetic; the woman had no heart. Or if she had a heart of any sort she had left it with her husband in New York. At this moment, no doubt, she was scribbling a hysterical night letter, which Mortimer Tamborlayne would read while crying into his Scotch. And now Rufus Delliver knew that he hated her. He would have liked to abase her in return for this unbearable humiliation. He would have liked to hurt her in revenge for this pain.

At seven o'clock he shambled downstairs to dinner, though he knew that his food would digest imperfectly.

In the sumptuous dining room that reminded travelers of the Roman basilica of Santa Maria in Cosmedin, he sat at the round table with the rest of the bachelors—a cynical crew, ruthless in repartee. They tried to harry him a bit, like wolves turning on a wolf that is suffering from weakness; he snarled at them; they drew off with satisfied grins. After drinking two pots of coffee and lighting a strong cigar, he went down to the garage, where he threw himself into his car. What he needed was air and speed, a sense of mastery over a machine, if not over himself or Claire. He drove out into Wilshire Boulevard, intending to go to the beaches.

It was one of those soft spring nights that are saturated with an unbearable sweetness, with far more than the usual number of stars in the sky, with a mockingbird warbling in nearly every tree. The breeze in his face seemed thick from its freight of vernal fragrance; it touched him like an immense and velvety caress. And he, a chemical mechanism not so very different from the rest of awakening Nature, felt rising up in his heart the immemorial response to the month of May—the pathos and sense of romance with which the mind of man has embellished that tyranny.

"What a night for love!" the poor devil thought, driving like the wind, as if to escape the shameful crystallization of these emotions. And on his left, far back on the boulevard, he saw rising into the stars the great, window-starred mass of her hotel.

How he detested her as he drove the car in a flash beyond that twinkling pile! Perhaps at this moment she was flirting with the Englishman in there.

When he had gone a mile farther, unexpectedly he felt that he must confront her once again, show her that he was not suffering, tell her how glad he was that everything was over. He wanted to say to her, "Since you have killed my love, my jealousy is dead too. Your precious Mortimer, your asinine Briton, all the rest of your pursuers are welcome to you now."

He drew up before a drug store, went in and, with a tremor at the pit of his stomach, called up the hotel.

Of course she was not in her room; they had to page her. After ages had passed he heard her detestable voice.

"Oh, hello there," she said casually. "What's the matter?"

"You left your wrist bag on my floor," he retorted harshly. "Shall I send it to you, or leave it at your hotel?"

"Oh!" She was still for a moment. "How stupid of me! I missed it and couldn't imagine —— Yes, thanks so much; do leave it at the hotel."

"Very well." He was about to slam the receiver on the hook, when he heard:

"But wait. I don't know that I care to have a bell boy peeping into it. Perhaps"—she prolonged the agony for ten seconds—"perhaps, if you would be so kind as to bring it to the rear of the hotel, by the swimming pool—in half an hour, say?"

"In half an hour," he agreed, with an air of cold condescension.

And in half an hour he saw her approaching him. With the lights of the hotel lobby at her back, she came out into the stone courtyard between the pergolas; and he, watching her from his distant post beside the swimming pool, saw her proudly advance into the lamp-spotted shadows. "Click-click-click," went her high heels on the pavement. One had to admit that the hussy knew how to walk.

She was most simply dressed. That is, she had on nothing visible except a frock of chartreuse-colored chiffon that looked as if it had just been delivered from the Place Vendôme, a double strand of pearls, two champagne-colored stockings and two slippers of chartreuse satin. Bareheaded, of course, she showed as she drew near that the coiffeur had been fussing with her blue-black shingled hair.

"This is very kind of you, Rufus," she admitted, holding out her hand for the bag. She was cool, remote, business-like, a stranger to scenes of violence or love.

"I hope I didn't tear you away from anything of interest," he sneered.

"I was only writing a letter. What a fine night out-of-doors."

"Yes, I've been driving about a bit."

They were strolling side by side through the grounds, from one patch of lamplight to another. They came to a dark little garden planted with various kinds of cactus. Luminous in the gloom, she paused here, cast round her an uncertain look and murmured:

"Your Clinical Electrocardiography ought to be somewhere among these cactuses, or cacti, or whatever you call

(Continued on Page 58)

280 MILLIONS IN TWO YEARS

America's Confidence in Chrysler Superiority Shown in Unparalleled Sales

In the two years since Chrysler cars were introduced, America has paid more than 280 million dollars for motor cars of Chrysler manufacture.

Such overwhelming preference—the most phenomenal that the automobile industry has ever known—is the logical result of the entirely new conception of quality, performance and beauty which Chrysler brought to motoring.

In the first twelve months following the appearance of the Chrysler, its sales totaled more than 32,000 cars—an unprecedented first-year record. In the same period, more than 51,000 four-cylinder cars of Chrysler manufacture were built and sold—a total of more than 83,000 cars.

And 1925 surpassed this high mark with total Chrysler sales of 137,526 cars, an increase of 66 per cent over Chrysler's phenomenal first year.

Thus, Chrysler has already overtaken the industry's great leaders of 15, 18, 20 years' standing—indeed it has passed many of them.

All America has discovered in Chrysler a superiority of performance and riding results, and a soundness of quality and value, such as cars in their price range have never before presented.

These surpassing sales records are evidence that discriminating men and women are paying eager tribute to the high Chrysler standards, which by continued developments and refinements have maintained this Chrysler superiority by a wide margin.

And now the new Chrysler Imperial "80" joins with the Chrysler "70" and "58" to carry Chrysler still farther along the high road of prestige and dominance.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

CHRYSLER "58" — *Touring Car, $845; Roadster, $890, Club Coupe, $895, Coach, $935, Sedan, $995. Hydraulic four-wheel brakes at slight extra cost*

CHRYSLER "70" — *Phaeton, $1395; Coach, $1445, Roadster, $1625; Sedan, $1695; Royal Coupe, $1795; Brougham, $1865; Royal Sedan, $1895; Crown Sedan, $2095*

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL "80" — *Phaeton, $2645; Roadster, $2885 Coupe, four-passenger, $3195; Sedan, five-passenger, $3395, Sedan, seven-passenger, $3595; Sedan-limousine, $3695*

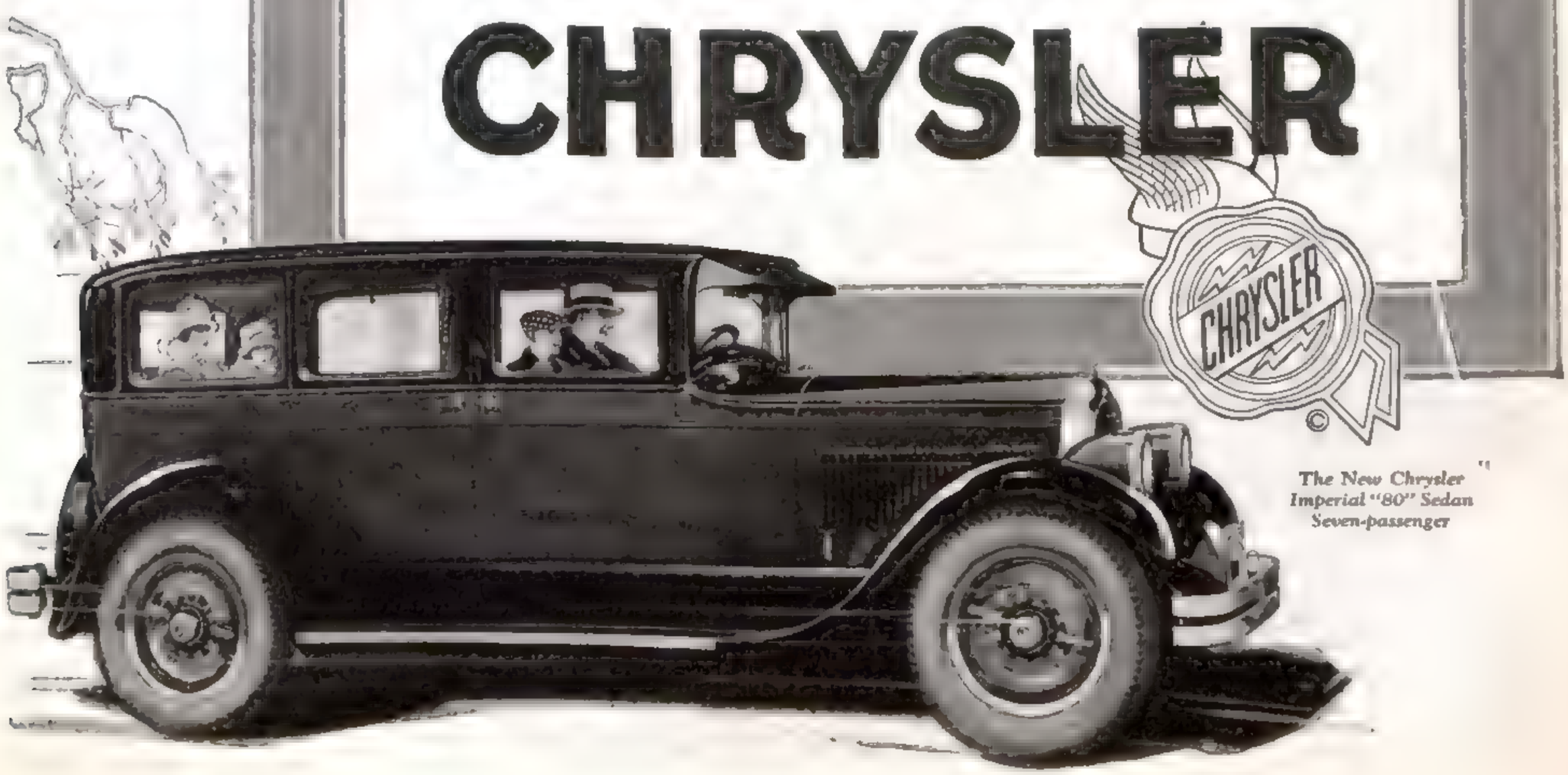
All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax

Bodies by Fisher on all Chrysler enclosed models. All models equipped with full balloon tires

There are Chrysler dealers and superior Chrysler service everywhere. All dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

All Chrysler models are protected against theft by the Fedco patented car numbering system, exclusive with Chrysler, which cannot be counterfeited and cannot be altered or removed without conclusive evidence of tampering.

CHRYSLER



The New Chrysler Imperial "80" Sedan Seven-passenger

A REPORT TO MY 110,000,000 EMPLOYERS

By HERBERT E. MORGAN

Director of Information and Recruiting, United States Civil Service Commission

IT IS a safe bet you never heard of me. I am a fourth assistant engineer, so to speak, one of the unknown down in the engine room, where I cannot be seen from the cabin decks of the great ship of state. But I have the best of opportunities to see what makes the old boat go, and to form opinions as to why she sometimes makes but fifteen knots when the passengers think she should be making twenty.

I have worked with the United States Civil Service Commission twenty-two years. Whether you agree with me or not, my observations and opinions, those of an insider on the great business of government, should be of interest to you, one of the 110,000,000 or more American citizens who contribute toward the payment of my salary. I help to spend the billions of Federal taxes.

Japanese Cherry Trees in Full Blossom Along the Potomac

On June 30, 1925, there were 564,834 of us in the Federal executive civil service. It costs our employers more than $800,000,000 a year to pay us, about half of which amount goes to employes in the several branches of the postal service. It seems to be expected that the expenses of the postal service, including salaries, shall be paid for directly by the users of postal facilities.

Congress directs in a general way how the moneys appropriated for Federal Government shall be expended, but we of the executive force, from the highest to the lowest, can waste a considerable part of the people's money if we do not watch our steps pretty carefully. By the same token we can save.

Naturally, we get no thrill from having our money wasted—by somebody else. There is a real kick in having somebody else save it for us.

Cutting Budgets, Taxes and Red Tape

IN THE twenty-two years of my official life I have seen some changes for the better, and I have seen and still see opportunities for improvement neglected. I have seen the Federal executive civil force grow from less than 300,000 in 1903 to 438,000 just before the war and to 917,000 at the height of war expansion, drop back to 544,000 on December 31, 1923, and then jump up to 564,000 in 1925.

The daily work hours of departmental employes have been increased from six and a half to seven hours in my time. Formerly the day's work had been five and a half hours.

I have seen the introduction of some better business methods. In an article a few years ago I said that it was a mistake to suppose that all government business is less efficient than all private business, and that it was also a mistake to expect all government business to be transacted as efficiently and as expeditiously as the best managed private business.

I still feel that way about it. There must be a certain amount of so-called red tape in the transaction of public business because it is public business. Also, the money-profit factor is lacking in public business.

If I own a department store each department must make a profit for me or I will know the reason why it does not. Therefore, the head of a department of the store knows that he will lose his job if he doesn't make money for the house, and his self-interest impels him to require each of his subordinates to contribute toward the profit of the department.

In the government service it is different. There is not the definite measure of the value of individuals in the organization that money profit provides in private business. Private business offers as good an opportunity to work for work's sake as does public business, and private business has the spur of money profit in addition.

Economy in Federal Government has been gaining ground for a number of years. Economy is the watchword of the present Administration. Before the war, when we were paying around a billion dollars a year for all Federal expenses, not a great deal of attention was paid to how the money was spent. In comparison with the levies made today no one was hit very hard by Federal taxes. In the necessity, excitement and hurry of the war the appropriations reached staggering figures. But that is history, so let it rest. For the fiscal year 1920, which began July 1, 1919, the expenditures of the Federal Government amounted to $6,900,812,486.26. For the year ended June 30, 1925, the appropriations, including expenses of the postal system and interest on and redemption of the public debt, amounted to $3,959,947,075.66. For the current fiscal year the comparable appropriations total $3,736,-124,595 31. The sum included for postal expenses this year is $636,269,415. Sometimes the receipts of the Post Office Department do not equal its expenses, but if it breaks even this fiscal year the authorized expenditures payable from the Treasury total $3,099,855,180.31. It is expected that not all this will be spent.

The present goal, which seems to be attainable, is a $3,000,000,000 Federal expense. The existing tax rates have left a comfortable surplus in the Treasury this year, and at the time this is being written it seems certain that Congress will authorize a tax reduction of at least $300,000,000.

Federal expenses of $3,000,-000,000 compared with an outlay of $1,000,000,000 before the war seem to indicate on the face of the figures an increase of 200 per cent in the cost of Federal Government, but it should be borne in mind that the high cost of living touches the Government purse too. Uncle Sam's dollar has a lower purchasing power now, just as yours and mine have. Also, we are still paying for the war, and our children will continue to pay.

It is believed that the Federal Government can and will still further reduce its expense, but the greatest opportunity for lessening the cost of government seems to lie with the states and municipalities. I quote from a personal letter to me from Gen. H. M. Lord, Director of the United States Budget, dated May 23, 1925:

"In 1921, Federal expenditures constituted 60 per cent of the cost of government in this country and 40 per cent was properly chargeable to the lesser governing agencies; but today we have more than reversed this position and, roughly estimated, Federal expenditures constitute about one-third of the cost of government."

On this basis the entire cost of government in the United States is between nine and ten billion dollars a year.

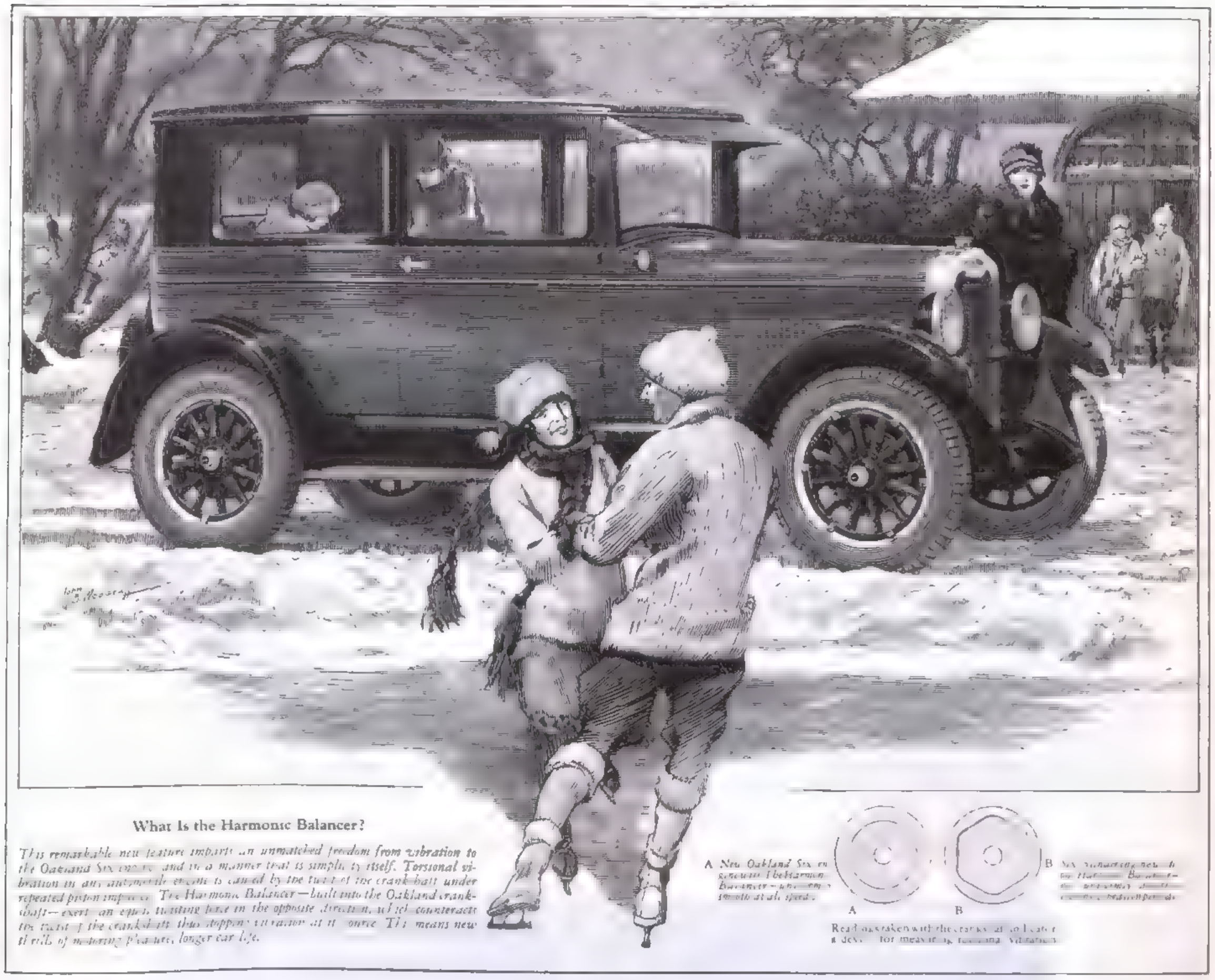
Eliminating Duplication of Work

SENATOR CURTIS is quoted as saying that a $200,000,-000 slash in taxes can result from a comprehensive reorganization of government departments and bureaus. Senator Curtis' reported view may be overoptimistic, but it is certain that economy can be effected through reorganization.

For several years a congressional commission has been quietly studying economy through reorganization of the departments and independent offices, one purpose being to save by eliminating duplication of work and cutting down overhead, which are expected to follow the association under one jurisdiction of related activities. Who can see the reason, for example, for having a post-office building constructed under the direction of the Secretary of the Treasury, while a building for the use of the Army, possibly in the same city, is constructed under the direction of the Secretary of War with an entirely different force?

On the recommendation of this congressional commission the Patent Office was transferred, effective April 1, 1925, from the jurisdiction of the Department of the Interior to that of the Department of Commerce. Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover, in a statement explaining the step, which also was approved by Dr. Hubert Work, Secretary of the Interior, said that one of the principal reasons for it lay in discriminations against American interests in the administration of patent laws in some foreign countries. The Department of Commerce had conducted negotiations in the matter through its commercial agents abroad, who are prepared to give current advice in commercial affairs in

(Continued on Page 50)



What Is the Harmonic Balancer?

This remarkable new feature imparts an unmatched freedom from vibration to the Oakland Six motor, and in a manner that is simple in itself. Torsional vibration in any automobile engine is caused by the twist of the crankshaft under repeated piston impulses. The Harmonic Balancer—built into the Oakland crankshaft—exerts an equal twisting force in the opposite direction, and so counteracts the twist of the crankshaft, thus stopping vibration at its source. This means new thrills of motoring pleasure, longer car life.

A *New Oakland Six engine. The Harmonic Balancer—just ahead of the flywheel—is shown in black. It steps in to steady the crankshaft at high speeds.*

B *Six connecting rods in the Harmonic Balancer—the necessary number to counterbalance the impulses of a six-cylinder engine.*

A B

Read as taken with the cranks at 90 degrees for measuring torsional vibration.

All America has bestowed upon the Oakland Six the one sure mark of preference—ever-growing demand. State after state has favored this car so strongly that sales have more than doubled in the past six months.

Roadster	Touring	Coach	Landau Coupe	Sport Roadster	Sedan	Landau Sedan
$975	$1025	$1095	$1125	$1175	$1195	$1295
(Old Price $1095)	(Old Price $1095)	(Old Price $1215)	(Old Price $1295)	(New Type)	(Old Price $1545)	(Old Price $1645

All prices at factory. General Motors Time Payment Rates, heretofore the lowest, have been made still lower—saving you as much as $40 to $60 — — See the Oakland Six and its companion car, the new Pontiac Six, at the Shows or in your Oakland Dealer's Salesroom.

WINNING AND HOLDING GOOD WILL

OAKLAND SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 48)

foreign countries as they affect the interests of the United States. The Department of the Interior has no such agents.

The office of Public Buildings and Grounds and the office of the Superintendent of the State, War and Navy Buildings were consolidated on April 1, 1925, in the office of the Director of Public Buildings and Parks.

On July 1 the Bureau of Mines and the mineral statistics division of the Geological Survey were transferred from the Department of the Interior to the Department of Commerce. This change, like the others, was made in the interest of efficiency and economy.

In his message to Congress in December, 1925, the President said:

"No final action has yet been taken on the measure providing for the reorganization of the various departments. I therefore suggest that this measure, which will be of great benefit to the efficient and economical administration of the business of the Government, be brought forward and passed."

In an address before the Chamber of Commerce of the United States on May 21, 1925, Secretary of Commerce Hoover said:

"Over many years our people have been striving to better the Federal administration. We have succeeded in two major steps; we still have a third equally important and perhaps more difficult one to accomplish. The first was the establishment of government employment based upon merit. The second was the establishment of adequate control of appropriations through the budget system. There still remains the third and even greater but more obscure waste—that of faulty organization of administrative functions. And the first two steps will never reach the full realization without the third."

Aside from the larger economies, a genuine effort is being made to effect savings in the routine transactions of government business. Twice a year the President calls together what is called the Business Organization of the Government, made up of department and bureau heads and other important executives, and he and the Director of the Bureau of the Budget talk to them like a Dutch uncle about economy. President Harding started these semiannual get-together meetings. They are a direct outcome of the establishment of the Bureau of the Budget.

The Contagious Economy Complex

ANYONE who thinks that the Bureau of the Budget is not taken seriously should work for the Government a few months to add to his education. In each department and independent office an employe is designated as budget officer, to serve as an auxiliary to the Bureau of the Budget. Here in the Civil Service Commission our budget officer is serious to the point of fierceness. Anyone who gets by him an expenditure that is not justified must either hypnotize him or chloroform him.

This economy complex is contagious. In our office it crops out in little things as well as in big. For example, no more memorandum pads are to be had except those made from obsolete or used printed forms. Another example is the envelopes used for intra-office communications. They must be saved and used again and again.

The following circular letter sent out recently to our district offices is significant:

"The first district office reports that it has a number of surplus rubber stamps ordered during the war. It is suggested that each district list its surplus stamps and send a copy of the list to each of the other districts. Any district office is authorized to make requisition on any other district office for surplus stamps which can be used."

We have a Committee on Business Methods, composed of the chiefs of divisions and certain other executive officers, and an employe in each division elected by his fellows.

This committee meets once each month, or oftener if necessary, to consider suggested improvements in office procedure. Everyone in the office, from the messenger boys to the president of the commission, is encouraged to make suggestions, and many valuable hints have come from unexpected sources.

We have a personnel officer, who looks after the usual details of appointments in our office, and serves as a liaison officer in employment matters between the divisions.

It is a part of the personnel officer's duties to listen to complaints of employes who are not contented and to try to remove the difficulties. Often a misfit who is a liability becomes an asset with a change of work. If he can't make good at all, he is dismissed.

In our organization, all of the executive officers below the members of the commission, and one of the three commissioners, rose from the ranks. That, of course, has an encouraging effect.

Each new employe when he reports for duty is given a pamphlet of instructions on office organization, regulations and procedure. The following appears on the first page of this pamphlet:

"Bear in mind that the business of the United States Civil Service Commission is public service.

"That the primary function of the commission is to secure for the government departments and independent offices the very best employes that can be obtained to carry on the public work.

"That in securing these employes, a part of the commission's duty is to afford those who may desire to enter the government service equality of opportunity, with special privilege to none.

"That every taxpayer helps to support every branch of the Federal Government; that a Federal employe is a paid servant of all the people; and that the employers, the taxpayers, are entitled to prompt and courteous service from their employes."

Sometimes the employers make strange demands upon their employes; as, for example, a woman in the Middle West who wrote to the Civil Service Commission some years ago asking for the names of the members of the United States Supreme Court, "and will you please send me one of the new buffalo nickels?"

"If you cannot assist me to a government position," wrote an applicant for examination, "please hand this letter to some kind, righteous, wealthy maid or widow who is matrimonially inclined and who would marry an honest, poor man who has brains and character."

Every demand made upon the Civil Service Commission receives serious and sympathetic consideration. The line must be drawn, however, at the addition of a matrimonial agency

Our very young employers write to us occasionally. Here is a letter recently received:

"You will be surprised to get a letter from a boy the age of nine years. I have made up my work when I am a man. It is a U. S. mail man. Will you send me full information, please? Will you answer me, please?"

The Bureau of the Budget requires each department and independent office to set aside a part of each of its several annual appropriations as a reserve to be used only if absolutely necessary, and turned back into the Treasury, if possible. Shocking as it may seem, some considerable amounts are turned back.

Coördinating Government Business

ANOTHER important purpose of the reserve is to prevent the spending by a department or office of all available money early in the fiscal year, and then asking for a deficiency appropriation to finish out the year.

Associated with the Bureau of the Budget is the office of the Chief Coördinator. The public does not hear very much about the efforts of this office, but they are being felt in a substantial way in the executive establishment.

"Subject to general supervision by the Director of the Bureau of the Budget, the Chief Coördinator handles all questions of coördination arising through the application of the policies of the President and of the Congress to the routine business activities of the executive branch of the Government," it is stated in the Congressional Directory.

On April 14, 1925, the Civil Service Commission addressed its district secretaries as follows:

"The Chief Coördinator has invited the commission's attention to the necessity of adherence to the attitude of coöperation laid down as a policy by the President, and in this connection mentions the chain of Federal business associations which have been organized in many cities throughout the country as a branch of the coördinating service which most effectively carries the spirit of coöperation to the widely scattered army of Federal officials. It is pointed out that the success and usefulness of these associations depend, of course, upon the active interest of the individual members, and it is important that such interest be shown by the officials of all local branches of the Government.

"Therefore, in order to insure the fullest support of the President's policy of economy and efficiency in the transaction of government business, it is directed that the district secretaries and their principal subordinates, including secretaries of the more important boards throughout the United States and its possessions, associate themselves with the local organizations of Federal officials, known as Federal Business Associations, wherever these associations have been organized, and take an active interest in the work of such organizations."

A General Supply Committee now contracts for supplies for the entire executive civil service, whereas formerly each department or office purchased its own pencils, typewriters, rubber bands and the thousand and one other items

PHOTO BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD WASHINGTON, D. C.

A Meeting of the Committee on Business Methods, U. S. Civil Service Commission

(Continued on Page 52)

Serving with Distinction

PACKARD has served the first families everywhere for more than a generation.

Packard reputation, like Packard beauty, comfort and distinction, is a heritage from a long line of fine cars—each built for those who asked no compromise with price.

The new series Packard Six is a worthy descendant of the cars which made the name "Packard" a hall-mark of motor car excellence and good taste the world around.

Yet the Packard Six of today is not an extravagant nor even an expensive car. For example the five-passenger sedan is $2585 at the factory, and may be purchased on a business-like monthly payment plan.

There is now no reason why additional thousands should not have Packard cars standing before their doors.

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

(Continued from Page 50)

needed in the day's work. No business man need be told that there is economy in establishing a limited number of standards and buying in large quantities.

The General Supply Committee has used tons of salvaged war material to very good advantage. For example, only in the past few months has any office of the Government been able to obtain a new typewriter since the war. Only repaired machines, left over from war days, were issued.

Naturally, I have had a better opportunity to observe methods in my own establishment, the Civil Service Commission, but contact with other branches has convinced me that efforts toward economy are general even in the little things. For example, General Lord tells with satisfaction about seven barrels of "spoiled soused seal shoulders" from Alaska, unfit for consumption, and sold for crab bait, yielding the Government $20.

Economy, of course, may take different forms. Promotion of the meritorious and elimination of the unworthy employes are a part of economy.

Two or three years ago I had in my establishment a stenographer who did not amount to much as a stenographer, and I rated him accordingly on the efficiency sheet. He failed to receive a promotion at a time when some other stenographers were promoted, and, following the usual method of incompetents, he called upon his representative in Congress to bring his influence to bear upon the Civil Service Commission.

The congressman was informed, courteously but plainly, that the Civil Service Commission had a limited amount of money which could be applied to promotions and that naturally that money was divided among those who most deserved it.

I will wager that that congressman was better satisfied than he would have been if his constituent had received the undeserved promotion. My observation has been that most of our national legislators, and other persons who are presumed to have influence, would much prefer that the merit system prevailed throughout the public service.

A little later the resignation of the disgruntled stenographer was offered and accepted.

At the last semiannual meeting of the Business Organization of the Government, the President urged that the Federal pay roll be reduced by reducing the number of employes.

Paring the Personnel

For some years the Civil Service Commission has made up semiannual statements showing the number of persons employed in each branch of the entire Federal executive civil service. Until December 31, 1923, the force had steadily diminished since the Armistice. There was a jump upward of 11,000 in the calendar year 1924, and a further increase of 9,000 in the first six months of this year. The latter increase is largely explained by the spring recruiting for engineering projects of the Government, such as the river and harbor work of the Engineer Department of the Army, and the field work of the Interior Department. Now the commission is required to report the figures monthly to the Bureau of the Budget, and if the figures for a department or office show an increase during the month, or if they do not show an expected decrease, the Director of the Budget, for the information of the President, will ask the reason why.

It is not going to be easy, however, to reduce the civilian force materially unless some governmental activities are discontinued. The reorganization I have discussed doubtless will have some effect on personnel.

The Federal executive civil service is now larger by approximately 126,000 employes than it was before the war. The Veterans' Bureau, the Treasury Department and the Post Office Department account for all but 25,000 of this increase.

The Veterans' Bureau has more than 27,000 employes. That bureau, of course, did not exist before the war.

The Treasury Department has approximately 23,000 more employes now than it had in 1916. These additional employes are engaged in the administration of the income-tax and prohibition laws, and in the added bookkeeping and other clerical work incident to bond issues and the like.

The Post Office Department, which, as I have said, is expected to be self-sustaining, now has 51,000 more employes than it had before the war. The entire Postal Service has more than 300,000 employes at this time, leaving about 264,000 as the number in all other branches. The postal business grows by leaps and bounds, and the number of employes must grow also. There are figures to show that the percentage of increase in the number of employes is less than the percentage of increase in postal business.

The War and Navy Departments and many other executive branches have war heritages which add to their civilian forces.

If considerable reductions in personnel can be made now, they could have been made before the war. And that may be so.

A Goal for Government Clerks

This is an interesting item: The increase in the Federal executive force for the ten years from 1905 to 1915 was 139,000 employes, while the increase from 1915 to 1925 was less than 130,000, and the latter increase includes the burdens added by the war. I have accounted for practically the entire present increase over the prewar figure. This showing seems to be evidence that the Government's business methods are improving.

I have seen changes in government salaries which greatly widened the range between the minor positions and the supervisory or directory positions.

When I came into the government service in 1903, I was impressed by the fact that the Government paid more than private employers generally in the lower grades, but far less than private employers in the higher grades. Now the government salaries in the lower grades are about the same as those paid in private business, and those in the higher grades are considerably nearer to the figures paid by private employers for comparable work.

That is as it should be. The government service now offers a better opportunity than it did when I entered it in 1903, and that tends to stability. Excessive turnover in personnel is expensive in any organization.

Twenty-two years ago the simplest kind of routine clerical work for the Government paid $900 a year or more at entrance, a very good starting salary at that time, while the chief of a division, directing fifty or more subordinates and having vast responsibility, was lucky if he got $2,000 a year.

Now the general clerk in a junior grade starts at $1,140 a year, and the executives of the classified force are paid from $3,000 to $5,000, or more, but rarely more. The younger employes now have something more to work for in the way of pecuniary reward.

Another improvement is the retirement law, which is removing the evil of superannuation from the civil service. The retirement law is in no sense a charity, but is based upon sound business principles. Thus far the employes have paid, by monthly deductions from their salaries, the full expense of the retirement, and more, but actuaries estimate that some years hence the Government must share in the expense.

For years before the retirement law was passed it was evident even to a casual observer that great numbers of Federal employes, because of their advanced age, were unable to return adequate service for the salaries paid them. Department heads, being human, were unwilling to dismiss these old men and women, who, in most cases, had been able to provide little if anything for their maintenance in their declining years.

There is a case of record where an official dismissed an old and useless clerk, who promptly committed suicide. The official never tried it again.

Going to work in Washington before the retirement law became operative bore some resemblance to a pilgrimage to the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré. Literally, the lame, the halt and the blind, in a few instances, were led or bodily carried into their offices.

One day a newly appointed cabinet officer, while passing along a corridor in his building, was walked into by an aged employe. The cabinet officer was indignant until he discovered that the man was stone blind. He was carried on the rolls as a clerk.

The retirement law is an imperfect thing, but it is a step forward. The highest annuity paid is $720, not enough to live on. In the last Congress a bill providing for increase in both the annuity and the monthly payments by the employes passed in the Senate, but failed to come to a vote in the House.

A clerk making $100 a month can get $720 a year upon retirement at 70 years by paying 2½ per cent of his salary each month, and his chief can get no more by paying 2½ per cent of his much larger salary. Obviously, there is inequity here.

There has been a vast improvement in my time in the selective value of the examinations given by the Civil Service Commission.

A few years ago THE SATURDAY EVENING POST printed this amusing yarn:

On a train approaching Philadelphia one of the passengers attracted the attention of another by his evident depression. On being asked the cause of his woe he replied: "What's the matter! Matter enough. I'm going to Philadelphia to take a civil service examination for a job as boiler inspector in the steamboat-inspection service. Do you think they'll ask me any questions about boilers? Not on your life. They'll stand me up, look me in the eye, and say 'Who was Uncas?'"

Of course THE POST was just having fun with us. While the examinations have never been foolish, twenty years ago they were far from being as accurate as tests of probable performance on the job as they are today. Twenty years hence, we hope, they will be better still. We never cease to study them for possible improvement.

A New Road to Happiness

There is an abundance of record evidence to prove that a given amount of work will be accomplished with fewer employes if the employes are selected through competitive examinations than would be required if they were not so selected, and, moreover, that the work will be done better if the examination tests are applied. The civilian executive force is large today, but there can be no doubt that it would be much larger under the spoils system, for under such a system the tendency always has been to create jobs to hand out as rewards for political service.

An examination does not necessarily require that one sit at a desk and answer questions on geography, solve problems in arithmetic and spell words. It means submitting one's qualifications to measurement for a particular kind of work, whatever the method of measurement may be. It may be a written question-and-answer test on certain subjects, it may be proving certain experience and accomplishment by credible evidence, it may be exhibiting necessary personal qualities in an interview, or a combination of any or all of these.

A civil service examination is nothing more nor less than the best standardized method that can be devised at the time to determine whether an applicant possesses the qualifications necessary to perform the duties of a particular job, whatever those duties may be.

Some of the results of examinations are unexpected. Or, perhaps, in the hundreds of thousands of answers to questions rated in the course of a year's work, a few such as these should be expected:

"The plural of solo is duet."

"The largest sound in the state of Washington is the roaring of the waves."

"The two principal functions of money are to have and to hold."

Some examinations include a test in letter writing, intended to help demonstrate the competitor's general intelligence and to show his ability in simple English composition. On my word as a gentleman, the following letter was turned in by a competitor. I could not invent anything as funny if I tried for a thousand years.

The subject given was "The Conditions That Should Produce Happiness."

Here is the gem:

"The Conditions that Should produce happiness is in the first place, education and to utalize it with balanced Judgement in every moment of our Mortal existence; then happiness would be in its Substantial foundation for longivity and example. To pursue what ever we are intended for is another enhancing path to lead to happiness; and if that passion appear perspicuous at an early age and we take advantage of it, happiness is likely to follow to an exalted Condition. If we are taut at a preparatory Stage to think divine, to practice industrial frution, and to Shun obnoxious Company, bad scenes and the pleasure of evil desires, happiness will spring fourth like the pearly dawn pursued by a blanded sunrise as sure as stirring reality Claim existence."

The Government's Way

Many persons seem to have the impression that the United States Civil Service Commission has set up one kind of examination and that everyone who enters the classified service must pass this particular examination, whether the position he seeks be that of laborer, clerk or hydraulic engineer.

To put it another way, it often is made to appear that private employers use common-sense methods and exercise great wisdom in selecting employes, but that everything the Government, acting through the Civil Service Commission, does in selecting its employes is theoretical, antiquated, visionary or absurd.

The Government, like any other employer, requires different qualifications for different kinds of work, and as examinations are to test qualifications, the Civil Service Commission prepares different examinations for different kinds of employment.

In many private plants laborers are selected by a foreman who looks over a crowd about the factory gate and picks out the most sturdy-looking of the lot. The Government in most of its plants has a physician examine the applicants, who discovers many defects and communicable diseases the private foreman would never see. Besides, the strength of each applicant is tested. It is believed that the Government's plan is better.

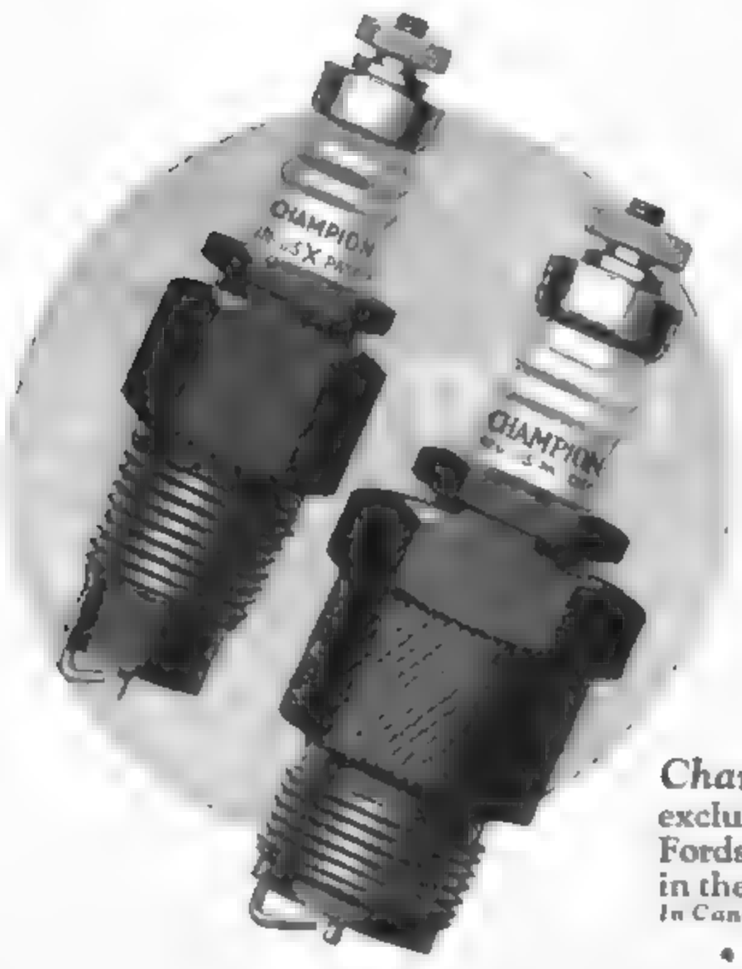
In many private offices the selection of stenographers is based on the applicants' claims as to what they can do, or on statements as to what they have done. They are hired, and if they don't measure up they are fired—an expensive process. The Government gives them notebook and typewriter and asks them to demonstrate their ability by actually doing a stenographer's work. It is believed that the Government's way is better.

The private employer selects an employe to enter his chemical laboratory as a junior chemist, to learn the business, on his record at college and his personal reputation. The Government considers not only his record at college and his reputation, but puts appropriate questions to him in order to determine what he actually learned about chemistry while he was at college. It is believed that the Government's method is better.

The private employer generally selects an employe to fill a high-grade technical,

(Continued on Page 54)

ACCELERATION



You must try Champion Spark Plugs to prove how the hotter, more intense spark they produce increases the rapidity of your getaway. Why be left behind when the traffic signal flashes when a set of new Champions will put you out in front?

CHAMPION

Dependable for Every Engine

Toledo, Ohio

Champion X— exclusively for Fords—packed in the Red Box 60¢ *In Canada 80 cents*

• • •

Champion — for cars other than Fords—packed in the Blue Box 75¢ *In Canada 90 cents*

A new set of dependable Champion Spark Plugs every 10,000 miles will restore power, speed and acceleration and actually save their cost in oil and gas.

Watch This Column

If you want to be on our mailing list send in your name and address

You will thrill to the core when you see *"The Still Alarm"* on the screen. I saw it on the stage when I was a boy, and in spite of its limitations and crude scenery, it impressed me deeply. I have never forgotten the thrill of the galloping fire-horses, the rescue-work by heroic firemen, the crackle of flames, the roar of falling walls.

Universal has taken this fine old drama and put it into such a vivid and startling picture that present generations will find it far more absorbing and exciting than was the stage production. Realism reaches its topmost point, and it is all dramatic in the extreme.

WILLIAM RUSSELL, as the rugged fire-captain who is brave as a lion and a slave to duty, will prove your beau ideal of a fire-fighter, and he is most ably assisted by HELENE CHADWICK, RICHARD TRAVERS and an excellent cast. Directed by Edward Laemmle.

Don't forget to watch for LAURA LA PLANTE in *"The Midnight Sun,"* Universal's magnificent drama of the former Imperial Russian Court, which teems with romance, and is brilliant beyond description. Learn in this picture how a beautiful dancing girl upsets high dignitaries, and innocently is the cause of much dramatic commotion.

"The Phantom of the Opera" is breaking all our records. It is drawing great crowds wherever it is shown, in many cases surpassing the *"Hunchback of Notre Dame."* So, it seems, we "builded even better than we knew." I would appreciate your comment on the picture as well as other Universal's you have recently seen.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

We will be pleased to send you an autographed photograph of Laura La Plante for 10 cents in stamps.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 52)

professional, scientific or administrative position by inquiring into his training, his experience and his actual achievement among those who have employed him or been associated with him. The Government follows the same general method as the private employer. It requires no written question-and-answer test, but determines suitability by weighing evidence of training and achievement. It is believed that the Government's method is better because the Government is more careful in setting its standards as to training and experience required and more rigid in following them, and especially because the private employer's field of selection is usually limited to persons who are known to him, or known to those with whom he comes in contact. The Government makes known its needs to technical schools that train the kind of employe desired, to associations that include the particular type of technical or scientific man in their membership, and to the general public through bulletins and press and radio announcements, thus reaching an incomparably wider field from which to make selection.

The Height of Gratitude

The Government now employs, through the civil service system of test examinations, practically every kind of worker that exists. In the scientific and technical bureaus, such as the Bureau of Standards, the Bureau of Mines and the Coast and Geodetic Survey of the Department of Commerce; the Bureaus of Chemistry, Plant Industry, Agricultural Economics, Public Roads, Forestry, and so on, of the Department of Agriculture; the Reclamation Service of the Interior Department, and other scientific and technical groups, is found practically every sort of scientific or technical position known to private employment.

In the Ordnance and Engineer Departments at large and the experimental aircraft factories of the War Department; in the naval establishments, such as the naval aircraft factory, the naval powder factory, the naval gun factory, and the great shipbuilding and repair yards, is found every sort of manual occupation known to private industry. All these are selected through the commission's system of test examinations.

Engineers, chemists, physicians, astronomers, agriculturists, pathologists, mineralogists, and so on through hundreds of different technical, professional and scientific occupations and specialties; machinists, molders, engineers, glass blowers, cranemen, ship fitters, cabinetmakers, and so on through hundreds of skilled trades, and on down to the unskilled laborer, are selected through competitive tests under the Civil Service Commission.

Employes so selected build ships, submarines and airplanes; manufacture powder, torpedoes, artillery and small arms; construct roads, predict weather, design and construct buildings, treat disease, make maps, determine chemical content of food and drugs, collect customs revenue, inspect meats, analyze soil, and carry on a myriad of activities involving research problems and actual operation of manufacturing plants, as well as the usual office work.

An executive order provides that "with a view of promoting health and efficiency and of minimizing accidents among Federal employes, the heads of the several executive departments and independent establishments having a medical personnel are directed to make such physical examinations of applicants for and employes in the Federal classified service as may be requested by the Civil Service Commission or its authorized representatives."

One purpose of this order is to keep down the number of claims under employes' compensation laws by recording the physical condition of each employe at the time of appointment.

The Civil Service Commission requires a photograph of each applicant, for the purpose of identification. Before this practice was established, some who sought government jobs induced obliging and better educated friends to go into the examination rooms and do the work for them.

It is specified that the photograph must have been taken within two years.

A competitor in an examination turned in a photograph of a chubby baby, seated upon a property rock, with this explanation:

"This photograph was taken when I was three years old and is the closest to two years that I have."

I can imagine him saying to himself, "This civil service crowd has some fool requirements."

Some years ago, on the complaint of the Civil Service Commission, two men who were prominent in local politics in an Eastern state and two men whom they impersonated in civil service examinations were convicted of conspiracy and sent to jail for a short term. It is reported that when the jail sentences ended the whole party were conducted to their respective homes by a throng of enthusiastic admirers headed by a brass band. I know that one of the political leaders later was sent to Congress and that the other was advanced in local offices. Gratitude always is a touching thing, and here it seems to have been deserved. Who can help loving a man who will go to jail for, or even with, his friends?

Another human quality, the tendency to go far afield to find things that are established in our very dooryards, is the central idea in Maeterlinck's poetic drama, The Bluebird. It is a far cry from poetry to anything so prosaic as a government office; yet the blind quest of Tyltyl and Mytyl in the play is typical of the unseeing policy of the Government in going out into the highways and byways, often the political highways and byways, for its supervisory civil officers, overlooking subordinates with years of experience in the branches of the service in which the appointments are made, who might be promoted to higher positions with profit to the taxpayers.

Can the duties of a postmaster, a collector of customs, or a collector of internal revenue, for example, be learned in a better place than in a post office, a customhouse or an internal revenue office?

Looking for the Bluebird

In all plans for the betterment of the civil service there seems to be a failure to recognize the anomaly presented by our administrative system of filling certain inferior positions through the test of merit under the civil service law and excluding from the scheme great numbers of the higher offices, which should stand as a reward for meritorious service, but which in fact are often held as payment for service to the political party in power. Here the Government fails to take advantage of an opportunity to add materially to the strength and efficiency of the civil service. The effect of a practice so lacking in the essentials of good administration is not on the worker alone; the institution is the great sufferer. No lengthy argument should be needed to convince any intelligent person that the prospect of advancement through merit to the supervisory offices would tend to improve the quality of applicants for government employment and would serve as a stimulus within the service.

The civil service law of 1883 specifies that positions requiring mere unskilled laborers and those which are filled through nomination by the President for the confirmation of the Senate are not to be classified thereunder. Most of the higher supervisory positions in the civil service come within this latter class.

The administrative offices aside from the cabinet which do not come within the scope of the civil service law, are postmasters at offices of the first, second and third classes; collectors of internal revenue, collectors of customs; registers, receivers and surveyors-general of the Land Office; surveyors, appraisers and naval officers in the Customs Service; superintendents of mints, assayers in mints, supervising inspectors in the Steamboat Inspection Service, commissioners of immigration and naturalization, assistant secretaries and heads of bureaus of the departments at Washington, and some others. There are approximately 17,000 of these so-called presidential positions, nearly 15,000 of which are postmasters at offices of the first, second and third classes.

The tendency of the Government to emulate the children in the play is most wasteful. At best, the proper training of an administrative officer of the Government up to the point where he may have a vigorous grasp and accurate knowledge of his duties is very costly. The time consumed by the President in considering candidates and by the Senate in debating the suitability of nominees is not to be overlooked. That a large number of positions of this class are still linked with politics is a serious handicap all around. The relinquishment of patronage privileges would be of distinct advantage even to those who seem to regard them as a valuable possession, for a political appointment is a party liability and not a party asset and usually results in a number of disgruntled candidates.

An Incentive for Postmasters

It would be no less sensible for a private corporation to conduct its affairs with a view to political rather than business reasons than for the Government to do so. An important difference between the business of a private corporation and that of the Government, however, is that if at the end of a fiscal year the corporation finds itself faced with a deficit it cannot call upon the citizens of the country to meet it through a tax levy.

There is today no such profession or career as that of trained postmaster, collector of customs, collector of internal revenue, or the like. Why should there not be? Is the Post Office Department, for example, anything but a large business organization whose principal business is to collect, transport and distribute the mail satisfactorily at the lowest possible rates? Why should there not be a profession of postmaster which might be learned by schooling in post offices, just as there is a profession of freight traffic manager which is learned by schooling in railroad offices? When a vacancy occurs in the position of postmaster at Baldwin, New York, paying a salary of $2400 a year, why should it not be filled through the promotion of a postal employe who has demonstrated his ability in the post-office business by his work in the organization? When a vacancy occurs in the position of postmaster at Bangor, Maine, a $4000 office, why should it not be filled by the advancement of a postmaster at a smaller office who has proved himself worthy of promotion?

To carry the system to a logical conclusion, when a vacancy occurs in the position of postmaster at New York City, which office pays $8000 a year, why should it not be filled through the transfer of a postmaster at a $6000 office, such as Pittsburgh, Washington or Buffalo?

What has been said of the Postal Service applies with equal force to the Customs Service, the Internal Revenue Service or any other branch of the Government, for each of these departments is naught but a big enterprise to which business principles can and should be applied.

Not more than 500 of the 15,000 postmasters at offices of the first, second and third classes came up from the ranks.

It is conceded that the President has the right to and should select for members of his cabinet men who are in every way in sympathy with his policies; doubtless some offices require men with training and experience not obtainable in government establishments. It is further conceded that it would be a mistake to fill all supervisory offices through promotion, for the infusion of new blood of the right kind from the outside brings into the Government new ideas

(Continued on Page 56)

No great business was ever built without high ideals.

Healthy Sentiment in Business

THE business transaction is inseparable from its human relations.

As well try to end the healthy, normal likes and dislikes of children as try to keep sentiment out of business.

No great business was ever built without high ideals.

And the realization of ideals creates a sentiment toward them from which springs heartfelt devotion to them.

The great Hardware Wholesalers of the country had a common ideal which they realized.

They could distribute tires at lower cost than others,—they determined that their advantage should be used to build tires better than they had been built.

A large part of the public was wooed and won to Mansfield Tires on that basis.

With heartfelt devotion and loyalty these Hardware Wholesalers now guard the good name of Mansfield Tires, and take much more than ordinary business pride in the performance records they make.

This places a responsibility and obligation upon us to make certain that Mansfield Tires deliver the extra service expected of them.

THE MANSFIELD TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, MANSFIELD, OHIO

Balloon Cords Truck Cords Heavy Duty Cords Regular Cords Fabric Tires

The Cost of Distribution is Lower—The Standard of Quality is Higher

MANSFIELD

Built — Not to Undersell, but — to Overserve

Casters? Yes, every chair must have them. But be sure to get good ones—Bassicks. Put them on every piece of furniture. Then see how easily, how silently, it rolls.

Good hardware dealers sell them. Good furniture has them. Good housekeepers will have none other. Why should they?

Bassick Casters
The BASSICK CO.
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

For thirty years the leading makers of high grade casters for home, office, hotel, warehouse and factory

(Continued from Page 54)

from private business. However, it is maintained that the Federal civil service would be improved from the top to the bottom if promotion of worthy subordinates were the rule rather than the exception.

In his message to Congress in December, 1924, President Coolidge said:

"The merit system has long been recognized as the correct basis for employment in our civil service. I believe that first, second, and third class postmasters should be brought within the classified service by statute law."

In his message to Congress in December, 1925, the President repeated his recommendation that postmasters be brought within the classified service, and extended the recommendation to collectors of customs, collectors of internal revenue, and prohibition agents.

Another great need is that for the correlation of personnel activities in the Federal service. Standard practices are expected in the purchase, distribution and use of materials or supplies in quantities. Economical administration of personnel matters likewise requires standardization of practices.

The government business is carried on by numerous agencies established and guided by many laws, and the methods of dealing with employment questions by the several agencies are not coördinated.

Uniformity of Personnel Policy

There should be a comprehensive employment policy based upon principles which may be carried out with reasonable uniformity in all departments and establishments. Until this is done taxpayers will not receive the maximum return in service for that share of taxes represented by the civilian pay roll. A saving to the taxpayers of many millions of dollars annually can be made by means of such a definite and uniform policy.

The major items upon which there should be uniformity of treatment throughout the Federal service are classification, which means occupational descriptions and designations, with equal or approximately equal pay scales for the same work, in the field as well as in Washington; assignment and training, that is, training on the job; increases of pay without change of assignment; promotion to higher responsibilities either in the establishment to which originally appointed or by transfer to other establishments; reductions in pay or duties, and dismissals; reinstatements or reëmployments; leave of absence, sanitation, safety and other working conditions; service records and statistics.

Just as an example of the ignorance of the Government's right hand as to what its left hand is doing in personnel matters, consider a transfer from one department to another. Under present conditions, if an employe finds that he has about reached the limit of his development in the branch in which he is working, and if he seeks transfer to some other government establishment where because of the wider scope of the work the opportunity for advancement is better, he has the privilege of scouting around to find a place where his knowledge and experience, gained largely in the government service, would be of value. At the same time, some branch of the government service may be looking for just such a man. The Civil Service Commission knows that the vacancy is to be filled, because the appointing power calls upon the commission for a certification of eligibles to fill it, but neither the Civil Service Commission nor the appointing power knows anything about the trained man in the government service looking for a higher job, unless by accident.

Another example is in the matter of reinstatement or reëmployment. A person who has become separated from a government position through no deficiency of his own now finds difficulty in presenting his qualifications to the Government in case he seeks to reënter the service without another competitive examination. Experience valuable to the Government might be made available if a systematic method were established of presenting the desires of former employes for reinstatement.

Control over selections, promotions, demotions, discharges or other rewards or punishments should not be surrendered by the head of a department or establishment responsible for results, but general policies should be adopted for the handling of personnel, and the establishment of these policies should be centralized in order to bring about uniformity.

No agency entirely independent of the departments and other establishments in which employes serve can successfully impose personnel policies and practices upon the entire service. It is believed that a coördinating board in which each department and independent establishment is represented could bring about the adoption of well defined and workable policies which would result in greatly increasing the efficiency of the Government and in correspondingly reducing the expense of government to the taxpayers.

A criticism sometimes heard is that the operation of the civil service law and rules tends to prevent the dismissal of incompetent employes. There is nothing in any law, rule or regulation that stands in the way of the dismissal, at the will of the head of the establishment, of an inefficient or otherwise undesirable employe of the Federal civil service; and the head of the establishment is the sole judge as to what constitutes inefficiency or any other undesirable quality.

Throwing Out the Deadwood

Indifference on the part of administrative officers, personal friendships within the service, pressure from outside sometimes do stand in the way. Where the inefficient are retained the fault is not to be found in the law, but is chargeable to interference with the operation of the spirit and the letter of the laws enacted for the betterment of the civil service. In such a large organization as the Federal civil service, doubtless there is some deadwood. This condition exists also in private employment.

The removal law for the classified civil service provides that the person whose removal is sought "shall have notice of the same and of any charges preferred against him, and be furnished with a copy thereof, and also be allowed a reasonable time for personally answering the same in writing; and affidavits in support thereof; but no examination of witnesses nor any trial or hearing shall be required except in the discretion of the officer making the removal." The whole procedure must be made a part of the records of the department or office concerned.

Having complied with the provision of the law that the accused shall have a statement in writing of the reasons for the proposed removal, and having received the statement of the accused, the officer who seeks the removal of an inefficient employe may end the matter then and there. He is not called upon to prove his case to anyone. He is accuser, judge and jury. The only cases in which his action may authoritatively be questioned are those in which it is charged, with offer of proof, that the removal is for religious or political reasons; in either such case the Civil Service Commission is authorized to make investigation.

Of course, there is no question about the dismissal of employes when reductions of force become necessary. Under the regulations, those with the lowest efficiency ratings must go first.

A law which became effective on July 1, 1924, covering employes in the District of Columbia only, includes provision for a system of efficiency ratings under central jurisdiction, upon which ratings, increases or decreases in compensation, and retention or dismissal are to depend. A workable system of efficiency ratings is extremely difficult of accomplishment, but the agencies of the Government charged with the execution of the law referred to do not admit that it is impossible.

Bigger and Better Than Ever

It is just as much a part of an equitable merit system that the unworthy should be dismissed as that the worthy should be retained.

All appointments to the classified service are made first for a period of probation, which is usually six months but which may be one year by agreement between the Civil Service Commission and the appointing officer. During the period of probation, removal can be made at any time without formality other than a notice in writing of the reasons. If the employe is retained at the end of the period of probation, the appointment automatically becomes absolute; and then in case it is desired to remove the employe the procedure which has been outlined must be followed.

There should be a definite report on all probationers to some central authority within a reasonable time before the expiration of the probationary period. It is a tacit thing now; no one is required to say to a central authority that the employe's services are or are not satisfactory; if he is retained, it is assumed that he has made good.

Some of the defects of the Government's employment system are so obvious that one may well ask why they are not corrected without more ado. The answer is that the necessary authority is lacking. I have tried to present the various phases of this discussion as I see them from the inside. Some may hold different views. These are mine, for what they are worth.

My employers, I say to you that the executive branch of your Government is not yet by any means a perfect business organization. Maybe it never will be. Maybe its very nature prevents it from becoming so. But it is far better than it was twenty-two years ago, and it may be depended upon to improve.

PHOTO BY AND FROM G. A. MCAULEY

Fishermen Along the New Jersey Coast

The NEW MARMON

"It's a Great Automobile!"

[A WOMAN'S INTUITION]

"It's a Great Automobile!"

[A MAN'S DECISION]

OBEDIENTLY yielding to the silken touch of feminine hands, or in quick response to the hurried stress of masculine needs, *it's all the same to a Marmon.* With modish grace, luxurious comfort and driving ease, the Greater New Marmon lures the world of fashion; likewise its proved design and sturdy construction appeal to those motoring experts who covet the performance that has never yet asked for or yielded quarter.

NORDYKE & MARMON COMPANY • *Established 1851* • INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

Observing its 75th Anniversary • • Leaders in fine motor cars since 1902

A lovely Valentine is Jane Cowl

SINCE the days of gallant knights and lovely ladies, it has been the custom for a gentleman to choose some charming lady as his Valentine.

That this custom has lost none of its popularity is evidenced by the fact that Jane Cowl, beloved actress, receives hundreds of Greeting Cards on St. Valentine's Day from her admirers.

From all over America they come, these Valentines — proving that Romance is not dead, in this hustling commercial age, and that deep down in our hearts is just as much sentiment, and just as much desire to express it, as in the good old days when every gallant picked some lovely lady for his Valentine, and paid homage to her on the merry Saint's day.

What a delightful custom! And how fitting that we should send Valentines—not only to our friends and relatives, and, of course, to the children—but to those we admire—the writers, the artists, the actors, the singers, the musicians, all who have given us happiness and inspiration through their artistry, and to whom we surely owe some debt of gratitude.

In fact, it has become an accepted tenet of the social creed to use Greeting Cards regularly in the countless little amenities of life which require the expression of sentiment, and which so many of us neglect because we don't know how to do just the correct thing.

We have prepared a book which gives authoritative information on these points of etiquette—and which, in addition, includes fifteen pages for lists, arranged most conveniently. It is sponsored by Anne Rittenhouse, the well-known social arbiter. Send 25c for a copy. The Greeting Card Association, 354 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Scatter Sunshine with Greeting Cards

The Greeting Card Association
354 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Enclosed is 25c. Please send me, prepaid, "The Etiquette of Greeting Cards."

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

THE BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

(Continued from Page 46)

'em. I threw it out of my window, up there on the seventh floor, when I came in this afternoon."

He was stunned for a moment, then surmised, with a hollow laugh: "You aimed at the cacti because they resembled me?"

"To tell the truth, I aimed at the swimming pool."

She was adorable as she made this confession. Her face was a luminous little moon in the night. Her whole person was an irreplaceable treasure, complicated and complete; she seemed the living epitome of the sweet spring night. They were alone in the cactus garden, whose spiky foliage was budding with queer blossoms. A strain of jazz came to them from the hotel—and she was against his breast, held tight and holding him tight, weeping, smiling hungrily as he covered her face with kisses. Helen of Troy must have looked like this in the arms of Paris; no, Helen could never have been so beautiful!

"Oh, darling, we must never, never quarrel!"

"Never, never, never! Everything will be different now."

"You'll find your ring in your wrist bag."

"And we'll find my precious Clinical Electrocardiography before I go in."

"Good Lord, how I love you! Good Lord, how I adore you!"

"And how I worship you. Oh, kiss me again!"

II

AFTER luxuriating in such a scene as that Claire Tamborlayne would feel remorseful. She would remember that even her firm intention of getting the divorce did not justify as many kisses as those that she had invited in the cactus garden. In fact, as she observed to Doctor Delliver, they really had no right to kiss each other at all. Such was her moral sense the morning after.

"Yes," she would tell him, "there's something quite mid-Victorian about me. Think of your luck, to be getting in these days such an old-fashioned wife!"

Then she would declare that they must not meet again except in public. For example, there was Vesty's, the confectioner's on Seventh Street.

At four in the afternoon, passing between the glass cases full of bonbons, Rufus Delliver would walk to the rear of Vesty's shop, where the glazed tops of the tables shone amid many mirrors. And presently Claire would saunter in, and put on a look of surprise, and exclaim, "Fancy finding you here!" The little waitresses in their little white aprons knew that comedy by heart.

One balmy Friday afternoon she arrived precisely on the dot—an unusual circumstance. Moreover, she looked uncertain of herself.

This could not have been on account of her appearance, for all the women in sight were regarding her enviously. She had on a short-sleeved suit of creamy flannel, a creamy visored hat of Bangkok straw, and gloves and shoes to match. At the point of her V-shaped collar she had pinned a yellow rose. From her wrist dangled the brown-and-yellow beaded bag of romantic memory.

She was preoccupied. She did not ask about Mrs. Brederode's aneurism or Mrs. Cortinett's tachycardia. Every now and then she stole a furtive glance at the fashionable and handsome specialist in hearts.

At last, fortified with green tea, she decided on perfect frankness.

"Weren't you lunching at the Giltmore today?" she began.

"Yes, I was, for a change. And where were you?"

"I thought you saw me," she murmured, "when you passed through the galleria."

Once more Rufus Delliver felt a stir round his solar plexus—that ominous thrill which he had not experienced for a week. His lips moved, but made no sound. He wet his whistle with tea, assumed a ghastly air of solicitude, and uttered:

"I hope you weren't sitting there alone."

Her ivory-tinted face became soft and appealing. Her luscious painted lips looked very ingenuous as she faltered:

"Now, Rufus, I want to tell you everything in my life; and this was really nothing. I can't bear to keep these trifles from you; and yet when I confide in you, you treat me abominably. I just happened to be sitting there with an old man—a disgusting old man—whom I couldn't help seeing once."

Doctor Delliver finished his tea and slammed the cup down on the saucer. His head was congested with blood. He was sure that his eyeballs were bulging out of their sockets. He was telling himself, "No more violence! I shall lose her forever if that happens again. I must be philosophical."

He inquired hoarsely, "How old was this old man?"

"Oh, ages! He must be forty-five if he's a day. A dreadful old man, a notorious person!" she exclaimed, with a dramatic look and a shudder. "Even Mortimer forbade him the house long ago, in New York; and mother would simply die if she knew that he was still pursuing me. But he came all the way across the continent because, poor thing, he loves me with the only decent and innocent love of his life. That's what he told me today. His voice was trembling with the pathos of it. He moaned, 'I've had a noisome career. I've put myself beyond the pale, with all my goings-on. But you, little girl, are my white star, shining far overhead as I lie in my abyss.' He cried too. It was terribly pathetic. Of course, he knew there was no hope for him. I came there to the galleria, just for a second, to say good-by to him forever and to give him some roses."

"To give him some roses!" ejaculated Rufus, flabbergasted. "And why the roses?" he cried.

"I don't know." Her violet eyes were wide open in astonishment at herself. "It was a sudden impulse because I was sorry for him. You know it was sad, Rufus."

"And this is one of them?" he asked, pointing at the yellow rose on her dress.

She glanced down at the blossom, made her lips quiver and protested:

"It means nothing. It matched my dress. I'll take it off."

"No, leave it there. It becomes you. It is appropriate on you."

Grossly misunderstood, hurt in her finest sensibilities, she lowered her black, unnaturally long lashes. Her bosom hopelessly heaved once or twice under the creamy flannel. And Doctor Delliver's solar plexus was quivering horribly. Little thrills ran out from it clear to his fingers and toes.

Her face, the teacups, all his surroundings took on a reddish tinge. But he still had sense enough to keep fast hold of the thought, "If I let myself go, this time I shall surely lose her."

"Naturally," he bawled all at once, in the tone of a man shouting into a barrel, "you didn't have lunch with your aged admirer?"

"Don't talk so loud," she whispered despairingly. "That woman behind you is listening to us."

"I care no more for her," he rumbled, "than if she were a poodle sitting on a chair. Naturally, I repeat, you didn't have lunch with him?"

"I should say not!" the distracted beauty replied in a reassuring hiss. "Nothing but a cup of chocolate and some toast Melba and a Spanish omelet."

Rufus Delliver was silent. He had used his big guns on so many lesser occasions that now he sat disarmed before the enormity of the woman's impudence. And sitting so, he wondered how he could ever have been fond of her, who was so flighty and fickle, who could not refrain from any sentimental escapade, who ran from his noble love to luxuriate in another's hypocritical compliments. False—false to the core, that's what she was! He was weary of her lovely shamelessness.

She flinched when he said, in a tone of vicious politeness, that he had to go back to his office.

"And I'm sure," he predicted, "that you can find some exciting way to pass your time till your dinner."

At this she began in a great hurry to pull on her cream-colored gloves. She blurted out that she was sorry for having detained him. She ought not to intrude upon his time like this. Perceiving a satanic smile on his lips, she seemed ready to burst out weeping. She recovered heroically. She averred that, as a matter of fact, she also had something to do. She was going to the first of a course of lectures that she had seen advertised—a dozen lectures, in French, on Indo-Chinese art. They were to be given by a French professor—or was he, maybe, a Belgian? His name, at any rate, was Monsieur de St.-Jacques d'Angély, and he was to lecture in an office building on Figueroa Street.

"It's only a step," she concluded bravely, "and I shall be just in time."

Doctor Delliver, feeling like an automaton, rose, bowed and offered the remark:

"I trust that you may find Monsieur de St.-Jacques d'Angély not too exclusively preoccupied with the art of Indo-China."

"Well, if it's all right for you to sharpen up your French on the charming Miss Destouches, I don't see why I shouldn't sharpen up mine on Monsieur de St.-Jacques d'Angély."

Giving him a blind stare of grief, she hurried out to the street. It was perhaps as good a last word as any.

He had a conviction of finality, as if many pleasant, habitual things were done with. Yes, this time, it appeared, they had really parted forever, and without a scene. He took some pride in that. For once he had behaved in a stately, praiseworthy way. That would be her last impression of him—haughtiness, imperturbability, the calm contempt of a superior soul that had wearied of her folly. He emerged from Vesty's without paying his bill. He went slowly back to his office through the heavy sunshine, thinking of all the work with which he was going to fill the emptiness of his life.

In the reception room he found Miss Destouches finishing her day's work. She had let down the *jalousies* against the declining sun: the place was cool after the heat of the sidewalk. Raising her pale, fascinatingly feline countenance above the typewriter, she inspected her employer.

There was something changed, of late, in their relationship. Doctor Delliver, without understanding why, realized that now, when they were alone together, the air about them was charged with strange and subtle forces, or possibly only with those unuttered words which he, at least, had never thought of speaking.

He closed the door, leaned against it and gazed at the mauve-clad slim girl from Versailles, with her slanting blond brows. She ought to know a lot, he reflected. She had an air of secret knowledge. She was undoubtedly deep, the demure Miss Destouches. He did not know how haggard he was as he stood there, how desperate the look in his eyes.

A light flashed in the gray eyes of Miss Destouches.

"Look here," he said, "you've lived in America and you've lived in France. Take the women of the two countries. Do you see any difference? For instance, take the women in the French novels —— I don't know exactly how to make my meaning clear——"

(Continued on Page 60)

Acclaimed in engineering circles—

"the automobile of the future"

MOTOR AGE, Dec. 10, 1925

The NEW STUTZ

Ten years ahead of 1925

LEADING American and European automotive engineers of international reputation have praised this truly remarkable new automobile in most enthusiastic terms.

Did not ethical reasons forbid the publication of their names, we would have need to do little more than print their testimony in order to gain as many buyers for The NEW STUTZ as our production capacity could care for.

Wherever prominent automotive men come together, the talk is of The NEW STUTZ. In every forward-looking automobile producing organization its advanced design and improved features are being given earnest consideration. For in The NEW STUTZ, the seers of the industry recognize the automobile of the future.

Foremost technical writers, prominent chief engineers and high officials of parts-manufacturing companies made application for the first NEW STUTZ cars available, for their personal ownership.

All this because The NEW STUTZ, while accepting nothing untried, nothing experimental, is the most advanced, the most improved automobile of the decade.

It has a much lower center of gravity, giving greater safety and improved roadability; it has a vibrationless motor—the ultimate goal of engineers since the day of the first "one-lunger"; its motor, its rear axle, and its other gears are noiseless—made so by the adoption of advanced design; its worm-drive rear axle improves with use—it is quiet, new and old; the worm and gear, adequately lubricated, are guaranteed by us for two years; its new principle of braking design is more efficient; its chassis oiling system is automatically self-lubricating.

Its other refinements, conveniences, and improvements are too numerous for listing here. In a word, nothing has been omitted, nothing has been neglected that would add to the safety, comfort, and dependability of The NEW STUTZ.

You are urged to see The NEW STUTZ at your local automobile show, or at the showroom of your local dealer. Only by actually seeing this truly advanced automobile can you put yourself abreast of the day and qualify yourself to judge motor cars by this new standard now established.

STUTZ MOTOR CAR CO.
OF AMERICA, Inc.
Indianapolis

STUTZ SAFETY CHASSIS 8

Body five inches nearer the ground
—yet providing full road clearance and headroom

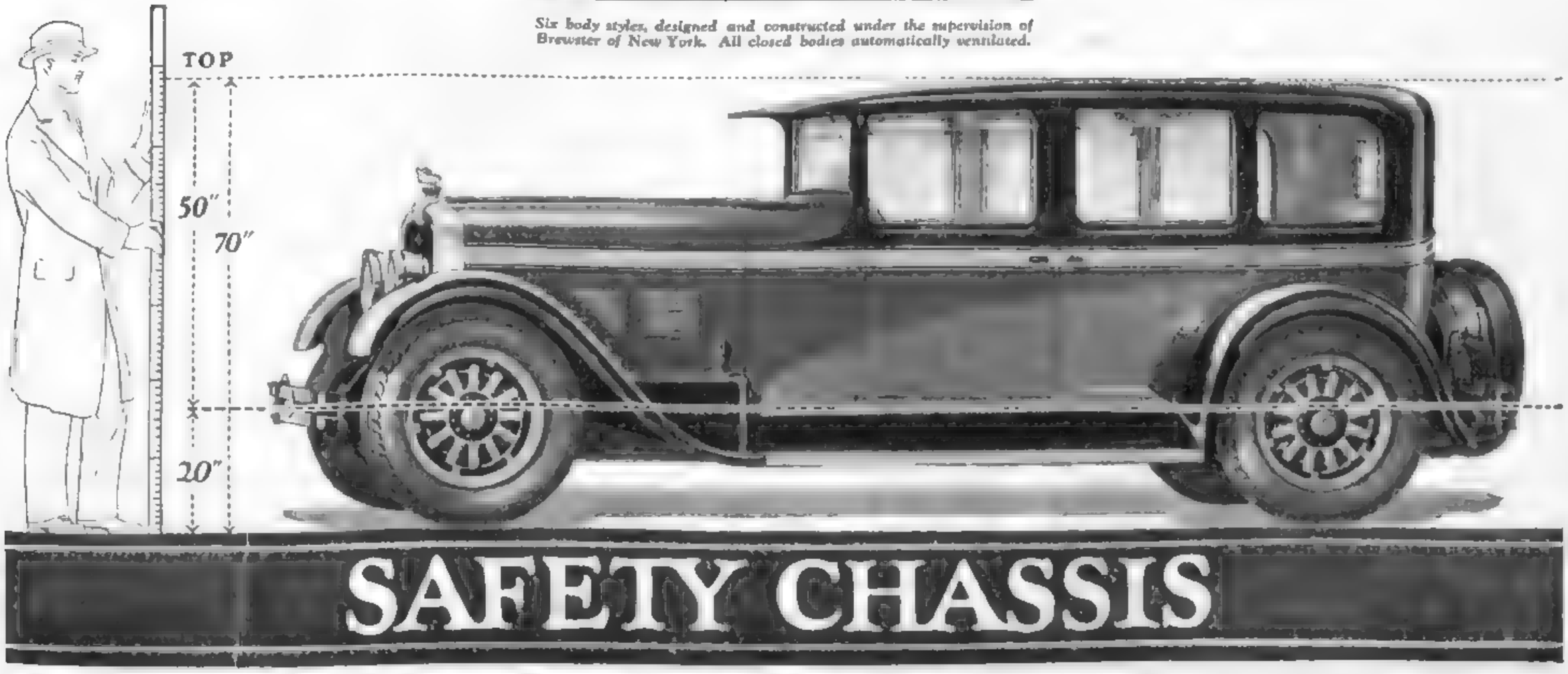
Radically lowered center of gravity
—giving greater safety, comfort and roadability

Quiet, long-lived, worm-drive rear axle
—permitting lowered body; it improves with use

90 H. P. motor; with overhead camshaft
—novel design; smooth, flexible, vibrationless

New non-leaking hydrostatic brakes
—inherently equalized; quick-acting and positive

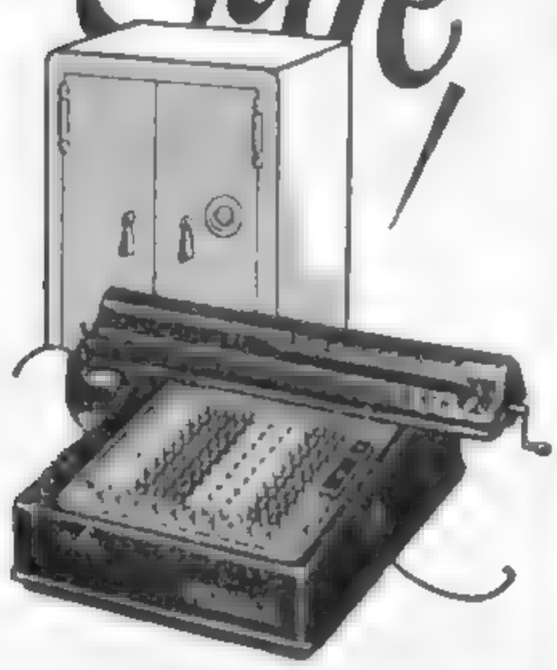
Six body styles, designed and constructed under the supervision of Brewster of New York. All closed bodies automatically ventilated.



SAFETY CHASSIS

BUILT TO LAST A BUSINESS LIFETIME

MORE necessary than your Safe,



MONROE

HIGH SPEED ADDING-CALCULATOR

ONCE your income takes the form of cash it is promptly placed in the bank, but what protects the income that is still in the form of figures? Every figure you handle represents money. Every calculation offers risk of loss.

Are your calculations *fully* protected against errors, fatigue and the thief of time?

They will be when handled with the Monroe High Speed Adding-Calculator. You will get first-time accuracy with lightning speed,—on additions and calculations of all kinds,—month in and month out. And any one in your office, with a Monroe, can give you these results.

YOU OWE YOUR BUSINESS THIS FREE TRIAL

So that you may see how the Monroe affords you this protection, learn its usefulness and have its time and money-saving value demonstrated on your own work, we shall be glad to have a Monroe Man in your locality place a machine with you for free trial. Simply write us that you want the proof. The Monroe itself will do the rest.

MONROE CALCULATING MACHINE COMPANY, INC.

General Offices: Orange, N. J.

Monroe Machines and Service are available in All Principal Cities of the U. S., Canada, Great Britain, Europe and throughout the World

A DEVELOPMENT OF 50 YEARS

(Continued from Page 58)

Miss Destouches did not even blink. She permitted herself a small shrug before rejoining:

"The women of a given class are the same everywhere today." She weighed his reaction to that speech, then continued, "I think you mean morally?" He was surprised at her perspicacity. Her clairvoyance increased.

She protested, with a kind smile: "Did you suppose that there was any geographical superiority of feminine morals today? But I know what the trouble is. You have read some French novels full of the word 'rendezvous'—full of the sentiment, 'I am going to deceive him out of spite, to be revenged on him.' Because you have not seen this in American novels you have said to yourself, 'That is French exclusively.' Or, 'That is European.' You have not realized that nowadays it is merely feminine, though perhaps still within the limits of certain classes only. It is feminine because it is instinctive; and women, as you must know, are so very largely instinct."

She was still looking at him fixedly, but with a new expression in her eyes—softer, more submissive.

"And being a woman," she breathed, still more melodiously, "I understand so well how a woman of any race, of almost any class, irritated beyond endurance by some man's jealousy"—she glanced down at the pink pearl on her left hand—"might say to herself, 'I will revenge myself by giving him, at last, a cause for that jealousy.' And specially if the other whom I had in mind were so congenial, so unutterably thrilling even at arm's length, that at his first kiss I should be sure to forget forever everything but him."

Her faint and musical voice died away in her throat. She lowered her submissive gaze toward the typewriter. And no place could have been more quiet than the silent reception room on this languid spring afternoon, shaded from the sunshine, pervaded with a subtle perfume. There was not even the ticking of a clock. There was nothing but the rapid beating of hearts.

He roused himself with a jerk and said, in English, although he employed Miss Destouches especially to keep up his French, "Thank you so much. You've made it all very clear."

He went out quickly into the corridor.

"Whew!" he exclaimed, as he set out by Grand Street toward Seventh.

He was touched by regret at the thought that he was losing Miss Destouches. She was just the sort of secretary for a fashionable doctor, so smart, so suave, so exotically striking. All the patients hated her flawless mauve toilets, hated her ash-blond tresses, which probably reached to her knees; hated her abnormally narrow hands and her abnormally narrow feet, arching out of gray suède. They hated her, but she fascinated them; for she looked as if she might be descended from Diane de Poitiers, or Agnès Sorel, or Madame de Beaupertuys. And now he would have to give up the practice of French.

Poor Miss Destouches! How sorry he was for her!

He turned west on Seventh Street, toward the club, and toward Figueroa Street, and toward the Business University Building, where one Monsieur de St.-Jacques d'Angély was giving a lecture on Indo-Chinese art.

There was a fishy look about that matter. Suppose, instead of being a lecture, this was a rendezvous? Suppose "St.-Jacques d'Angély" was a name behind which was hiding, for instance, that aged roué of forty-five to whom she had given the roses. Indo-Chinese art, indeed! The whole thing was a cynical hoax!

Forthwith, all the pretty ladies on Seventh Street—the Fifth Avenue of Los Angeles—saw a long-legged, reddish-haired man, whose clothes had come from London, forging westward at a tremendous gait, his face distorted by malignant exultation. Striding into the building she had named, he confronted the elevator man.

"Monsieur de St.-Jacques d'Angély?"

"Say it again, boss."

Doctor Delliver did so.

"I getcha," said the elevator man. "You want the frog with the beard. Room 310. He ain't only just moved in."

The elevator ascended. Rufus Delliver muttered, "He ain't only just moved in, eh?"

"Yeh, since yestiday. You're the second party that's been to see him this afternoon, or I'd 'a' forgot where he was."

"Ah," Rufus growled, "the second party, eh?"

"Yeh, a lady went up."

"What? Only one lady for the lecture that he's supposed to be giving?"

"So that's the gag, is it? Well, if he's givin' a letcher, he's givin' it all to her; that's what I got to say."

She was here, in this building, meeting a man alone! He walked down the corridor on bending legs, to the door marked only with the numerals "310." He stood staring at this door, the ground-glass panel of which seemed exceptionally dark. And after a moment, in the silence of the corridor, he heard, behind the door, a low, unctuous mumbling—a bass voice that seemed to be pleading in heavy yet lyrical accents.

Doctor Delliver felt as if he were going insane from this frightful injury to his egotism. Should he smash in the door—confront them with a hideous laugh of triumph?

No; let calmness rule. There was no logical reason for such violence, since he was through with her. He would wait till she emerged and face her then. He would be superbly derisive, full master of himself.

So the fashionable physician, respected by innumerable ladies whose hearts were troubling them, retired to the end of the corridor, where he leaned against the wall to keep from falling down. What thoughts flowed through his mind! What waves of chagrin and grief rolled over him! Now and then somebody passed him with an indifferent glance, unaware of his torments. Then the corridor was deserted again, like the bleak corridor in an inferno.

Of a sudden he saw that the door of 310 was open. She was standing in the doorway, as exquisite as ever. Beyond her loomed a big burly man with a pear-shaped face, a hooked nose, and the long, curly, midnight beard of an Assyrian king. He was bowing to her with a melancholy grace and she was smiling at him in wistful sympathy. So sweet, so excessively sweet, so excruciatingly sweet a smile was that which she bestowed on the inky Assyrian beard! Rufus Delliver had never seen that smile. He seemed to perceive in Claire Tamborlayne a stranger.

The door came shut. The beard had retired to its lair. She was approaching, raven-haired, ivory-tinted, serene and conscienceless, like a *grande amoureuse* from the pages of a French novel. The rose was gone from her dress.

She saw Rufus Delliver. She stood still. She laughed outright. With a terrible calmness he accused her:

"Where is your yellow rose?"

"I threw it away in the street after I left you," she rejoined, her lips hardly moving; and he saw that her lips had somehow lost their paint.

Contemptuously he called her attention to this. She seemed thunderstruck, gave a jump of indignation and burst out at him:

"You are unbearable with your insulting innuendoes! What have I ever done, to be dogged and persecuted by a man like you? You have a positively fiendish mind. It's because you're wicked yourself. To be suspicious of that poor man in there——"

"The lecturer on Indo-Chinese art, with his audience of one!"

"Is it my fault that nobody else showed up?"

"To sit in the dark with him!"

She burst into tears, stamped both her little feet and wailed:

"Because of the lantern slides!"

At this point the door of 310 was opened. Monsieur de St.-Jacques d'Angély came mincing down the corridor like a half-deflated balloon cut loose from its moorings. His pear-shaped visage looked innocently anxious where it emerged from the beard. He was holding out in his hand Claire's brown-and-yellow wrist bag.

"*Votre sac-à-main, madame,*" he gurgled in that unctuous bass. The same wrist bag, the invaluable wrist bag, the bag so handy to leave behind! There was a small explosion in Doctor Delliver's skull; and moved wholly by a subconscious impulse, he did three shocking deeds.

First, he punched Monsieur de St.-Jacques d'Angély in the waistline, to test the genuineness of his embonpoint. Second, he gave the beard a tug, to find out if it was real. Third, he caught hold of the hooked nose and tweaked it.

The expert on Indo-Chinese art emitted a squawk, fled, hurled himself into his room and locked the door. Rufus Delliver made a bow to Claire Tamborlayne, who, frozen in a trancelike disbelief, remained with her mouth wide open.

"Adieu, madame," said the triumphant champion of his own self-respect. "I leave you to woman's immemorial work—the solacing of the wounded."

This time, she could think of no last word in reply.

Doctor Delliver stalked downstairs. He felt strong, virile, stern. His body seemed harder to him than formerly, and pulsating with a keener, more dangerous life. This sense of haughty vigor lasted until he rolled into bed that night. Then, hour after hour, he lay awake. He welcomed the dawn with wide eyes.

He ate breakfast in his room. He felt seedy, weak, much older than his age, spiritually flattened, suicidal. He recoiled from the thought of listening all morning to his patients. At nine o'clock he telephoned to the office.

"I shall not be in till Monday, Miss Destouches. Let Miss O'Day and Miss Shane go home; cancel all the appointments and give yourself a holiday."

After a moment he heard the melodious voice:

"I was going to tell you, doctor, that I have the offer of another situation; a situation"—the faint voice almost expired— "which I don't think I ought to decline."

"My dear Miss Destouches, if it is for your benefit, you may go at once. Miss Shane or Miss O'Day can try sitting at your desk. And I shall take pleasure in sending round to you this morning a check for an extra month's salary."

"Ah, you are too kind," the voice sighed, in a despairing sort of threnody. He could see her, with his mind's eye, bending over the telephone, her lips close to the receiver. "And I hope, doctor——"

"Yes, a thousand thanks, and the same to you. And if you need any sort of recommendation——"

"Ah, well, I shan't have to trouble you for that."

"That's true; for you are your own recommendation."

The wire clicked and was still. Yes, he would miss her slim, classic figure, her head coifed in pale sunlight, her perfume that had, like herself, a secret temperament. But perhaps above all he would miss her secret thoughts, hovering about him like an unprecipitated danger, to which he might have succumbed—being human, after all—had he not continued to love that unworthy Claire Tamborlayne.

He loafed round the club all morning like a somnambulist. At two o'clock he decided to pick at some food. While so engaged, he was called to the telephone. It was she.

"Yes?" he said, steeling his heart against the onset of her devastating charm. But her voice was cold, remote and businesslike. *(Continued on Page 62)*

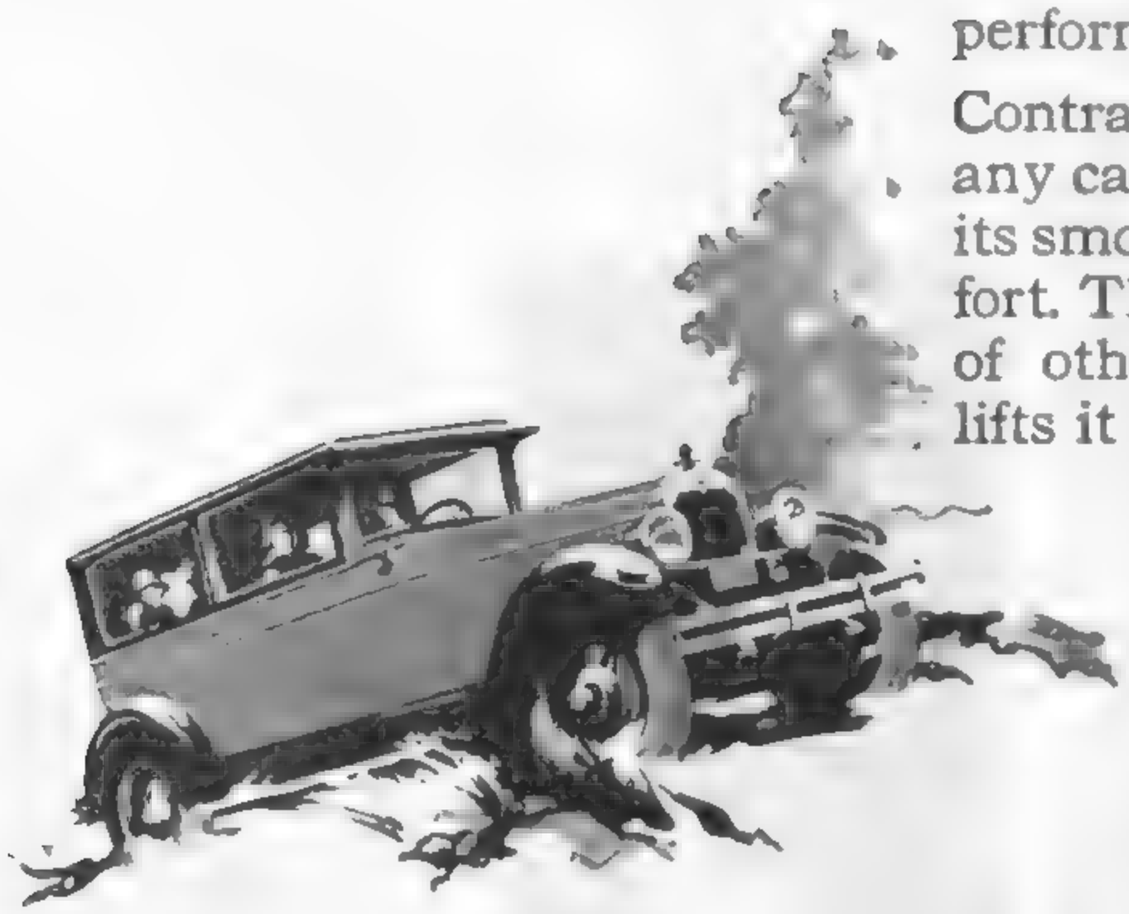
PERFORMANCE REVEALS WHAT PRICE CONCEALS

Performance will prove to you that Oldsmobile is built to deliver satisfaction, and that nothing has been sacrificed to achieve the lure of a low price.

Low price may attract you, but it is only when you drive an Oldsmobile Six that you can realize how far an automobile so moderately priced can exceed your expectations.

No doubt the beauty of Oldsmobile has already won your admiring approval; but not until you actually sit at the wheel—try it on the hills—dart in and out of traffic, can you have any idea of Oldsmobile's performance.

Contrast this Oldsmobile performance with any car you know. Check its acceleration, its smoothness, power, flexibility and comfort. Then you will agree with thousands of others that Oldsmobile performance lifts it far above its price class.



COACH

F. O. B. LANSING, MICH.

$950

OLDSMOBILE SIX

Product of GENERAL MOTORS

End the Heating Nuisance Completely!

Choose A Clock Thermostat

Unless there's a heat regulator in your home, you can't possibly keep the temperature uniform, nor can you eliminate fuel waste. Put a stop to this waste and end the heating nuisance by installing a heat regulator at once. But don't buy only half a regulator. Get complete automatic control by choosing the clock-equipped Minneapolis.

The "MINNEAPOLIS" HEAT REGULATOR for COAL—GAS—OIL

does far more than keep the temperature uniform. The clock shuts down the fire at night, and starts it up early in the morning so the rooms are warm to dress in. It costs less to be comfortable than to be without the Minneapolis. Millions of dollars' worth of fuel—coal, gas, oil—will be saved this winter by Minneapolis users.

Dependable for 40 Years

When you purchase the Minneapolis you are buying a dependable, long-life service. The Minneapolis is equally successful on all types of heating plants. It's the original automatic heat regulator, invented 40 years ago. Insist on the time-proved Minneapolis—clock equipped!

Mail the Coupon for free booklet.

Minneapolis Heat Regulator Co., (Est 1885) 2803 Fourth Ave. So.,—Minneapolis, Minn.

Please send me your free booklet, "The Proper Operation of the Home Heating Plant", and full information on the subject of automatic heat control. I have checked the kind of fuel I am now using or have under consideration.

Coal— Oil— Gas— District Steam—

Name

Address

(Continued from Page 60)

"I hate calling you up, Rufus; but I'm leaving with mother for New York tomorrow morning; and here's your ring and your Clinical Electrocardiography, and I'd like to return them."

"To New York, you say?"

"Yes. Mother's so delighted! Perhaps I'd better hand them to you myself. Please don't misunderstand me. My feeling for you is quite dead and our little affair is over. I don't want you to try for a reconciliation."

"I assure you that I won't."

"That relieves me very much. Then suppose you drive out Wilshire Boulevard. I'll be walking beyond the hotel on your side of the street. You need only stop long enough for me to toss the things into your car. In half an hour, say?"

So in half an hour he drew up by the curb beside his ex-fiancée.

As though to give him a full idea of what he had lost, she wore an amber frock of silk crêpe striped with various other colors and heavily folded in front. Over this confection she had a full-sleeved coat of serge, burnt umber in its hue. A small burnt-umber hat was jammed down over her ears; her neck was encircled by a strand of topazes cut into many facets. This choice of colors permitted her to carry the brown-and-yellow beaded bag of destiny. But she was not silly enough to be wearing a flower.

With both hands, incased in gloves of amber kid, she proffered a package tied up in white tissue paper.

"The ring's inside somewhere," she informed him carelessly. "Don't look at me; I look terribly today. After all, why shouldn't you? It's merely that I've been ill."

It was true that she had under her magical eyes two faint purplish streaks.

"What's been the matter?"

"Oh, nothing but indigestion—of nervous origin. My doctor"—she stole an inquisitive look at him—"told me not to eat a single thing today, but to get the air. So that's why I'm here—waiting for a taxi to come along; for I'm too weak to get the air by walking."

She smiled pathetically, drooping like a tired flower, resting her dainty hand against the side of the car.

"You'd better get in here before you fall down on the street."

"Perhaps I had," she assented faintly. "I don't think I could possibly walk back to the hotel. And a lot of men have been slowing up and tooting their horns at me. Oh, how I hate men!"

He was driving fast out Wilshire Boulevard.

"So you're going back to Mortimer, hey?"

"Yes, it appears to be for the best. I'll hardly ever see him anyway. But I'm not sorry to have come to Los Angeles. I've learned a lot here. . . . You don't look very well to me, Rufus. Did you get drunk last night?"

"Not likely!" he retorted, nearly shaving the side off a bus. "I'll leave that to your rediscovered affinity in New York."

He drove for a while at forty miles an hour.

"This is so much more pleasant," she mused, "now that we're no longer in love with each other. Everything is so calm and uneventful now. I could never have married you, poor dear! Imagine what it would have been!"

"Yes," he rejoined—at forty-five miles an hour, "it's lucky we woke up in time."

"It seems very close in this car. I hope I'm not going to faint."

"It's because of your perfume," he flung at her with an unanticipated outburst of indignation. "You must have taken a bath in it this morning."

"Bath, indeed! I just put one drop way down the neck of my frock."

He made the car do fifty miles an hour. They turned, on two wheels, into San Vicente Boulevard, which runs westward to the ocean. Under the turquoise sky, the plain, dotted all over with small bright houses, stretched back to the green villa-speckled foothills, beyond which the mountains rose up in amethyst and gold. Ahead, above the still-invisible sea, hung a rose-madder haziness, where a fog was gathering.

"Oh," Claire Tamborlayne cried, smacking her hands together, "I haven't told you a word about the fire!"

She began excitedly:

"You see, when I got up this morning I was kind of shaky. Mother was downstairs seeing about the tickets to New York, and I was lying on the chaise longue with my nervous indigestion. And all at once I said to myself, 'I'm through with love forever, and all its souvenirs.' So I got a big tin cracker box and put it in the bathtub and began to burn up those skimpy, stilted, half dozen notes that you had written me. And when I'd burned them I decided to make a clean sweep. So I got out all the other love letters that I had kicking around—I mean, from other men; yes, from all the other men who'd loved me—in nice, neat bundles, each bundle tied up with a different-colored ribbon so that I could tell which was which."

"Many bundles?" Rufus Delliver muttered weakly.

"Oh, lots of them! And some of them very thick ones. Well, so I started to burn them all in the big tin cracker box. And I piled them in and piled them in, ruthlessly—and suddenly the blaze was roaring clear up to the ceiling! And all the bath towels burned up! And when I turned on the water, the bathtub cracked in two; and smoke and millions of black specks poured out of the windows, and I ran into the corridor screaming for help. And all the people crashed out of their rooms in whatever they had on. And one woman, who had been taking her bath, came out wearing her bath mat. In fact, the whole business was simply unspeakable; and I already ill with nervous indigestion. Oh, Rufie, if only you could have been there with me in that frenzy of excitement! But every last letter was consumed to ashes. So now I'm through with love and all its tokens."

She began to laugh wildly.

"Calm yourself!" he commanded.

"Pooh! You'd be flighty, too, if you were starving to death."

With a twist of the wheel he brought the car round in front of a pleasant-looking cottage set back from the boulevard. On the smooth lawn, which was divided by a pathway of flat stones, a sign stood up, announcing:

THE GILDED SCONE
LUNCHEONS, TEAS, DINNERS

"This afternoon," Doctor Delliver said, "you are under my professional care. You are coming in here to eat a lot of food. I think I could eat some myself."

He propelled her across the lawn and into the Gilded Scone. It looked like the living room in a nice little country house. There were old-fashioned tables and chairs arranged as if for a card party, gay curtains at the windows, proper pictures on the walls, and a large stone fireplace with books on the mantelpiece, and two sofas drawn up, one on each side of the hearth. Such a demure little girl with velvety brown eyes came out from behind a screen to welcome them. And there was not a soul partaking of refreshments, because lunchtime had passed, and it was not yet teatime. They sat down on one of the sofas before the fireplace.

"What time does your train leave tomorrow?"

"Eleven in the morning."

"I must send you some flowers and fruit."

"That's like you, Rufus. You always have been so considerate."

"I suppose he knows you're coming back to him?"

"No; I thought it would be funnier to surprise him."

"Yes, with his famous sense of humor, no doubt he'll be able to appreciate that joke."

She had stripped off her gloves; her hands had appeared like an unprecedented phenomenon, plump and fresh, the pointed nails filled with white. She had tossed her hat aside; her blue-black hair was revealed for the last time, newly shingled, artfully curled, the heavy bang all lustrous and alive. Her black eyebrows seemed to have been arched by the finest brush of Raphael or someone. Her gemlike rouged lips, vivid against the pallor of her face, were parted, no doubt in anticipation of food. And the breath of this poor girl who had eaten nothing all day was laden with a slightly feverish strangeness, which Rufus found entrancing because it was part of that ever-varying miracle called Claire.

"And so," he said, with his heart in his boots, "it's here that we say good-by."

"Yes, let's say our good-bys here."

They joined their hands in a firm, friendly clasp. Their fingers twined together, as though impelled by an independent intelligence greater than their own. They leaned toward each other on the sofa before the empty hearth; and Claire surrendered herself to his kiss.

"Oh, darling, we ought never to quarrel like this!"

"Oh, darling, how you made me suffer this time!"

"That's over now forever. Let me put your ring on your finger. Wear it at least while we're here."

"Yes, while we're eating. Nobody will ever know ——"

And just as he was slipping on her finger the ring of the square emerald, the door opened, and in the doorway appeared Miss Destouches and Monsieur de St.-Jacques d'Angély, at large on their holiday.

The intruders perceived the tableau on the sofa. They looked at each other in awe. Then they looked at the floor and the ceiling. They seemed to be saying to themselves, "This can't possibly be the place." The door came shut and they were gone.

"Oh, Rufie," Claire gurgled, "you were sublime when you pulled his nose! My champion! My hero! I think I never really loved till then." She hurled herself back into his arms. "How I worship you now!" she cried.

"And I'll deserve it," Rufus grandly vowed, "by never being cruel to you again."

She reflected on this. She hid a peculiar smile against his collar. Her voice muffled, she objected innocently:

"But the way we're situated, if we didn't quarrel, what moral right would we have to these unbridled reconciliations?"

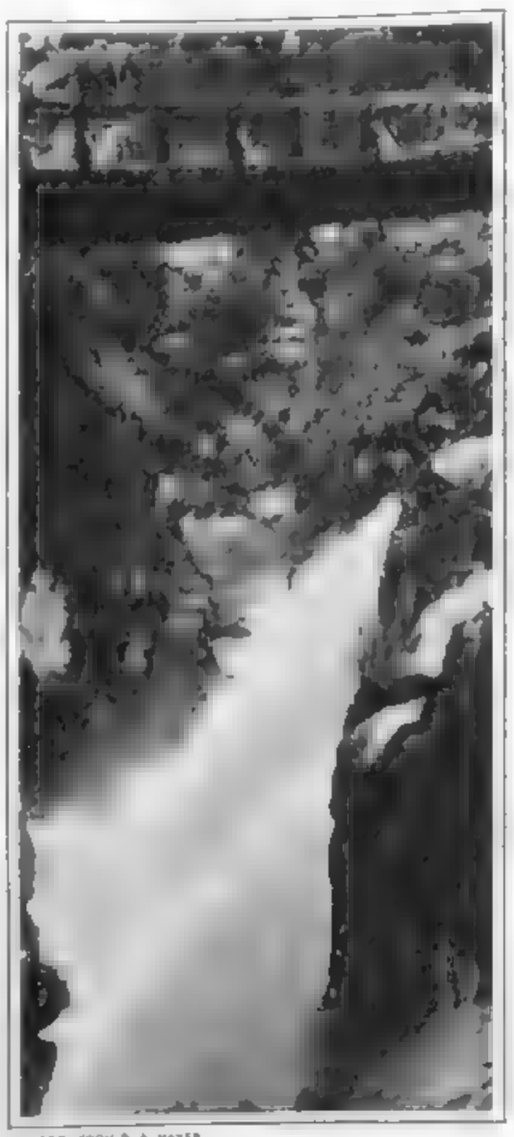


PHOTO. FROM D. A. HAYES

Sol Duc Falls on Soleduck River, Olympic National Forest, Washington

AT HOME

IN THE spring of 1923 Mrs. Bond, of Park Avenue, wore one of the first of the new tailleurs to be seen in New York. . . . In 1924 this tailored suit swept the country. But Mrs. Bond was wearing, in 1924, the new ensemble of matching frock and coat. Later it dominated the mode of 1925. . . . What is Mrs Bond wearing now? Well, you may be sure that whatever it is, it will later be sold by millions, to millions.

For Mrs. Bond is one of the key-people of the country. She belongs to that group of about 500,000 men and women who influence, to a marked degree, the communities in which they live. They have the leisure and the means to cultivate the decorative side of life They originate new activities. They develop new interests. And their example is noted throughout our social fabric.

This is the section of the public that plays an important part in determining *today* what we shall wear, eat, play or ride in *tomorrow* They sponsor a fashion, they find new places of amusement, and sooner or later the world follows. For fashions in clothes, styles in decoration, and accepted changes in manners or customs begin in this social stratum. New and pleasanter ways of living originate among these people, to be modified later as they are adopted by the public.

So heavy is the demand upon their time and wealth that such people are almost inaccessible. Solicitors, representatives and salesmen seldom see them

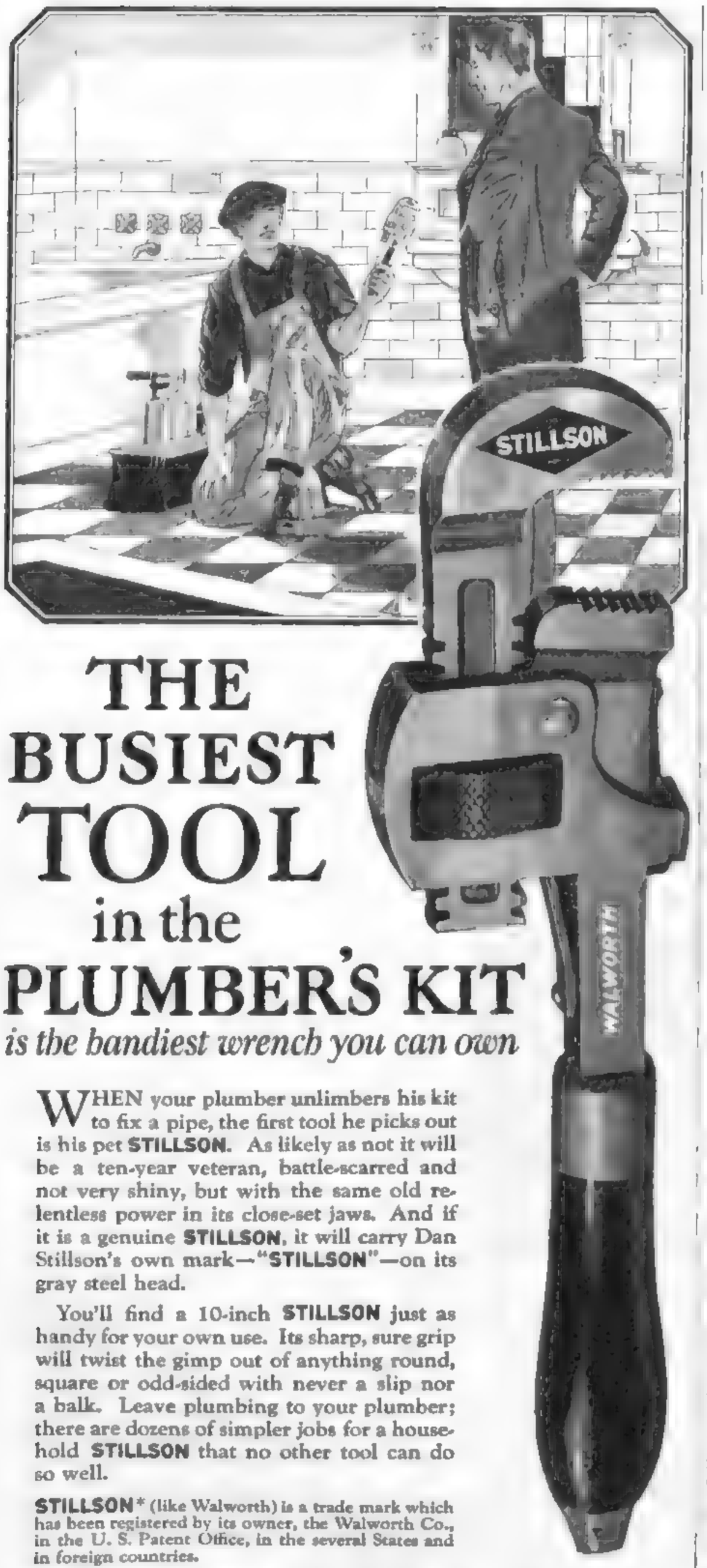
But the daily newspaper, carefully folded, appears regularly on their library tables. And the postman with the magazines has the entrée even to the greatest houses.

The advertiser who wishes to command the tremendous influence of the wealthy class, or who has a product that meets its needs, can reach it as surely as he can reach any other section of the public. For the magic of the printed page swings the bronze doors wide. And any name or any trade-mark may enter, past the butler, into the homes, and into the lives of the people whose bare approval is a business asset.

N. W. AYER & SON

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS, PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO



THE BUSIEST TOOL in the PLUMBER'S KIT

is the handiest wrench you can own

WHEN your plumber unlimbers his kit to fix a pipe, the first tool he picks out is his pet **STILLSON.** As likely as not it will be a ten-year veteran, battle-scarred and not very shiny, but with the same old relentless power in its close-set jaws. And if it is a genuine **STILLSON**, it will carry Dan Stillson's own mark—"**STILLSON**"—on its gray steel head.

You'll find a 10-inch **STILLSON** just as handy for your own use. Its sharp, sure grip will twist the gimp out of anything round, square or odd-sided with never a slip nor a balk. Leave plumbing to your plumber; there are dozens of simpler jobs for a household **STILLSON** that no other tool can do so well.

STILLSON* (like Walworth) is a trade mark which has been registered by its owner, the Walworth Co., in the U. S. Patent Office, in the several States and in foreign countries.

WALWORTH STILLSON*

"The Handy Helper in Every Home"

WALWORTH COMPANY, Boston, Mass. — *Sales Units and Distributors in Principal Cities of the World* — Plants at Boston, Greensburg, Pa., Kewanee, Ill., and Attalla, Ala.

EVIDENCE

(Continued from Page 31)

particular hell, I heard. And they say, too, that lately Bain's always playing golf with Mrs. Falconer."

"Gossip—rumors," said the district attorney. "No good as evidence."

"I think," said Dan Daly, "I could prove that Falconer didn't treat his wife any too well, and that Bain liked her."

"What if you could?"

"And I could prove, I guess, that Falconer, though he hasn't any too good a reputation himself where women are concerned, didn't like it a bit."

"Even so, where would it get you?"

"Well, it's a motive, ain't it?" said Dan Daly. "If I was on a jury, I wouldn't ask any better evidence than what we've got right here. Falconer hates Bain. He asks him to come to his house. They have a row. Falconer follows Bain out and hits him with his stick. If that ain't a clear case, Mr. Hoyt, you can safely call me a Chinaman, which I certainly ain't."

"I'm afraid," said the district attorney, trying not to show his exasperation, "that I'll have to call you a Chinaman, chief. This is no open-and-shut case, with everything on the surface. Anyone with a brain in his head"—the district attorney looked steadily at the chief—"can see that."

"I don't," said Dan Daly.

"Think!" said the district attorney. "Does George Falconer look like a fool? Did he get to be a rich man and a political power and a mighty clever lawyer by being a fool? Look at him. Smartness and coolness are written all over him. He's noted for being just about as brainy and level-headed as they make them."

"I ain't saying he ain't," said Dan Daly.

"Now look at the facts," went on the district attorney. "Suppose we grant that it is generally believed that Falconer had a grudge against Bain. Bain is found murdered at Falconer's very door. He was struck down by Falconer's own stick, the ownership of which he readily admits. No attempt was made to hide the body or the stick. Footprints are found near by which seem to have been made by Falconer. No attempt was made to obliterate them, although that would have been the work of a few seconds. Then in Falconer's hall—in plain sight, mind you—is found a coat on which, according to Cullen, there are blood-stains. Perhaps they are. Does that look as if Falconer did it?"

"Yes, it looks that way to me."

"Nonsense! Don't you get it?"

"Yes," said Dan Daly; "and so will a jury."

"The very facts that you think prove him guilty, prove him innocent," exclaimed the exasperated district attorney. "To a man with a shred of intelligence, it's as clear as that moon up there that this is a frame-up. Mr. Falconer has enemies—political enemies and, I suppose, some husbands too. One of them, who thought he was pretty clever, did this. It wouldn't be a hard job to get hold of Falconer's stick, coat and shoes, and plant evidence against him. But the man who did this wasn't really smart. He laid it on too thick. He did not foresee that nobody would believe that Falconer would do so clumsy and obvious a job. We've got to find that man, chief." Dan Daly shook his head.

"I ain't going to look for him," he said "I ain't got the time to fool with theories and such things. Facts is facts. I got facts enough to hang Falconer. I don't want to do it, but I got to."

The district attorney's temper had been slipping for some time, and now it got away from him.

"Chief," he said, "you're an old fool. What's more, you're a lazy old fool. The real reason you won't see what actually happened is because you think if you make out some sort of case against Falconer, you won't have to do any more work. You know no more about psychology and criminology than a bull knows about algebra. The obvious—that's all you can see." Old Dan Daly blinked.

"Young man," he said mildly, "I guess mebbe you're a little excited. I been a policeman forty years and I've always found that when a watch is stolen, and you find it in some other man's pocket, that man stole the watch. It didn't get there by no criminalology or physiology. According to what evidence I've got, Mr. Falconer is the guilty party, no matter who or what he is."

"If you're going to be bullheaded about it, I suppose I can't stop you," said the district attorney. "It's not my funeral. The case will never come to trial. And don't forget this, chief: George Falconer is a powerful man and he has a short way of dealing with people who get in his way. He'll smash you as if you were a fly. I think, maybe, the town of Oldport could struggle along somehow if you lost your job, but could you?"

Dan Daly puckered his fat face and concentrated on this new idea.

"I guess you're right," said the chief of police. "Mr. Falconer is a bad buzz saw to monkey with, all right. If he ain't the guilty party, he'll come down on me like a ton of brick. Even if he is guilty, I guess he'll have enough influence to have me thrown out on my ear."

"Then you're going to drop this line you're following and look for the real criminal?"

"Wait a bit," said Dan Daly. "I ain't said nothing. I was just thinking out loud. Say, Mr. Hoyt, if I lost my job, I could get a pension, couldn't I?"

"There's no provision in the town charter for one."

"But mebbe they could fix it to give me one."

"With Falconer against you? What a chance!"

"Golly," said Dan Daly, "that's sort of tough on me. Well, mebbe I could get a job as a night watchman."

"Do you mean to say you're going through with this?"

"I got to," said Dan Daly. "Facts is facts."

The district attorney threw up his hands.

"I might just as well argue with a stone wall as with you," he said. "Your facts aren't worth a nickel."

"I got something more than facts," said Dan Daly.

"What?"

"A hunch," said Dan Daly. "I guess mebbe that was the real reason that made me think Falconer done it."

"What are you talking about?"

"You see, Mr. Hoyt, when I was poking around in the bushes near the house, Mrs. Falconer came out and I heard what he said to her."

"So did I. All he said to her was to go back into the house. Any man would have said the same thing under the circumstances."

"Yes, mebbe," said Dan Daly. "But he wouldn't have said it in the same way. Mr. Hoyt, I'm sixty-three years old and I've seen a lot of folks in my time, and I know a thing or two about what's going on inside 'em. Now I seen the look Falconer gave his wife, and I seen the look she gave him, and I seen she was scared to death of him, and I heard the way he spoke to her, and that's enough for me."

"Your intuition will make wonderful evidence in a court room, chief. If the case ever comes to trial, Falconer's lawyers will make an ass of you—and they should."

"That ain't worrying me," said Dan Daly. "Lots of folks has made fun of me."

He turned from the district attorney and approached George Falconer.

"Mr. Falconer."

"Well, Daly?"

"I'd like to ask you a couple of questions."

"Go ahead. But make them brief, please. I'd like to get back to bed."

(Continued on Page 66)

Old STEINWAY HALL

For half a century, old Steinway Hall was one of the musical centers of New York. Hundreds of celebrities in the world of music have been welcomed at old Steinway Hall both as artists and as friends of the Steinway family.

For true economy

ALFRED CORTOT
uses the Steinway exclusively

No ONE can compute the value of the pleasure that the Steinway gives. No one can measure the educational advantages that the Steinway brings. No one can estimate the worth of the glorious music that finds its full beauty in the singing, golden tone of the Steinway piano. But everyone can know the prices and terms required to purchase the Steinway. And everyone can figure the actual money value of the return which each Steinway makes to its owner.

Divide the price of your chosen model by twenty years. Divide it by thirty years. Divide it by *forty* years. And you will begin to realize, as so many thousands of music lovers have realized before you, the true economy that lies in buying the best. Always the cheapest in the end. Always the most satisfactory. Always the assurance of the greatest return.

When the Steinway family assures you that "you need never buy another piano," they mean exactly what they say. Decade after decade, generation after generation, the value of the proved design and true workmanship becomes more and more apparent. The worth of the integrity, knowledge and skill of four generations of the Steinway family becomes plainly evident to even the most casual observer.

Each year the public recognizes these facts in increasing numbers. Each year thousands of people with modest means and limited incomes add their names to the long roll of Steinway owners. And though the Steinway is chosen by Paderewski, Hofmann, Rachmaninoff and hundreds of the most notable figures in the world of music, even this long list of celebrities is but a fraction of the total number of those who choose and buy the Steinway piano.

The Steinway is made in various styles and sizes to fit the acoustic conditions of your home and the limitations of your income.

It is sold at the lowest possible price as a matter of principle. It may be had upon the most convenient terms. If you have real regard for excellence, and the economy that it implies, you will follow the example of the greatest pianists, the shrewdest buyers, and those particularly admirable people who carefully considered the family budget before purchasing . . . and you will become a member of the most celebrated group in the world of music—the owners of the Steinway.

There is a Steinway dealer in your community or near you through whom you may purchase a new Steinway piano with a small cash deposit, and the balance will be extended over a period of two years. *Used pianos accepted in partial exchange.

Prices: $875 *and up* f.o.b. factory

STEINWAY & SONS, STEINWAY HALL
109 W. 57th Street, New York

STEINWAY

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

New STEINWAY HALL
109 W. 57th St., New York

New Steinway Hall is one of the handsomest buildings on a street noted for finely designed business structures. As a center of music, it will extend the Steinway tradition to the new generations of music lovers.

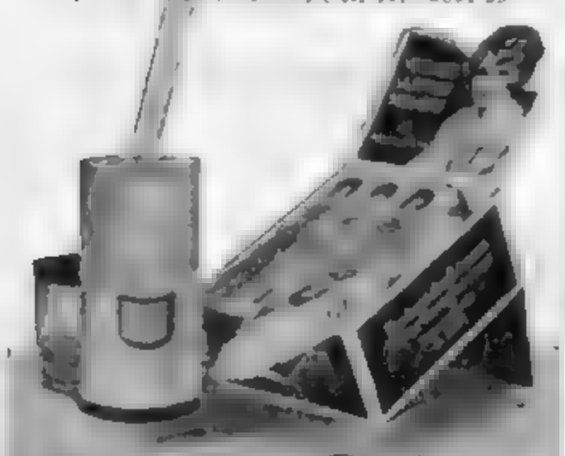
Add Distinction to Every Party

WHATEVER the occasion or the time, whenever you serve refreshing drinks, golden-tinted Stone's Straws will add a touch of original daintiness to every drink. The clever hostess always uses them.

Children like milk through Stone's Straws. They prevent gulping, thereby aiding digestion. Machine made, they are absolutely sanitary. Always use Stone's Straws at the Soda Fountain. Get the convenient 10c Home Package from your druggist today.

Dealers: Always order STONE'S STRAW by name.

The Stone Straw Co



Get the Home Package at your Druggist's 10¢

(Continued from Page 64)

"Mr. Falconer, it ain't because I want to that I'm asking you this—it's because I have to."

"Well?"

"Mr. Falconer, did you kill Edwin Bain?"

For a second George Falconer did not answer. He appeared to be trying to decide whether to be irritated or amused. He glanced questioningly at the district attorney.

"Sorry, Mr. Falconer," said Hoyt, "but the chief has the right to handle this case in his own way. He can ask you any questions his wisdom and experience suggest—and you can answer them or not, as you see fit."

Then Mr. Falconer decided to be amused by the proceedings.

"Why, yes, I did it," he said. "How did you ever find it out?"

Dan Daly was impervious to irony.

"I'm sorry you done it, Mr. Falconer," he said, "but I'm glad you're man enough to admit it. I guess there ain't nothing else for me to do but ask you to put on your clothes and step down to the station house with me."

Mr. Falconer was finding it hard to take the matter as a joke. His voice was acidulous as he said, "Daly, I hope you realize the seriousness of what you are doing, and the consequence it may entail."

"I do, all right, Mr. Falconer. It ain't no picnic for me neither. But what can I do, considering the evidence against you?"

"What evidence?"

"Well, that's your stick, ain't it?"

"I've already said it was," said George Falconer carelessly.

"Well, then, Mr. Falconer, how did it get where I found it?"

"I haven't the faintest notion. I haven't used it for weeks. Last time I remember seeing it, it was in my cane rack with my other sticks."

"But," said Dan Daly earnestly, "a stick doesn't get up and walk out of a house and hit a man."

"Maybe it was black magic," said George Falconer, with a side glance at the district attorney. "It's an Irish stick, you know. Perhaps it's bewitched."

"Well," said Dan Daly, after digesting this suggestion, "that's something you'd have to prove in court, Mr. Falconer. Now answer me this, please: You didn't like Edwin Bain, did you?"

"Bain and I were not friends," said George Falconer promptly.

"Was Bain in your house this evening?"

"He was."

"What was he doing there?"

"I invited him to call on me."

"Why?"

"To talk over a private matter."

"What private matter?"

George Falconer hesitated; then he said, "I'm going to answer your questions with complete frankness, in the interests of justice, and to convince you I have nothing to conceal. My business with Bain was to tell him I had heard rumors that he had been seeing too much of my wife. He assured me, and indeed convinced me, that these rumors were based on idle gossip. I advised him to act in the future so there would be not the slightest ground for further gossip."

"You mean you warned him he'd better stay away from your wife."

"You have an admirably direct way of putting things, chief. I did not warn Mr. Bain; I merely suggested the danger of creating false impressions, and he agreed with me."

"You had a row with him, didn't you?"

"I'd hardly call it that."

"Words, then?"

"We spoke frankly to each other, if that is what you mean."

"You were both mad."

"No. Both Mr. Bain and myself kept our tempers."

"What time did he leave the house?"

"At ten minutes past eleven."

"How are you sure of the time, Mr. Falconer?"

"I noticed it by the grandfather's clock in the front hall."

"Why were you in the front hall?"

"The servants had gone to bed, so I, myself, showed Mr. Bain to the door."

Dan Daly turned to the patrolman.

"Cullen, hand me that coat."

The officer did so.

"Is this your coat, Mr. Falconer?" the chief asked.

"I believe it is."

"How do you explain this?"

Dan Daly pointed. By the light on the veranda, two dark spots were visible on the coat. George Falconer examined them.

"By Jove," he exclaimed, "they look like bloodstains!"

"They are," said Dan Daly. "How did they get there?"

"I have no idea. It's an old coat. I thought it was hanging in the hall for the past few weeks. It is possible someone—borrowed it. I can't be sure."

"And how," continued Dan Daly, "do you explain the footprint I found near the body before you came out?"

"I don't."

"It's yours, Mr. Falconer."

"You say it is, chief. I'll take your word for it. Of course the fact that it was made with one of my shoes does not prove that my foot was in the shoe."

"That's how footprints are generally made, Mr. Falconer. Well, I'm sorry, but I'm afraid I must place you under arrest."

George Falconer had ceased to be amused. He was not angry, but he was considerably annoyed, and he showed it as he addressed the chief in sharp, cold tones.

"Daly, you seem to have a low opinion of my intelligence."

"I ain't saying nothing about your intelligence, Mr. Falconer—not a thing," answered Dan Daly. "All I'm doing is going by the evidence."

Mr. Falconer's voice grew sharper, colder.

"So you think I'm fool enough to ask a man I didn't like to my house and knock him on the head on my own veranda, leave my stick, footprints and bloodstained coat where they'd be found, and go to bed and wait to be arrested!"

"I'm not saying anything against you personally, Mr. Falconer. I just have to arrest you, that's all. The evidence makes me."

"Heavens above, Daly, use your head! Try to see beyond the end of your nose. Give me credit for at least a grain of sense."

"Mr. Falconer, evidence is evidence," said Dan Daly regretfully. "That's all I got to go by. Now please get dressed and come with me."

"This is an outrage!" stormed Mr. Falconer. He was angry now. "And you're a blind fool. Hoyt, can't you do anything about this?"

"I'm afraid not, Mr. Falconer," the district attorney said. "I tried to convince the chief he was making a mistake. But you know the chief. He's got an idea he ought to arrest you, and the only way to get an idea in his head or out of it is with dynamite. Nothing I can do."

"Very well, then," said George Falconer, stiff with rage. "I'll play the suspect for you tonight, Daly; but tomorrow will be a different story. Give me fifteen minutes to get dressed and telephone my attorney."

"Take as long as you like, Mr. Falconer," said Dan Daly.

District Attorney Hoyt was in a deep blue funk. The case of the State against Falconer was coming up soon. The district attorney knew he had to try for a conviction; that was his duty; but he did not relish the task.

"You've wished a sweet job on me, chief," he said, as he was conferring with Dan Daly in his office. "I've got to go into court and face a battery of the best trial lawyers in the country with a joke case. I'll be lucky if the judge doesn't try to have me disbarred."

"We got evidence," said Dan Daly. "The stick, the footprint, the coat ——"

He said it in the tone of a man repeating something for the twentieth time.

"The jury will laugh at such evidence," predicted the district attorney. "I've got just one chance in a thousand of getting a conviction—just one chance."

"What's that, Mr. Hoyt?" questioned Dan Daly.

"*If* I can possibly get a jury," said the district attorney bitterly, "as dumb as my principal witness."

"But ain't I your principal witness?" asked Dan Daly.

"God help me, you are!" said the district attorney.

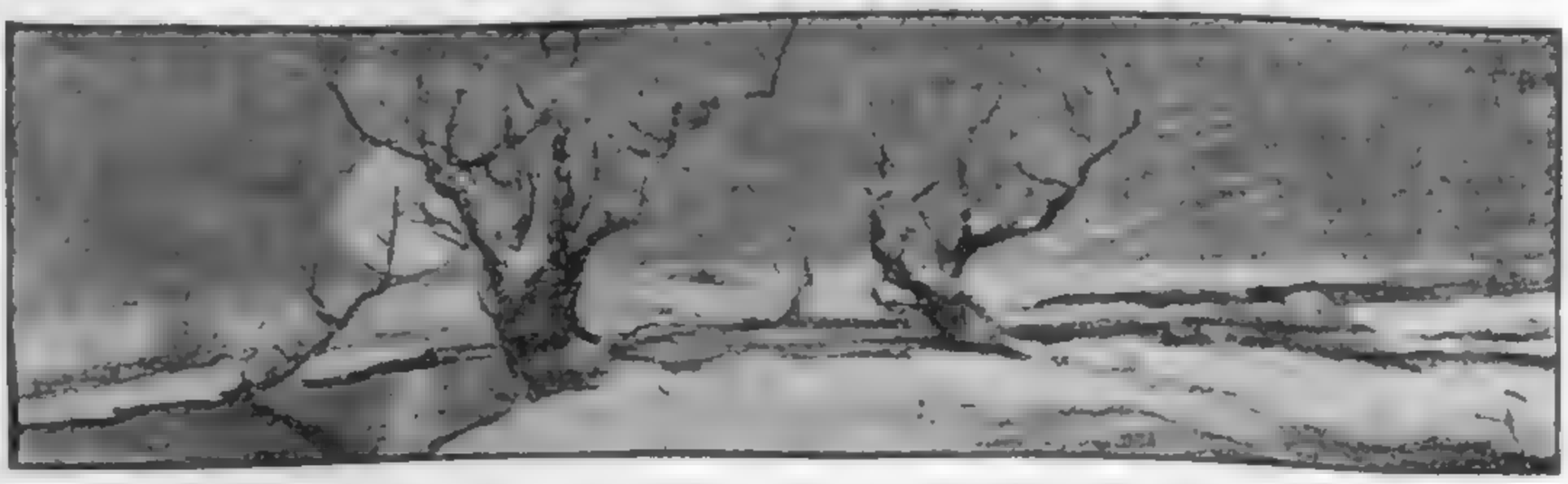
In the court room, at the trial, Dan Daly told his story. He produced the blackthorn stick, the bloodstained coat, a photograph of the footprint. He testified that George Falconer had said that Edwin Bain and he were enemies.

"That's our case," said the district attorney, and sat down with a wry face. He surveyed the faces of the jurymen. A prize lot, he thought. In selecting the jury, Mr. Hoyt had been guided by one simple principle—he had picked the men who in appearance and manner most resembled Dan Daly.

When the jury came in with its verdict, the two most surprised men in the court were George Falconer and the district attorney—for the verdict was guilty.

The gray morning of the ninth of January came for George Falconer at last. In his cell he waited. In another hour they would come for him. Well, he would stick it out. He would keep his nerve to the end. He sat down on his bunk and muttered again and again:

"How could I have foreseen that anybody would be as abysmally dumb as Daly? How could I have figured on such utter stupidity? What an imbecile world this is, when fools can hang an intelligent man."



The New, Easy, Electric Way to have Beautiful Waxed Floors

Quickly, *without Stooping or Kneeling*

IT ISN'T necessary to refinish your floors every year or two—at considerable expense and trouble. Try the Johnson Wax treatment and you will be astonished at the ease with which they can be *made* and *kept* beautiful. It takes only a few minutes—and *afterwards* your floors will require but half the care.

Just spread on a thin, even coat of Johnson's Polishing Wax with a Lamb's-wool Mop. This cleans the floor and deposits a protecting wax film which is quickly brought to a beautiful lustre with the Electric Floor Polisher. This Johnson Wax treatment takes only a short time and there is no hard work—no messy rags and pails—it doesn't even soil your hands.

Waxed floors are a constant pleasure and satisfaction in homes, clubs, hotels, offices, hospitals, schools and public buildings. They are so rich looking—have such an artistic lustre—they are so easy to care for—and their upkeep is less than with any other finish. Then waxed floors are convenient—your rooms aren't upset for days at a time. And *now* you can have them without the slightest effort.

Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher

This wonderful new machine polishes floors ten times faster than any other method. It actually runs itself—you just guide it with the fingertips. It is simple—nothing to get out of order. Light in weight—only 9 lbs. Runs from any lamp socket. It polishes under davenports, desks, cabinets and other low pieces without moving them.

The price of the Electric Polisher is only $42.50—[in Canada $48.50] and with each Polisher is given Free a $1.50 Lambs-wool Mop and a pint of Johnson's Liquid Wax. Your dealer can supply you or we will send you one express prepaid.

Or Rent It for $2.00 a Day

At your neighborhood store you can rent a Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher and in just a few hours beautify all your floors and linoleum. *Merchants, write us for our business building plan.*

S. C. JOHNSON & SON *"The Floor Finishing Authorities"* RACINE, WIS.

JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX

NO THOROUGHFARE

(Continued from Page 29)

"What call have you got to mix in things?"

"I don't like him." Sam hesitated. "Besides, he busted up my car."

"You know," Bill suggested, "he must have thought you was somebody else, the way he acted. Wasn't any reason he should hand you money unless he thought you was somebody else."

"He saw who I was," Sam reminded him.

"That was when he nailed you," Bill agreed. "But he didn't the first time." He placidly filled his pipe. "Sheriff Budd there when you got home?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"Tell him about it?"

"Yes," Sam assented.

"What'd he think?"

Sam considered for a moment, trying to remember. He had attached no particular importance to the sheriff's attitude.

"Seemed to bother him," he replied.

Bill nodded. "Should think it would," he agreed.

"Why?"

"There you go," the fat man grinned. "Asking questions again. You're too numerous for me, Sam." Sam chuckled. "It'll be a relief to be rid of you."

"How's that?" Sam asked.

"I'm getting out," Bill explained. "Back on the job again."

"Thought you figured to look the country over some. See where you used to live. Where was that, Bill?"

"Too hot," Bill told him. "I'm moving on. Guess I'll come back next winter sometime."

"Be cold enough for you then," Sam assented, and got into the car. "When you going?"

"Day or two," Bill replied. "I'll see you again. Better keep away from Lin Ruble, Sam. He looks to me like he could handle himself."

"I'll handle him," Sam promised, and drove away. Bill looked after him, a thoughtful uncertainty in his eyes.

"First, the girls into it," he said to himself, "and then Sam. Now I wonder what Sloughter will do about that. I wonder; I surely do."

He drifted back into the store for another bottle of birch beer, and Sam drove down the road toward the garage, listening with an expert ear to the murmur of the engine, satisfied with its even song.

In the garage he began to transfer his parcels from this car to his own, and Millie came out through the shed to tell him dinner was ready.

"What you doing?" she asked.

Sam told her indifferently, something defensive in his tone.

"Been pretty busy this morning," she said. "I don't know as you can get away."

"Rush will quiet down by the middle of the afternoon, except gas and oil. You can tend to that; you and Buck."

"You'll be running in there all the time now," she warned him. "Till they tell you to keep away."

"When they tell me I'll let you know," he retorted defiantly.

"Well," she said, "dinner's ready anyway." And turned back into the house.

Sam was right in predicting that there would be less business during the afternoon. But even if this had not been the case he would have persuaded himself that it was so, that he was justified in leaving; for he was more and more impatient to turn again into that disused road. There were two or three things he meant to examine more closely, and he did not conceal from himself the fact that he was anxious to see the two girls again.

About two o'clock, in a lull, he said to Buck, "Well, I'll run along."

Buck asked, "Where you going?"

"Business," Sam said. "Some stuff to deliver. I told Mulhe I was going."

"Don't know as I can handle things," Buck protested.

Sam grinned. "You'll get along if you stick to it," he told Buck. "Tell Millie if I'm not back to supper not to wait for me."

Buck grunted. "She ain't one to wait," he retorted. "Where you going, Sam? What you got there in the car? What's into you anyway?"

"Go ask Millie," Sam told him derisively. "She can tell you. 'By." He twisted the crank and the engine drowned Buck's further word. As Sam drove out past the house he avoided turning his head, sure that if he did so he must see Millie's face in the window, unwilling to meet her eyes. Once he was on his way he set his face forward and his thoughts cast ahead; he found himself remembering with a keen anticipation the soft loveliness of Nell, the whimsical kindness in her eyes, the roguery in her smile. Little she was, and soft, and gentle; not at all like Millie, who was so stalwart and so strong and stern.

He found the No Thoroughfare sign in place on the ledge at entrance to the old road; it barred the way so that he had to alight and remove it before he could pass. Since he had been able the night before to squeeze past the barrier, this meant that it had been shifted since; and he wondered who had done it. The thing had been moved sometime this morning, perhaps before daylight. He saw faint traces of moisture where the ends of the supports had rested on the ledge. The barrier had been put there while the dew was still heavy then. He drove into the road, and as an afterthought alighted again and replaced the trestle, and went on, the highway immediately obscured behind him, his wheels spinning in the deep sand. He remarked today, what he had not seen before, that where the sand was deepest someone had thrown rough gravel in the ruts, as though to give better traction; and when he came to the first bridge he stopped and confirmed his impression that it had been repaired. The roadway had been mended with old weathered boards, but looking beneath he found heavy timbers fit to support a considerable load.

"You could drive a truck over that," he thought curiously.

He had, while he stood there, an impression of movement in the bushes along the deadwater downstream, and he looked in that direction sidewise, without turning his head. The bushes moved no more, and his engine drowned whatever sound there may have been; yet he trembled a little with the certainty that someone was watching him, with the eagerness of his own curiosity. When he drove on, the matter stayed in his mind and he thought of stopping his car beyond the rise of ground and going back to investigate. But the day was still, no air moving; and whoever had been watching must be able to hear his car for a long way. If he stopped, the watcher would be warned. Sam decided to wait for a further occasion.

Before he came to the next bridge, he marked a spot where a bowlder had been removed from one of the wheel tracks, the hole filled with earth. It occurred to him that for an abandoned road this one offered singularly smooth passage, that the ruts were level and easily followed. This impression his further observation confirmed, and he became more and more convinced that someone had done a good deal of work to make this a practicable route for travel. A short cut, he decided, across the landward end of the neck, a route that would save miles of distance and avoid three towns. But when he passed the first farm, the increasing disrepair of the road beyond testified that no one had done any work here, and he was forced to reject his first opinion. This suggested a solution to the puzzle. Whoever used this road, used it only as far as the farm; and Sam began to plan a vigil at that spot, began to think it would be interesting to spend a day or so in the neighborhood and watch what took place thereabouts. But the succeeding days were to give him no leisure for this enterprise.

He was by this time at the top of the climb and began the descent toward the Delemay place; and as he approached it he forgot his speculations in looking forward to seeing Nell again.

Abruptly the forest gave way to neglected orchards and then to the brush-grown meadow, and he drove into the yard in front of the house. The windows and the doors were open, and the Airedale barked at him, bounding toward the car. Then Nell came out of the kitchen, calling back the dog; and Sam felt his cheeks crimson as he watched her coming.

She was a direct young woman. She held out her hand to greet him; and she said at once, "But, Sam, why do you think I know so much about men?"

VI

SAM stalled the galloping engine and the car quivered and was still, while the dogs made much of the young man and Nell watched with a little smile. He did not answer her challenge, but she saw his hot cheeks, and she said insistently:

"You don't think I'm a flirt, Sam?"

He shook his head protestingly, unable to find words for his own defense.

"I brought the groceries you-all wanted," he explained, and began to gather into his arms bundles from the car.

"I've worried about that," Nell told him, "ever since you were here. You shouldn't say things like that and then drive away before I can talk to you about them, Sam."

He was uneasy at being here alone with her; felt himself curiously defenseless. The dogs were insufficient protection.

"Where's Miss Delemay?" he asked.

Nell was helping him fill his arms; she followed him toward the house with a burden or two of her own.

"She's gone for a walk," she explained. "She's gone down the road to the brook below here. We're trying to find a place where we can swim. Do you like swimming, Sam?"

Sam nodded, his chin propped on a can of coffee which topped his load.

"Swim every morning in the cove," he explained.

"Salt water's sticky though," she urged.

"I like it," he insisted.

"What I want to find," she told him, "is a nice little pool in the woods, with mossy bowlders all around it, and a waterfall, and sand on the bottom. Do you know any place like that, Sam?"

"You don't want to go down to the river, do you?"

She shook her head, unloading the bundles from his arms and arranging them on the kitchen table.

"No," she said. "No, we want a pool in a little brook somewhere." She added, "You see, I want to paint a place like that. I can make it up and paint it if I have to, but it's better to find just what you want and then paint it from life."

His arms were empty and he returned for another load, the dogs assisting at the ceremony. Lady, the setter, quietly disappeared; and Nell would have called her back but the dog refused to come.

"She's gone to find Peg," Nell explained. "She's Peg's dog. The others like us both, but Lady will follow Peg every time. Peg's an awfully sweet girl, don't you think so, Sam?"

Sam felt that something was expected of him.

"I think you're both mighty nice," he told her; and she laughed softly, as though pleased with him.

"But I expect you wouldn't want that girl at the garage to hear you say so," she suggested.

"Oh, she thought you were great," Sam assured her mendaciously.

In the kitchen again, the last of the groceries transported, she drew him toward the windows at one side.

"See," she suggested. "Don't you think I draw well?" There were sheets of paper tacked to a board there, and upon the uppermost Sam saw half a dozen sketches of a young man—a young man about whom there was something vaguely familiar. A head, a profile; a head and shoulders; two or three full-length studies only lightly lined in; and one which showed this young man, in sleeveless light jersey, apparently washing his hands in a basin. He recognized, with a flush of shame, himself. And Nell laughed at him, touching his arm.

"Aren't they good?" she insisted.

"It's me," Sam exclaimed.

"I saw you washing your hands when we drove up to the garage," she explained. "Before you went in to put on your shirt. You've wonderful shoulders, Sam, and your waist is so slim. It's really a shame you have to wear clothes."

He looked around hopelessly, wishing Peg were there.

"They look like me all right," he agreed.

"You needn't be so embarrassed," she told him, in a lofty little way. "You should see some of the sketches we made in the life class." She added casually, "I want to get you to pose for me some day, Sam. I want to do landscapes, but they're so much better with little figures in them in the distance." She added quickly, as though with a sudden thought, "If we find a nice pool in the woods, will you pose for me there some day, Sam? With the sunlight falling through the leaves on you."

"Gosh, no," Sam retorted.

"Oh, yes, you will," she insisted. "You mustn't be self-conscious about it." She laughed a little. "Peg's sure to put you in some of her stories. I think you might let me use you too." He looked toward the door in a harried way, contemplating flight, yet for all his confusion finding a tremulous pleasure in this conversation.

"I could use you every day," she told him. "I'd pay you too. I wish you were going to be with us." She hesitated, added in a different tone: "I really do wish that, Sam. Peg's not nervous; she's not afraid of anything. But it's so terribly quiet here, and no one within miles, and the dogs barked last night."

"They did?" Sam asked.

She nodded. "Way past midnight. Hoot started it. He's apt to bark anyway; and when he started, the others began. There was someone outside, I know. I wanted to let Whisk out. He'd have driven them away. But Peg told me to go to sleep. But I'm sure there was someone outside."

"No one comes in here," Sam urged. "Nothing to bring them in. I guess the dogs just heard something snuffing around. Porcupine, maybe, or a fox."

Peg appeared in the outer door in time to hear and agree with this.

"That's what I told you, Nell," she reminded the other girl. "There's nothing to be afraid of. Hello, Sam. You brought the things, didn't you? You're very good to do it." She saw Sam's quick color, and added with reassuring impersonality, "We're obliged to you, Sam."

"Wasn't anything," Sam demurred.

"We didn't expect you till this evening," Peg reminded him.

"Thought you might want some of the things for supper," Sam explained, "and I hadn't any work to do."

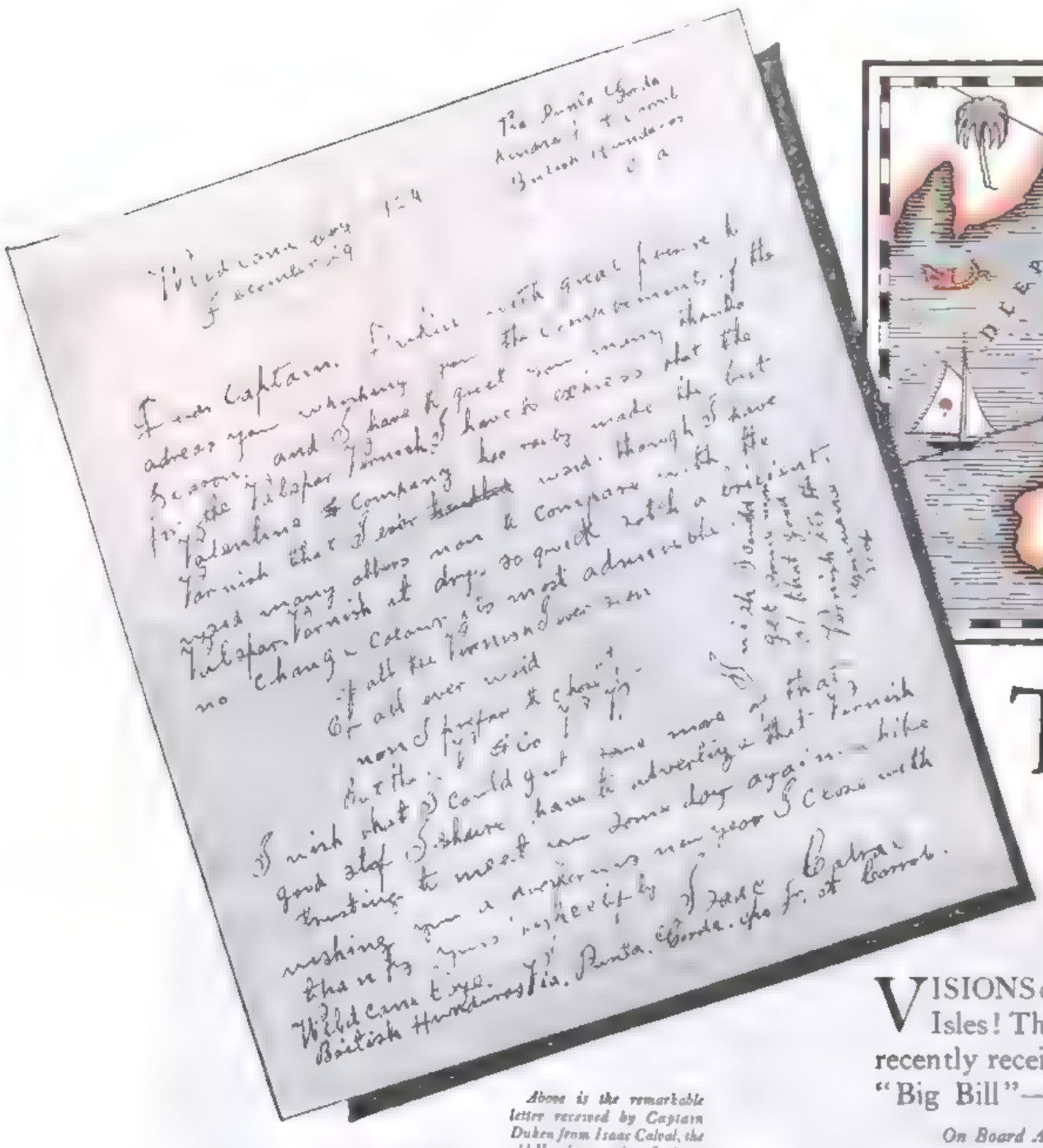
"Did you find a pool for us to swim in?" Nell asked.

Peg shook her head.

"Not just the place," she confessed. "But I think we can find what we want. I went down the road." She looked at Sam. "You know the old quarry hole below here."

"I've never been through this road," Sam confessed.

(Continued on Page 73)



Took his pay in Valspar *instead of Cash!*

VISIONS of peace-loving pirates, romance from the South Sea Isles! There's *interest* in every line of the letter quoted below, recently received from Albert Duken, captain of the good ship "Big Bill"—searcher for the far-famed "tree-climbing fish."

On Board Auxiliary Yacht "Big Bill"—Location: Utilla Island

"The Cay-men of the Honduran Coast are an odd lot. They are said to be the descendants of old buccaneers such as Wallace, and when you see them you don't doubt it. They are conservative to the point of stagnation. Their boats must be dug from Mahogany logs and built up with Tidewater Cypress. They cling to their models tenaciously.

"The whole family loves the boat—they pet it and trust it as they would an old and much tried friend. These people may neglect their homes and let the Lord attend to their gardens. But on the boat is lavished an everlasting affection that sweetens the labor of an idling race.

"I had sailed the 'Big Bill' to the mouth of Deep River, seeking there fresh water to clean her bottom. A pilot was necessary to cross the bar, as it is continually changing, and I called for my man at Wild Cane Cay. A man soon came on board. I asked him the price of piloting but he was so interested in my ship that he could give no attention.

"After many oh's and ah's he patted the hull outside and exclaimed 'Cypress.' 'Yes,' said I. 'And what is it you have put on the Cypress to keep it so brilliant?' he asked. I showed him a can of Valspar which I was just using for finishing the cabin. 'Then,' he said, 'my price is, *one can of that*, and I shall stay with you until you come out of the river.'

"Money was scarce with me but I valued it less than the Valspar I had on board to last me for my entire trip. I argued therefore that I would sooner pay $5.00. It was futile. The man did six days work for me and finally parted smilingly with his can of Valspar.

"'I shall make my boat look like yours,' he said, as he went over the side. 'Good-bye and good luck for your long trip.'

"I have just received a letter from him and I am enclosing it herewith." (See illustration, upper left.)

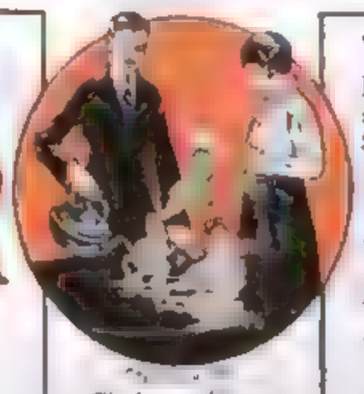
Yours sincerely,
(signed) Alb. J. Duken

Above is the remarkable letter received by Captain Duken from Isaac Calcal, the old Honduran pilot. It shows why the Cay-man preferred to be paid with Valspar instead of cash

Below is the "Big Bill," the auxiliary ketch which set sail from Chicago on its world-wide cruise in search of the "tree-climbing fish."

Largest Manufacturers of High-Grade Varnishes in the World

VALENTINE'S
VALSPAR
The Varnish That Won't Turn White



The famous Hunter Sinking Water Test

This Coupon is worth 20 to 60 Cents

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 460 Fourth Ave., New York

I enclose dealer's name and stamps—20c apiece for each 40c sample can checked at right. (Only one sample each of Clear Valspar, Varnish-Stain and Enamel supplied per person at this special price.)
Valspar Instruction Book with Color Charts, 15c extra.
Print full mail address plainly

Dealer's Name

Address

Your Name

Address City

Clear Valspar ☐
Valspar-Enamel ☐
Choose 1 Color . . .
Valspar-Stain ☐
Choose 1 Color . . .
Valspar Book ☐

S. E. P. 2-6-26

The LANDAU
Improved
The SEDAN
The COACH
The COUPE

CHEVROLET

for Economical Transportation

The Finest Chevrolet in Chevrolet History

Overwhelming success in building a quality car to sell at a low price has made Chevrolet the world's largest manufacturer of automobiles with modern 3-speed transmission. Now you are offered a Chevrolet of even greater quality—*the finest Chevrolet in Chevrolet history!*

Here, in a complete line of closed and open models, is a type of performance entirely new and unique among low priced cars.

Here, in the improved Chevrolet, is new smoothness, new stamina, new comfort, new roadability and beauty of alluring new colors.

Drive the improved Chevrolet one hour or five—and you will step from behind the wheel convinced that no other car in its price class regardless of size, weight or wheelbase, offers such thrilling performance!

Study the improvements one by one, and, despite the amazing results they give, you will discover no radical change in Chevrolet's time proved design.

Inspect each model—and more than ever before you will find score after score of quality features such as you see on the highest priced cars.

Only the improved Chevrolet offers you, at Chevrolet prices, a smoother, powerful valve-in-head motor—easier riding over rough roads—a chassis design of the most modern type—rugged strength where strength is needed—Duco finishes in handsome new colors—Fisher body construction and distinction in all closed models.

You may already be impressed by Chevrolet's value-supremacy. But one ride in the improved Chevrolet will tell you that here is a car so smooth—so spirited—so superbly powered for traffic, trail and hill, that it surpasses all its achievements of the past and ranks as the finest Chevrolet in Chevrolet history!

See the nearest Chevrolet dealer. Arrange for a ride. *Experience a genuine revelation in low priced transportation!*

QUALITY AT LOW COST

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.

Division of General Motors Corporation

No. 1

This bolt did not receive proper lubrication. After 1,440,000 oscillations (equal to 10,000 miles) it was worn to the danger point. *Replacement cost on this one bolt runs from $1.50 to $8.*

No. 2

This bolt received Alemite high pressure lubrication. After the same number of oscillations the wear was imperceptible.

Showing *why* 80% of repairs can be saved

Facts every motorist should know about keeping down the cost of running his car

WE took two shackle bolts—any other moving part would have done as well. No. 1 did not receive proper lubrication. No. 2 was lubricated with the Alemite high pressure system.

After 1,440,000 oscillations—the equal of about 10,000 miles of driving—you can see the difference. With Alemite there was no perceptible wear.

Study the two photographs above. There are 40 to 60 moving parts on your car where this is happening. With Alemite, fresh lubricant is forced entirely through each separate bearing. Old gritty grease is forced out at the same time. Positive high pressure cleans as it lubricates. This is *proper* lubrication. Above is visible proof of the difference it makes in your car.

Eighty percent of your repairs are needless—due simply to lack of proper lubrication. Repair bills of $50 to $150 after less than 10,000 miles, due to this cause, are common.

Regular methodical lubrication with Alemite—every 500 miles—will probably cut your repair bills in half. Taxicabs have actually cut operating costs 1c to 1¾c per mile this way. Apply this to your own mileage. Your saving is not only in repairs, but also in lessened depreciation and wear and tear on other parts of your car.

Most cars now come equipped with Alemite. Use it every 500 miles. If you don't care to do it yourself, there's an Alemite Lubricating Service Station near you. Expert lubrication is as convenient as oil or gasoline service. Make it a habit to drive in where you see the sign—Every 500 Miles.

THE BASSICK MANUFACTURING CO.
2660 N. Crawford Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

Canadian Factory: Alemite Products Co. of Canada, Ltd., Beaeville, Ont.

If you want to save repairs write for our free book "Vital Spots to Watch"

The New
ALEMITE
Transmission Lubricant

By actual test free flowing at 15° below zero.

Makes gears easy shifting in zero weather

ALEMITE

High pressure lubricating system

Copyrighted, 1926, Bassick Mfg. Co.

Continued from Page 68

"It's ever so deep," Peg said. "With a curious gray water in the bottom. Really lovely. A lime quarry, I think it must have been. And the side next the road has fallen in; the road itself has fallen in. No one could possibly get by."

"I guess I had heard that," Sam recalled. "Frost toppled it in last winter a year ago."

"I found a spring brook just beyond that," Peg added. "And I followed it up to the spring. Someone's been camping there, just a little way above the quarry."

Nell cried, "Oh, who?"

And Sam exclaimed, "Camping?"

"They'd made a little fireplace of rocks," Peg explained, "and there was a bough bed. Pretty fresh too. I think there had been someone there within two or three days."

"No wonder the dogs barked," Nell exclaimed triumphantly. But Peg shook her head, laughing a little.

"Don't be absurd, Nell."

"I told Sam I wish he were going to stay here with us," Nell declared. "And I do too. There's a lot of work he could do, Peg, round the house. We've got to have someone to chop wood for us; and he could fix that leak in the roof and cut the grass in front of the doors."

"We can do all those things," Peg retorted. "And Sam has his own job. Don't pay any attention to her, Sam."

Sam said readily, "I can come in and chore around for you Sundays."

Hoot, the Scottie, set up a terrific barking outside the front door; and they all turned that way, abandoning for the moment the question of Sam's place in the universe. A car had stopped in the road in front of the house, and as Peg appeared in the door a man alighted from the car. Sam's first glance was at the machine; it was a touring car of expensive make, sedate and powerful. The man who had driven it, who now came toward them through the tall grass, was the only passenger. He carried his hat in his hand; a hat of conventional shape. The man was himself of moderate bulk, not too tall; and when he spoke to Peg, Sam had a glimpse of a mustached profile, unmistakable.

"Miss Delemay?" the man inquired, and to her nod of assent, he added, "My name's Sloughter." A moment later, at Peg's direction, he bowed to Nell and nodded more briefly to Sam. His manner was easy, his words casual.

"A beautiful view you have to the north here," he suggested.

"Yes," Peg agreed, guardedly.

"I've sometimes come here to enjoy it," the man confessed. "My summers are spent down on the Point below Lonesome. But I discovered this old road and explored it, and found your place here; and I've come again and again. I heard this morning that you" —he smiled faintly—"that you and your friend were in residence this summer."

"Yes," Peg assented.

"It occurred to me," he suggested, "that you might care to sell the farm."

"Not at all," Peg replied definitely.

"I should be glad to pay rather more than it is worth," Sloughter insisted. "It would give me a great deal of satisfaction to think of this particular spot as my own."

"It's never belonged to anyone but Delemays," Peg explained.

"Ah!" Sloughter commented. "So naturally you are attached to it. Yet you seldom come here, I believe."

"Someone comes often enough to keep it in repair," Peg assured him. "We've no notion of selling."

"You would have to consult your family?"

She shook her head.

"It's mine," she replied; and Nell at her side added smilingly, "We wouldn't think of selling it, Mr. Sloughter."

The Scottie sniffed at his heels and he moved uneasily aside.

"I'll tell you," he said. "I'll be frank with you. Confidentially——"

"Certainly," Peg agreed.

"This young man lives hereabouts, I believe," Sloughter suggested.

Sam grinned at him. "Guess we've run into each other before now," he replied.

"I don't think I recall you," the man commented coldly. "But—the point is, I speak in confidence."

"I can keep my mouth shut," Sam assured him. Nell laughed quickly.

"But I can't," she cried. "I don't make any promises at all. If you tell me any secrets I'm just as apt as not to tell the first person I see. Are your secrets dark and bloody ones, Mr. Sloughter? I'm wild to know."

He did not seem to find her attitude humorous; his lips twisted for an instant into cruel lines and Sam felt his hair prickle on his scalp. But Sloughter said mildly enough, "I was only going to confess to you that I'm buying up the summit of Old Bald above us here and the land around the slopes. I want to put up a big hotel there, with a golf course, and some cottages. This farm is a natural part of my scheme; that's all."

"Oh, I should hate to see this place overrun with summer people," Peg protested.

He nodded, his eyes gleaming.

"That was my thought," he agreed. "That is why I should like to buy it and protect it from them."

"But you could protect it anyway."

He shook his head.

"If it were my property I could do so," he agreed. "But you could not expect me to sacrifice myself, and some money, to keep this end of the mountain isolated just in order to protect you or any person."

Peg said quietly, "That sounds almost as though you were threatening me, Mr. Sloughter."

And Nell cried, "I believe you have worse secrets than that, if you'd only tell us them. You look to me like a man with many secrets, Mr. Sloughter."

He kept his composure. "I did not intend any threat," he assured Peg, ignoring Nell. "In fact you would doubtless be better off with my hotel built. Then at least you could be sure that the people who trespassed on your property were harmless; harmless vandals, perhaps, yet not dangerous to yourself. As it is, it can hardly be safe for you two young women to be in this isolated spot. Rough folk may come this way."

"But no one ever comes this way," Nell protested. "Sam says so."

"The road ain't a thoroughfare," Sam agreed.

Sloughter wagged his head.

"Yet I come this way," he reminded them. "And I have occasionally seen others on the road. And certainly there are indications that the road is used, kept in some repair. You cannot be sure who will pass your place." He added benevolently, "I should certainly refuse to let my daughter spend her time here unprotected."

"I can't help thinking," Peg told him quietly, "that you are trying to frighten us."

"Strikes me," Sam interjected, "that maybe you mean what you say. Maybe you're kind of nervous yourself. I wouldn't wonder if you are the kind to get scared easy." He added, after a moment's pause, "If another car followed you along the road at night, say."

Sloughter looked at him with an attentive eye.

"Ah?" he remarked; and after a moment, with apparent understanding, nodded. "I see you have bruised your chin," he suggested. "I had not noticed that before."

Sam was a little intoxicated by the moment; he felt that Peg and Nell were watching him, sensing the undercurrent in this interchange, and there was a certain bravado in his reply.

"I noticed it at the time," he said. "But I figure it won't bother me long."

"It is quite probable," Sloughter agreed; and his tone was abruptly malevolent. "You are one of those young men whose troubles sometimes end very suddenly."

Peg said insistently, "I don't like your manner, Mr. Sloughter. You're not the first one to warn us that we were foolish to come in here. The taxi driver, and Sam —— Yet we are here and we intend to stay. I haven't the least thought of selling you the farm."

Sloughter held himself in check.

"I would be the last to urge you," he assured her, and he turned toward his car. "If you should change your mind," he suggested, "you can always drop me a line. Or I may come this way again. Will you permit me to trespass now and then; to sit up there in your orchard across the road and enjoy the prospect to the north?"

It was Nell who answered.

"Do come," she urged. "You seem to me such an interesting man. I may give you a cup of tea some day in return for another of these secrets of yours."

Sloughter chuckled, his good humor returning.

"I've no real secrets, Miss Lutrow," he assured her. "You're quite right to poke fun at me. Men are apt to take their affairs too importantly. I shall come for that cup of tea."

She walked beside him toward his car, waved her hand as he drove away. Peg stayed where she was, still and thoughtful, and Sam stood at her side.

When Nell returned, Peg said coldly, "You ought not to play with him, Nell. I don't like him. That's a dangerous man."

Nell nodded quickly. "Of course he is, and we know it. But, Peg, I'm dangerous, too, and he doesn't know that. So you see, the odds are all on my side."

"You don't have to worry about him," Sam assured them. "I'll take care of him."

Peg looked at Sam attentively.

"You've seen him before?" she asked.

And Nell cried, "Yes, you knew him, and he knew you at the last. What happened, Sam? He was angry at you. Aren't you fearfully afraid of him?"

Sam grinned. "I kind of had the worst of it," he confessed. "But I figure to square things up."

He told them what had happened to him the night before; and the tale was broken by Nell's interjections.

When Sam said he had discovered the other car ahead of him on this disused road, she cried, "But why was he in here?"

"That's what I wondered," Sam agreed. "That's why I followed him."

He told the tale of that pursuit, and Nell exclaimed, "But what a lark! What fun! That would make anyone nervous, to have a car following them."

He had, when he came to that point, to display the hundred-dollar bill in proof of his tale, and at the end Nell touched his bruised chin caressingly and cried her protest at the brutality of the blow.

"That's all right," Sam assured her. "I wasn't looking for it. I'm going to hunt up this Ruble and try it on his piano."

Peg considered the matter thoughtfully, but Nell's thoughts were all vocal and exclamatory.

"I know!" she assured them. "I know the answer. Mr. Sloughter's a bootlegger, that's what he is."

Sam shook his head. "Been spending his summers here two or three years," he protested.

"Well," Nell argued, "bootleggers have to spend their summers somewhere, just like other folks."

"Mighty little liquor sold around here," Sam insisted. "Dave Budd's on the job all the time. I guess the places down on the Point are as dry as anywheres along the shore."

"I don't care," Nell insisted. "I know he's a bootlegger. He just looks like one—— And that wonderful car. All bootleggers drive beautiful cars."

Peg shook her head. "Don't be absurd, Nell. What would he be doing around here?"

"Probably he carries whisky through here, through this road. Bringing it down from Canada," Nell urged. "That's it! I know that's it. And he's afraid we'll find it out and report him." She laughed softly. "I'm not going to report him, but I'm going to make him leave us some gin. I do love a gin rickey, don't you, Sam?"

"The road doesn't go through," Peg reminded her. "It's fallen into the quarry hole. No car could get through at all."

"Then what did he give Sam a hundred dollars for, to make him stop trailing him?"

"What did he give it to me for anyway?" Sam reminded her. "I'm no policeman."

"Maybe he thought you were," Nell urged. "You know very well, Sam, if you were a bootlegger, you'd hate having people trail you around in cars with no headlights. It would make anybody nervous."

"Probably thought I was a traffic cop," Sam suggested. "Maybe thought I was Ote Feemer. Ote's got an old car something like mine he uses sometimes."

"He wasn't speeding," Nell reminded him.

"No," Sam agreed.

Peg moved toward the house.

"I don't like him," she said. "There's something wrong with him. You know what I mean; he's one of those men you dislike on sight."

"Oh, I thought he was fine," Nell laughed. "I like to keep on the good side of bootleggers. Then you can be sure what you're getting." Sam looked at her a little doubtfully; and she called upon him to agree with her, "Don't you think so, Sam?"

"Only bootlegger I ever knew was old Jim Mace; used to freeze hard cider," Sam replied. "Jim was a dirty old hound, looked like he'd never seen water closer to than half a mile."

"Bootleggers aren't like that now," Nell told him with amused scorn. "Why, everybody's doing it. I made some wonderful dandelion wine myself, a year ago."

"Guess they're the same underneath," Sam suggested diffidently. "They're breaking the law."

Nell laughed. "For goodness' sake, Peg, do you hear that? Why, Sam, you drive a car. Just last night you drove with your headlights out. That was breaking the law. Everybody that ever drove a car broke some law. Everybody breaks laws these days. You can't help it."

"Some of the automobile laws are foolish," Sam agreed uneasily.

"Well," Nell jeered, "so are some other laws."

"A man that'll break one law will break another, I guess," Sam urged. "Once he gets started he'll keep on till he runs into a stone wall. From the inside. It don't get you anywhere."

They were by this time in the kitchen and Peg had set water to boil on the stove.

She said quietly, "It's just like this road, Sam. The road ends in a quarry hole, so if you keep on far enough you fall into a pit."

"No business on the road at all," Sam agreed.

And Nell laughed at him, and exclaimed, "But if you come along the road you see us, Sam."

"Yes," he confessed, reddening.

"And you don't have to go all the way, till you fall into the quarry."

"I guess the sensible thing is not to come along the road at all," he retorted. He added uneasily, "Maybe Sloughter was right about that. I don't know as you ought to be in here."

"We're not going to be frightened away," Peg said. She laughed a little, determinedly. "Let's not talk about him any more. He's not a very pleasant subject. Sam, you're going to stay to supper, aren't you?"

"Might as well get back," Sam replied, willing to be urged; and Nell laughed at him, and cried

"You know you want to stay."

"Well, I might," Sam agreed honestly.

While the two girls got the supper ready, he sat watching, helping with the fire now and then; and he went into the shed to split up fresh wood and brought it in to them; and they ate at the table in the kitchen, the sun streaming in through the windows. During supper, Peg spoke again of that camp which she had found by the

(Continued on Page 76)

Whitman's NEW CLOISONNÉ

A Box of Candy! Yes, if you will, but such a box! and such candy!

Cloisonné describes the rare and patient artistry of the box.

Cloisonné somehow suggests also the care and skill in making and choosing and packing the chocolates inside. Each piece a striving for perfection—the survival of the fittest after eighty-four years of candy-making.

If you want to give a girl a thrill, here's a hint: Give her Whitman's Cloisonné Chocolates!

In one size only, holding three and a half pounds. Five dollars. Decorated and garnished, if you like, with a gay Valentine band.

An uncommon expression of unusual regard. A fitting gift from a prince to a princess.

A Fussy Package for Fastidious Folks, that green-and-gold package of nut and nut-combinations in chocolate also can be had with a Valentine band in one pound and two pound sizes.

What better Valentine than this heart-decked Standard box of Whitman's? The direct descendant of the chocolates that served the belles and beaux of 1842.

Pink of Perfection describes the contents. This dainty box in gold, black and pink gives a hint of the new and perfected forms of chocolates compacted in it.

To be had at the nearby Whitman Agency—usually the leading drug store in each neighborhood.

(Continued from Page 73)

spring above the quarry; and Sam said: "I'd like to take a look at that after supper."

"Why?" Peg asked.

"Well," Sam confessed, "I'm kind of worried. There's something going on in here."

"You'll want to see the quarry, Nell," Peg told the other girl. "That gray-blue water in the bottom of it is a wonderful color; and the stark sides."

The event was that after supper, in the early dusk, they all decided to go down the road. It was, Peg said, perhaps half a mile to the quarry hole, so Sam started his car and the two got into the front seat with him, and they went cautiously along the bowlder-strewn way, where water had cut deep gulleys along the ancient ruts, and stopped a few yards short of the spot where the road had fallen away into the old pit. Sam held his car on the brakes while the two blocked the wheels with shards of rock, for the way here was sloping. Then he alighted and they went forward to peer down into the deeps of the ancient quarry; and Nell exclaimed at the somber beauty of the water, reflecting the glory of the evening sky. Then they clambered around and found the road beyond and went up along the bed of the little spring brook to the spring itself, a trickle of water emerging from a little cup of bog in a basin among the ledges.

Someone here had cleared out a crevice among the rocks which now contained clear, flowing water, icily cool; and just above, Peg pointed out the fireplace and the bed of boughs.

Sam studied the spot, and said thoughtfully, "Someone's stayed here a spell. See, they've put fresh boughs on three or four times; and there's more ashes than one fire would make. Week or two anyway."

"I think they were here last night," Nell declared.

"What makes you think so?" Sam asked.

"Just because I'm sure whoever it was passed the house when the dogs barked," she declared.

"A funny place to camp," Sam said thoughtfully. "No fishing within two miles, and no berries to pick. Nothing to do. Like they've been hiding in here." He looked around. "This fire, it wouldn't show from anywhere," he suggested. "It's in a kind of a hollow in the side of the hill."

The dogs had been investigating the spot; they now returned one by one to inquire as to the future plans of the expedition. And Peg said, "We'd best be getting back. It will be dark soon."

Nell slipped her arm through Sam's.

"I shouldn't worry a bit with Sam here," she declared.

Nevertheless, they all three moved down toward the road again, the dogs making little circles on every hand, returning repeatedly to heel again. When they came to the road, all the light had gone out of the sky and it wore a deep blue garment through which the brighter stars were pricking. Yet it was still possible to see, wherever the way was clear.

As they approached the quarry, Nell pointed to the Airedale, who had stopped with muzzle pointed forward.

"Whisk smells something," she said softly. And a moment later, as the dog moved quietly ahead, she whispered, "Someone in the road."

The dog cast back to them, and Peg called him to heel. Thus he was at hand when they came to the nearer brink of the ancient pit; and he stood beside them when Sam cried out in anger and dismay. Across the quarry, fifty yards away, his car was moving gently forward. As they watched, it gathered speed, reached the brink, toppled and fell end over end, bounding and rebounding down the slope of rubble to strike with a tremendous crash, shattering the mirror-still surface of the gray water below.

Sam's eyes followed it, but they cast up again in time to see the figure of a man in the road where the car had been. This man moved backward and out of sight quickly, yet even at that distance and in the dim light Sam caught a suggestion of swagger in the other's gait. Lin Ruble, beyond a doubt.

He cried aloud, "Say!" Then, forgetting Peg and Nell, he leaped around the brink of the quarry to pursue. Whisk, the Airedale, went bounding silently before him.

Peg and Nell were left alone; they saw first Whisk and then, more laboriously, Sam reach the road beyond the quarry and in that order disappear. And a moment later the sound of a shot rang back to them, slapping at their ears.

VII

PEG and Nell, beyond the quarry, only heard the shot; but Sam saw it, saw the orange flash in the gathering darkness of the night. He was a bold young man, but the sound and the deadly dart of fire checked him for a moment in his tracks, made him pause for an instant to count the odds against him. The matter began to assume a more serious aspect. Heretofore it had promised merely a rough and tumble conflict, now it suggested something more. He wished, momentarily, that he had his shotgun in his hands; there was a weapon to which he was accustomed, and he knew its powers. In the instant that he paused, however, he realized that dart of fire had tended downward, that the man ahead—Lin Ruble, beyond a doubt—had not shot at him. At Whisk, the Airedale, Sam thought; and upon the very heels of the shot he heard the dog, in fact, yelp with pain. He went forward then more boldly and after a moment came upon Whisk standing with one foreleg drawn up under him, whimpering; and from the leg, when Sam bent to see, he discovered blood was dripping and the dog snarled warningly when Sam touched the wounded limb.

Sam was suddenly more angry than he had ever been in his life before; so angry that he forgot caution in his eagerness to come to hand grips with the man ahead. For Lin had not only destroyed the car which he loved, but he had wounded this dog, and Whisk was Nell's dog, devoted to her, always at her heels. Sam was full of a great tenderness for her, a tenderness let loose by this blow at her through the dog, protective tenderness which drove him onward full of a defensive rage. Behind him as he ran he heard Nell whistling a summons, and the Airedale hobbled painfully back along the road toward her. Sam thought of stopping, of moving with them toward the house, seeing them safe indoors. But it seemed to him they would be safe enough so long as Lin fled away; and even if this had not been the case, Sam was bound to overtake Lin and balance the game with him. So he ran pantingly along the road, which climbed steadily. And he began to think Lin must have slipped into the wood on one side or the other. In the darkness it was hopeless to think of tracing him. He considered returning to get one or the other of the dogs; but Lady was not pugnacious, not qualified for a man hunt, and Sam distrusted the trailing powers of the Scottie. His pace slowed to a jog trot while he considered the situation; and by the time he reached the Delemay farm he had decided what to do. That other farm, half a mile ahead, over the shoulder of the hill, was or seemed to be the focus of those activities in which he found himself embroiled. It was likely, he thought, that Lin would make for there. Lin was not likely to be fit for a long run, Sam reminded himself; he counted upon coming to the other farm ahead of the man whom he was pursuing.

But luck was against Sam; the other's calculations were the more successful. Sam's momentary hesitation when he heard the shot and afterward while he examined the Airedale's wound had given Lin too great a start. A little way beyond the Delemay farm, Sam saw through the trees ahead of him a red light suddenly appear; a white glow beyond. Lin must have left his car there, turned it facing away from the farm and left it ready to assist his flight. Even while Sam realized this, he saw the car begin to move, to climb; and he slowed down to a walk, knowing the hopelessness of pursuit against such odds. But he did not turn back. There was still a chance that Lin would stop at the old farm over the ridge; and though Sam no longer ran, yet he pressed stubbornly upward, breathing painfully, more and more angry as he climbed. When he came to the top of the ascent and began to descend he was able to breathe more easily; and when at last he approached the other farmyard he went with care, leaving the road, approaching the place through the tall grass in the orchard there.

He had begun to perceive the disadvantages of blind impetuosity; he was learning caution. So his approach was soundless and furtive, and he came at length to the very corner of the old house, dark and shuttered, and lay there under the protection of an ancient lilac clump, listening and peering across the opening. He could see nothing, and for a time he heard no sound save the murmurs of the night; the far roll and rumble of the surf against the rocks; the distant croak of an automobile horn; the whistle of a train somewhere to the north; the complaining murmur of some small bird in the lilacs above his head, disturbed by his movements there. After a while he became convinced that Lin's car was nowhere here, that Lin had gone on along the road toward the main highway; and a moment later this conjecture was confirmed, for he heard a murmur which he recognized as the rattle of the planking on the bridge in the valley below him. His posture relaxed, he got to his knees and then to his feet, still alert, but accepting the apparent fact that this phase of the adventure was ended.

The young man's anger was in no wise abated; but he was cooler now, and by the same token more dangerous. Yet his sense of humor began once more to assert itself; he grinned a little at the thought of his car toppling to destruction in that vast pit. "Didn't need to fall so far," he thought. "A good bump and she'd have fallen to pieces." The car had cost him practically nothing; it was in large measure a composite, a hybrid fashioned out of parts pilfered from other machines rusting in the junk pile behind Buck's garage. Yet he had loved it, and more and more he longed to come to grips with Lin.

There remained, however, his present dilemma. He would have to walk home, and that was a long hour's tramp. At the other end Millie would be waiting for him resentfully. She would have something to say to him on the score of his lateness; and she would point out that he had invited disaster. Millie had a ruthless way of emphasizing a man's errors. He thought of her kindly, yet a little patronizingly too. She would be wiser, Sam told himself, to be kind, to be a little more gentle and a little comforting. Nell, he knew, would give him measureless sympathy; he imagined the caress in her tones as she deplored his loss, wished Millie were cut from the same pattern. Standing there, still half hidden among the lilacs, he let his dreams form and go forward pleasantly; for Sam was a young man fond of dreaming. A pretty face in a passing car had more than once opened the doors of fanciful adventure; more than once, flat on his back beneath some stubborn engine which dripped oil in his eyes, he had rescued a maiden in distress, won her affectionate gratitude. Now he was involved at last in an adventure more fact than fancy.

It occurred to him now to return to the Delemay farm, appear in the rôle of a protector there. Peg and Nell, he reminded himself, would be alarmed and anxious, wondering what had become of him. Yet on the other hand, Millie was waiting for him too; would ask pointed questions if he returned too late. He hesitated, uncertain what to do.

His uncertainty was solved by a sound which came to him through the night; the sound of the frantic barking of Hoot, the Scottie, over the hill behind him. Hoot barked at small excuse, he knew; yet there

ANSONIA SQUARECLOX

$2.50

One of the amazing things about this new alarm clock, the Square Pirate, is that so much quality can be obtained for so low a price—quality of appearance and quality of performance. It is the crowning achievement of 50 years of clock making. In either the platinum-like finish or the antique gold finish, it is an ornament to any room. A reliable timekeeper and a dependable awakener.

Then there are the other members of the Squareclox family, all equally good, but each one made with a different movement, as described below, to suit your individual preference.

Look for them in the stores, but decide now which is the one that does what you want.

Square Pirate. Continuous alarm; 4½" high x 3½" wide. Runs 30 hours $2.50
Black dial, radium hands and numerals, $1.00 extra.

Square Rascal. Continuous or intermittent alarm; 2¾" high x 2¾" wide. Runs 30 hours. $3.25
Black dial, radium hands and numerals, $1.00 extra.

Square Service. Intermittent alarm. Silver dial with jade hands and numerals; 5¼" high x 4½" wide. Runs 30 hours $3.50
Silver dial, radium hands and numerals, $1.00 extra.

Square Racket. *The ONLY alarm clock striking hour and half hour.* Gong strike silenced when desired. Strikes correct hour when started again. 5¼" high x 4½" wide. 30 hours. $5.00
Black dial, radium hands and numerals, $1.25 extra.

Square Simplex. *The ONLY 10 DAY automatic alarm clock.* Alarm stops and automatically resets. 5¼" high x 4½" wide. $6.00
Black dial, radium hands and numerals, $1.25 extra

Prices in Canada are a bit higher.
(Patents Pending)

At Jewelers', Department Stores and Drug Stores.

THE ANSONIA CLOCK COMPANY
Makers of Fine Clocks for Half a Century
7th Ave. & 12th St., Dept. P, Brooklyn, N.Y.

ANSONIA *means* CLOCKS

was in this outcry something pointed and meaningful, as though for once the small dog were crying "wolf" with reason. Lin, he thought, might have doubled back; and Sam felt sudden certainty that Lin would do this, that he would seek to frighten the two girls, even though he might do them no real harm. With this guess driving him, Sam retraced his steps, climbing the hill again as swiftly as a fast walk would take him; then running down the winding way through the woods, stumbling in the darkness, while Hoot's barks sounded recurrently ahead of him, ringing in spasms of frantic challenge and warning. And Sam ran more and more swiftly, his heart pounding, his thoughts racing, prepared to find any catastrophe in process at the farm.

He found, instead, a small mishap prepared for his own benefit. Hoot must have heard him coming, heard his running feet, for the barking suddenly ceased, and Sam could hear in the hush Peg's clear whistle summoning the Scottie. But the fearless little dog, of an independent and strong-minded breed, excited by the events of the evening, had no mind to obey that call so long as there was danger abroad; and a running man, especially a man running toward the farm, must surely mean danger. So Hoot came to meet Sam, a scurrying small black shadow quick as a snake's head; and Sam had no warning till Hoot met him in the road.

Then before Sam could speak, or dodge, or strike for a grip on the Scottie's neck, Hoot had bitten him first on one ankle and then on the other and then on the first again; and having done so, as Sam turned at bay, crying out in pained protest, Hoot circled him warily, barking at top-cry, making ever and again a feint as though to strike again.

Sam, for all the hurt of those sharp teeth, could not help laughing.

"Hoot, you little rat, come here," he protested. "Shut up, Hoot. You ought to know me by now."

He was wise in the way of dogs; so now he stood still, made no threatening movement, crouched on his knees instead and held out his hand, and spoke soothingly to the busy little beast. And Hoot's barking became spasmodic and stopped; and he came cautiously near enough to smell Sam's hand and realize his mistake. But in a very human fashion he sought to justify that error, to shift the blame to other shoulders.

Growled as though to say, "That's all very well, but you shouldn't have been running in that threatening way. Your own fault, not mine."

"All right, Hoot," Sam retorted. "Forget it. Let's go along and see the boss." He took a tentative step toward the farm; and Hoot trotted ahead complacently, willing to let bygones be, cocked tail eloquent of a sense of duty well done.

Nell stood, when Sam came in sight of the house, in the lighted doorway; and Peg came to meet Sam at the road, speaking reprovingly to Hoot.

"Is it you, Sam?" she asked. "Did you catch him?"

Sam laughed at his own failure.

"Too quick for me," he explained. "He had a car up the road here. I followed on over to the other farm; thought he might have stopped there. But he was gone."

He moved with her toward the house, and Nell called to him, "I'm so sorry about your car, Sam."

"Wasn't much of a car," he told her cheerfully. "But she was a proud old wagon. I bet it tickled her to have such a bust-up at the end."

Peg looked at him quickly, and he saw her smile.

"A glorious death!" she agreed, and Sam nodded.

"I can make a new one out of the junk back of the shop," he assured them. He came into the house with Peg, into the lighted kitchen.

"He shot Whisk," Nell explained; and Sam saw the Airedale lying on the table, submitting to Nell's ministrations. There was a bandage about his foreleg. "Didn't break it," she added. "Just through the flesh in the shoulder. I've got the bleeding stopped now. Do you think he'll be all right?"

"Sure he will," Sam told her. "A dog will stand a lot."

"I wish you'd caught him," she exclaimed angrily. "I'd like to get hold of that man. I wish I knew who he was."

"I know him," Sam confessed. "I've run into him before." He saw the understanding in their eyes and nodded. "This Ruble," he agreed, "drives for Sloughter."

Peg cried, "Sam, did Hoot bite you? There's blood on your stocking."

"Nipped me a little," Sam acknowledged; and abruptly and pleasurably he found himself the focus of their swift attentions. They made him lie down on the couch; they stripped off his shoes and his stockings despite his half-hearted protests, and they brought warm water and bathed the wounds scored by Hoot's sharp teeth, and cried out over them, and poured out upon Sam such condolences that he was abashed.

"It don't amount to a thing." Yet he found the moment indescribably delightful, even through his shame. That these two should bend over his naked feet, bathe them and bandage them, seemed to him at once profanation and wonder, and he ceased at last to protest. Then the bandaging was done, and Peg scolded Hoot and cuffed the little dog under the chin, and overwhelmed it with reproaches till Hoot, hurt and sulky, crawled under the stove and refused to respond to further word.

"You hadn't ought to scold the dog," Sam urged her. "Good dog, that. Knows how to take care of you. Lin never could have shot him. I never did see a dog move so fast, be in so many places at once. Best Lin could have done was to shoot where he used to be."

"He was just lucky to hit Whisk," Nell said jealously. "Whisk is a wonderful fighter. But he doesn't dodge around; he goes right in."

"He's got the weight," Sam agreed wisely. "Guess he could lick a man that didn't know his business. But don't blame the pup here." He got down on his knees, tried to coax the little dog out from under the stove; and Hoot, at first refusing to be comforted, at last yielded to Sam's blandishments, and Sam held the beast in his arms, and Hoot looked at Peg with a beady and triumphant eye, till they all laughed together at the complacence in that glance.

Their talk ran back at last over what had happened. Sam's anger centered on Lin; he said again, "I'll find him tomorrow, even things with him."

But Nell, laughing in a friendly way, reminded him, "You said that before, Sam. You'd better wait a day or two. Your legs will be stiff for a while."

He grinned. "That's right. I been bragging a lot about what I was going to do. Guess I'll wait till it's done now."

They had different theories to explain what had happened. Nell clung to her guess that Sloughter was a bootlegger, that he was transporting liquor somehow through this disused road; and they could not make her see the absurdity of this suggestion, the impossibility of driving around the old quarry, and the futility of so much pains even if the thing could be done.

"I don't figure it's that," Sam said. "The Federal men are pretty busy across the river, in the city there; they stop a lot of stuff at the bridge. Not much goes through this way. Searching cars right along, they are."

"Isn't there some other bridge on this road?" Nell insisted, but Sam shook his head.

"This road comes into the state road this side the bridge," he told her, "and there isn't any other bridge on Marsh River for thirty miles."

She shook her head; she had, she said, an instinct in the matter.

"I don't care how impossible it is, I know I'm right," she declared. And in her turn sought to demolish their explanations. Sam was inclined to see in the whole affair an attack upon himself alone.

"Ruble's sore at me because I trailed him," he urged. "That's all there is to that."

But he could not answer her when she asked why Lin should be using this road so furtively.

Peg thought Sloughter had told them the truth; that he wished to get possession of the land hereabouts for a hotel development.

"I don't like him," she confessed. "But I think he's just a rich arrogant man, that's all. Used to having his own way. He shan't have it with me."

Their talk ran on so swiftly that Sam forgot for a time to count the hours, but he rose at last, remembering. "I've got to get started," he said. "Get home. They'll be wondering about me."

But they would not hear of that. Peg argued that he should not walk so far till his wounds had had a chance to heal, and Nell added her urgencies. Sam put these remonstrances aside, making light of Hoot's bites, pointing out that he must be at work at eight in the morning. But he was tempted to stay. There was something thrillingly appealing in the thought of sleeping under the same roof with Peg and Nell. Yet so long as they put their pleadings on the ground of his own welfare he fought them off, and it was Nell who said at last guilefully:

"But, Sam, you can't leave us alone here. Anything's likely to happen. I shouldn't sleep a minute all night unless you were in the house."

Sam grinned. "Guess I wouldn't be much good," he reminded her. "I haven't been much good so far."

"I shouldn't be the least afraid with you here," she assured him, and Peg added her word.

"We're not really nervous," she told him. "But I would feel easier with a man here, just tonight."

He protested that they had no room for him; they overruled that convincingly enough, and in the end he consented. He should sleep, Peg said, on the couch here in the kitchen; and she went to get bedclothes for him; and when she came back with blankets and sheets and proceeded to make his bed Sam still protested that they need take no pains on his account.

"Don't even need a blanket," he urged, "a night as warm as this."

Nell gleefully insisted that he wear one of her nightgowns; she disappeared and returned with two of them, and Sam blushed furiously, and then grinned at himself when they laughed at his confusion. One of the garments Nell offered was so exquisite that Sam scarce dared glance at it; the other he at length agreed that they should leave for him. They bade him good night at last and left him to himself, and he sat for a while going over in his thoughts the events of the night, savoring the curiously intoxicating moment which was his. And he thought of Millie with a sense of guilt which he put aside. She was sensible, and this was, after all, the sensible thing to do. She would see it so; see that he was bound to protect the girls here, so remote and so alone.

But he had no thought of wearing Nell's nightgown; did not even touch it; removed his outer garments and washed in the sink and got into bed.

Then Peg knocked at the door and came in, a lamp in her hand, wearing some radiant thing which covered her much more completely than her more familiar garments, yet which Sam found furiously disquieting.

She had come to get fresh water in a pitcher; and she saw the nightgown where Nell had left it, and smiled a little and said, "I won't tell Nell on you, Sam. I know how you feel."

He was a long time in sleeping. His legs hurt more and more; and Hoot came to curl up on the floor at his feet with little sounds suggestive of remorse. Sam thought he had been awake for hours before at last his senses began to dull; he woke to find the sun in the windows, Peg busy at the stove shaking down the ashes.

"Why, I meant to do that," he cried regretfully.

"You were so sound asleep," she said, "I hated waking you. I'll just get water on and then you can dress."

When the opportunity was given him he got into his clothes and felt a sense of security tremendously reassuring. He remembered that he had meant to rise at dawn and get back to town before breakfast; had hoped to get there before Millie was awake and conceal from her the fact that he had spent the night away. But it was too late for that now, so he stayed and breakfasted with them, moving to and fro to work the stiffness out of his legs, concealing from them the pain he had.

Before he left he had to promise to come back that afternoon. They urged him and he was not unwilling.

"You ought to have someone here," he told them; and Nell said, "I'm going to write my brother today. Ask him to come. He ought to be here day after tomorrow or maybe tomorrow night. But can't you stay with us tonight, Sam?"

"I'll have to see," Sam told them. "I'll see if I can fix it that way."

He set out at last for the tramp to the village; and after a mile or so he walked more easily, his muscles limbering. Toward the end of the way he caught a glimpse of a man ahead of him in the road—a large man who moved slowly, vaguely suggestive of Bill Stackhoe. Sam called to him, but the other was just disappearing around a bend in the road, and when Sam himself rounded that corner the other man was not in sight at all. Sam was left with this new matter to engage his conjectures.

He emerged at last upon the highway and turned toward the village. Half a mile more and he would be at the garage. He recognized, with some qualms, the fact that he would then have to answer to Millie.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Wissahickon Creek, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia

for Better Accessories
STEWART-WARNER

Keeping Faith with the Car Buyer

When a man—or woman—buys a car, it is usually the result of months of study. Advertising has been compared. Friends have been consulted. Cars on the street have been looked over. "How do you like your car?" is asked of every car owner at some time or another.

When it is simmered down to a choice of any one of two or three makes, the customer walks in—ready to be sold. Right here is where the dealer has a wonderful opportunity to be of valuable service to the car buyer.

"With the car, the customer must have accessories"

With the car, the customer must have accessories—Bumpers, Spotlight, Rear Vision Mirror, Windshield Cleaner, Shock Absorbers, etc.

After selecting a good car, it is sheer folly to spend money for flimsy bumpers, worthless windshield cleaners, inefficient shock absorbers, or other unreliable accessories.

"Today's traffic calls for Better Accessories"

By recommending Better Accessories, the dealer is giving the car buyer the benefit of experience and retains his good-will. He is keeping faith with him.

Today's traffic calls for Better Accessories—accessories that really protect—that are dependable in emergencies—and render the service a car owner expects for his money.

The millions who now use Stewart-Warner Accessories prove the reliability of this name. Like "Sterling" on silver or "18 Karat" on gold, "Stewart-Warner" is the mark for both dealer and car owner to bank on.

Next to selling a good car, the dealer's most important business is seeing that the car buyer selects the "Better" Accessories.

The dealer who does this is enjoying an enviable success in his community.

"An enviable success in his community"

STEWART-WARNER SPEEDOMETER COR'N
CHICAGO • U. S. A.

Stewart-Warner Accessories

BUMPERS
SHOCK ABSORBERS
SPEEDOMETERS

SPOTLIGHTS
ELECTRIC WINDSHIELD CLEANERS

HEATERS
REAR VISION MIRRORS

VACUUM TANKS
ELECTRIC HORNS
REAR FENDER GUARDS

PRESTIGE QUALITY SERVICE SATISFACTION U.S.A.

MATCHED-UNIT RADIO

TWELVE MILLION PEOPLE ARE TODAY USING STEWART-WARNER PRODUCTS

1 This is the color of the dark, heavy crude which is selected with such infinite care from all the vast resources of Texaco fields. It is the finest motor oil crude, and the only crude that can be refined to full-bodied Texaco purity.
2 This is an example of what Texaco refining takes away—not part, but all of the impurity. It contains every trace of hard-carbon-forming substances, and every impurity that might, in any way, harm any part of the motor.
3 And this color is the result—Texaco Motor Oil—pure, wholly distilled, carefully refined and slowly filtered. It is the perfect motor lubricant—clean, clear, golden—clear as every motor oil should be.
TEXACO
MOTOR OIL

Texaco is like an open book

THERE are no dark secrets concealed in Texaco Motor Oil. The clean, clear, golden color is significant.

It is significant of The Texas Company's very foundation of business fair-dealing which demands purity and quality in all its products.

It is significant of the finer results which must invariably follow the use of a quality product.

Motorists quickly sense the difference in Texaco Motor Oil. It is a difference in purity—freedom from carbon-forming residue.

Texaco refining and filtering processes take away all harmful impurities—and clean, clear, golden oil alone remains.

The smoother engine action, better compression, more perfect lubrication, and above all the freedom from hard carbon, tell the story.

Texaco lubricated motors are clean.

Once you have tried Texaco Motor Oil, that Texaco Red Star and Green T by the roadside will carry a new and deeper meaning.

THE TEXAS COMPANY, U. S. A.
Texaco Petroleum Products

TEXACO
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

In the Texaco laboratory there is not only the usual equipment for experiment and research but in addition extensive special equipment—in both apparatus and personnel — for the continuous checking and rechecking, all day and all night, of the runs of Texaco Motor Oil, in order that unequalled thoroughness shall lead to unequalled purity.

TEXACO
GASOLINE

The Eveready Hour

LIKE the fabled ship in which Jason brought home the enchanted fleece of gold, the Eveready Hour brings a rich treasure of entertainment to charm the harbor-homes of its hearers.

Inaugurated two years ago, the Eveready Hour was an adventure in broadcasting—an hour of connected entertainment, uninterrupted by the frequent injection of the name of the broadcaster.

Many of these programs have become famous. Thousands of letters voice the appreciation of our audience and ask for repetition of favorites. We make no requests for these letters, but they mean much to our artists and to us, and are of great value in helping us in our efforts to arrange programs of a distinctive nature and pleasing to the vast audience.

Radio has already become a highly specialized art worthy of the most scrupulous code of ethics, and the Eveready Hour represents a sincere effort to pioneer in providing the most acceptable form of radio entertainment.

Eveready programs cover a wide range of entertainment and human interest, transporting us to periods of wholesome simplicity; to barren islands where marooned sailors meet adventure, starvation and death; to battle-scarred France with singing doughboys; to emotional heights by telling with music the stories of the seasons; and to memories of yesteryear aroused by old ballad and musical comedy favorites.

Eveready Hour begins at 9 p. m. each Tuesday night, Eastern Standard Time.

Tuesday night means Eveready Hour - 9 p. m., Eastern Standard Time, through the following stations:

WEAF—New York
WJAR—Providence
WEEI—Boston
WTAG—Worcester
WFI—Philadelphia
WGR—Buffalo
WCAE—Pittsburgh
WSAI—Cincinnati
WWJ—Detroit
WCCO—Minneapolis, St. Paul
WOC—Davenport
WEAK—Cleveland
WGN—Chicago
KSD—St. Louis

EVEREADY
Radio Batteries
—they last longer

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
New York San Francisco
Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario

A CHANGE OF SWORDS

Continued from Page 23

As a rule Miss Timmins icily discouraged clients who, as they were only too prone to do, became attentive. She did not discourage this one; but it was in quite matter-of-fact accents that she said, "Thanks. I should like to. Besides, I want to talk about this sword. If that horrible Bramley-Bowkett thinks he's going to do me in the eye like that, he's wrong."

"But there's nothing to be done about the Rai; that man at Farringdon's said there wasn't," he protested.

"Oh, isn't there?" said Miss Timmins a trifle scornfully.

He asked her where she would like to have her tea, and added shyly, "Perhaps you'd go somewhere where we could dance?"

The suggestion appealed to her strongly; she was very fond of dancing; except walking, it was the only exercise she got. She hesitated; then she smiled a wicked smile.

"We might go to Thibault's," she said. "It has the best floor and the best band in London."

John Roaker did not observe that wicked smile. He did not know that one of Miss Timmins' best customers, that cheerful and wicked young nobleman, Lord Scredington, was often to be found at Thibault's. He did not know that Miss Timmins was curious to see the ladies, or lady, with whom that good customer—a customer, it must be admitted, of a colossal cheek that often ruffled her sensibilities—danced, when he was not dancing with her. John Roaker made haste to take her to Thibault's.

He ordered tea, and at once she began upon the business of the Rai Kunitsugu. She said that she must have a little time, and he told her that in three days he was going to Paris for a fortnight and would come back to London for a week before returning to the United States. She said that seventeen days ought to be enough. Then she made him write the signature of Rai Kunitsugu on the back of one of his cards so that if she ever again saw the sheath of the sword she would know it. Eagerly he asked her what her plan was; she shook her head and said that it was no use talking about it; it might come off and it might not.

Then, after some tea, they danced. She found him an excellent dancer. They came back to their tea, and he told her about himself. He came from Toledo, Ohio, where he was his father's partner in a large and prosperous hardware store. It was the accident of being born in the town of Toledo that had turned his mind to the study of swords; the study of them had led to the collecting of them; now that he was making fifty thousand dollars a year, he was able to collect them firmly. Only the year before had he learned that the Japanese sword is the greatest of all swords. He was taking seventeen good Japanese swords back to the States, but not, alas, the Rai Kunitsugu.

He talked with enthusiasm and Miss Timmins let him talk. She could never learn enough about Oriental objects of art. Besides, she liked watching him. She felt that, to a sophisticated London art dealer of nearly twenty, his boyish freshness was soothing.

Then Lord Scredington, tall, slim, fair and debonair, entered, accompanied by a very pretty woman, dark-eyed, dark-haired, with a lovely complexion, but wearing a discontented air that looked as if it did not come off. Miss Timmins knew everything that the eye could tell about that pretty lady long before Lord Scredington had as much as perceived that his favorite dealer in Oriental objects of art was in the room. But the things that her eye told her gave her little pleasure indeed; of course, Lord Scredington, being so tall and fair, would be attracted by a slight dark woman, and no less naturally that slight, dark woman would be admirably and most expensively dressed. The only pleasing thing about her was that she must be at least as old, or even older, than Lord Scredington, twenty-eight or even thirty—a great age for a woman.

Miss Timmins and John Roaker again danced. As they passed the table at which Lord Scredington and the lady were sitting, Lord Scredington recognized her. Miss Timmins saw him recognize her; she saw his startled air; she saw him turn his eyes to John Roaker and stare at him; she saw him frown. She was glad that John Roaker was wearing such nice clothes and was wholly presentable. She was glad also that he was tall and dark; it was natural that she, being slight and fair, should be attracted by a tall, dark man. She leaned back a little to smile sweetly up at him.

Lord Scredington saw that sweet smile. But he did not see, as Miss Timmins did, that John Roaker was too busy dancing to see it. Lord Scredington did not bend down to smile sweetly into the dark lady's face. He was staring rather blankly after Miss Timmins and John Roaker. His frown grew blacker; Miss Timmins saw it grow blacker.

She knew now with whom he danced at Thibault's. He knew with whom she danced at Thibault's. They were therefore on level terms. The information she had acquired seemed to have the most pleasing effects on her; never had she smiled on anyone more sweetly or more often than she smiled on John Roaker—for the most part when he was not looking and Lord Scredington was. But the information he had acquired by no means seemed to have a pleasing effect on Lord Scredington. Though no one could have said that he was actually scowling, he was certainly frowning deeply.

Then it appeared to Miss Timmins that the slight, dark lady asked him what was troubling him; it appeared to her also that he was a trifle short with the lady, for she frowned also and stayed frowning. So it came about that while Miss Timmins and John Roaker were enjoying themselves immensely—it was quite plain that Miss Timmins was enjoying herself immensely from the sweetness and frequency of her smiles—Lord Scredington was no longer looking a cheerful and wicked young nobleman, but merely a wicked young nobleman; and the habitual expression of discontent on the face of the pretty lady with him had deepened about two hundred and fifty per cent.

It was not till the dance was over and she was walking back to her table that Miss Timmins became obviously aware of the presence of Lord Scredington. She nodded and smiled at him, not a very sweet smile, and before he was halfway through a stiff, almost protesting bow she was smiling up at the wistful face of John Roaker with a smile that was almost sugary. But she was not looking at John Roaker so intently that she failed to observe that Lord Scredington's lips moved, though she did not believe that any sound came from them.

During the interval before the next dance, she talked to John Roaker with the liveliest animation. Lord Scredington talked to the slight, dark lady with very little animation; they did not seem nearly so pleased with one another as did John Roaker and Miss Timmins. Their rather gloomy air did not detract from the enjoyment of Miss Timmins; but of the four it is probable that John Roaker was the only one who was enjoying the afternoon greatly.

But since he and she danced every dance and all of it, Miss Timmins enjoyed the afternoon considerably, in spite of the fact that there was a pretty lady with her best customer, for she and John Roaker naturally danced better together as they danced longer together, and she was very fond of dancing. As the afternoon went on and she watched the other pair she ceased to be greatly disquieted by the discontented lady. She and Lord Scredington did not seem to be quite hitting it off. Doubtless this was owing to the fact that he seemed preoccupied and unable to give her the whole-hearted attention he should have done.

The dancing came to an end and both John Roaker and Miss Timmins came out of Thibault's with considerable reluctance. On the threshold they paused, and he invited her to dine and dance with him there, or anywhere else she preferred, that evening. Miss Timmins hesitated; he was a nice boy and she liked him; she liked dining in bright places; she liked dancing with him. If there had not been that good customer, Lord Scredington, she would have dined and danced with John Roaker and with an easy mind let anything develop that might develop. But as it was, for her there was absolutely nothing doing, though it rather looked as if there might be a great deal doing for John. To let things develop in a one-sided way would not be fair to him. Therefore she refused the invitation.

He looked so deeply disappointed that she compromised; she would have tea and dance with him at Thibault's the next afternoon. After, all he was going to Paris in three days and would only be a week in London on his return from that city before going to the States. No one could take much harm during three days and a week, if they were but moderately indulged. They parted with mutual expression of esteem.

The next morning Miss Timmins moved about her father's little antique shop in Devonshire Street, Theobald's Road, a trifle warily, keeping an eye on the door. Her best customer was apt to arrive with the stealthy suddenness of one of those old-fashioned red Indians on the warpath. Thanks to her care, when he did arrive she had slipped safely behind the counter so that there was no opportunity for one of those displays of his colossal cheek that so ruffled her sensibilities.

He came in wearing a cheerful air and greeted her cheerfully. Miss Timmins had a strong feeling that that cheerfulness was forced; she drew a little farther back from the counter and prepared to jump aside. He seemed, however, in a peaceful mood and asked her some questions about the sale at Farringdon's the day before and what she had bought at it. She told him; there was a pause.

Then in the most casual tone he said, "I didn't know that you danced at Thibault's with anyone but me."

"I don't often," said Miss Timmins truthfully.

He paused, waiting for her to develop the theme. It seemed of no interest to her.

Then, in the same casual accents, he asked, "Who was that chap you were dancing with?"

"He's my new dancing partner. Isn't he a nice boy—a dear?" said Miss Timmins with sudden enthusiasm.

Lord Scredington did not say that John Roaker was a dear. He did not say that he was not a dear. He just made a noise in his throat.

Miss Timmins smiled upon him in the friendliest way and said in the kindest accents, "That was a pretty lady you were dancing with. Was she your aunt?"

"My aunt?" cried Lord Scredington in a tone in which sudden surprise and sudden indignation were nicely blended.

"I thought she might be," said Miss Timmins hastily and apologetically.

Lord Scredington frowned upon her, and said loftily, "If it comes to that, that chap you were dancing with wasn't so much of a boy."

"Oh, yes, he was—quite a boy—twenty-seven—a year younger than you," Miss Timmins protested.

Lord Scredington glared at her.

"Of course he's older than you really—Americans are older than Englishmen,

"Strop a New Blade and it will Change Your Whole Idea of Shaving," said Gordon.

"I never strop my blades and I get pretty good shaves," said Ellis.

"I'm talking about something better than a pretty good shave," replied Gordon. "Try a shave with a new blade stropped on a Twinplex Stropper and you'll never again shave with an unstropped blade."

"What's the explanation?" asked Ellis.

"Very simple. The delicate edge of a blade is sensitive to temperature changes. The tiny invisible teeth, which form the edge, get out of line. Unless you strop them back you shave with a saw."

"Isn't stropping a bother?" asked Neville.

"Not a bit," exclaimed Gordon. "You buy a Twinplex and I'll pay for it if it doesn't save you time. I wouldn't sell my Twinplex for a hundred dollars if I couldn't get another."

Get your Twinplex at any good store. Guaranteed for 10 years—sold on a make good basis.

Send for this unique home for Old Blades

Once inside this tiny house with green blinds, blades can't get out to harm anyone. Send 10¢, name your razor and we will send you a Dull House and a sharp new blade, made keen by stropping on Twinplex. We can't guarantee that temperature changes won't affect it some, but we believe it will shave better than any new blade you ever used.

TWINPLEX SALES CO.
1645 Locust Street, Saint Louis

New York London Montreal Chicago

Twinplex Stroppers
FOR SMOOTHER SHAVES

THIS TASTE —has captured all America!

Millions are enjoying the taste-treat which Eskimo Pie can give you.

Millions are buying them at their corner drug store or confectionery. At clubs and lodges—they are a favorite! For dessert, the wise hostess serves them often. Even in schools, they are served for their food value!

Know for yourself the delicious flavor of rich ice cream coated with crisp chocolate. Clean, white enameled machines produce them (untouched by fingers) so rapidly that they can be sold in generous 5c and 10c sizes!

Eat Eskimo Pie every day. Take them home to the family and children. You get more than a wonderful confection—the concentrated food value is shown by the fact that Eskimo Pie contains as many calories as a chicken sandwich or a pint of whole milk.

ESKIMO PIE CORPORATION
30th and Grand Ave. Louisville, Ky.

NOTE TO DEALERS: *If your manufacturer does not supply you, write us for the name of one within shipping distance who will—because more than half the ice cream manufacturers in America make Eskimo Pie.*

5-cent and 10-cent Sizes

© 1925 E. P. Co.

Q [illegible] fully protected by patents and copyrights.

I always think," said Miss Timmins in explanatory accents. "And of course he's a quite uncommon American; he knows more about Japanese swords than anyone I ever came across. And he's got piles and piles of money, and he dances beautifully. But you saw him."

Lord Scredington appeared to swallow something; then he said, "Then I should think, taking one thing with another, he'll make you a very nice little husband."

He did not speak in the tone of one who wished the union well.

Miss Timmins blushed; at least she contrived to look as if she was blushing; Lord Scredington believed that she was blushing.

She said shyly, "Isn't it rather early to talk about that kind of thing? I only met him yesterday, you know."

"From the way you were getting on I should think that tomorrow would do the trick," said Lord Scredington in a most unpleasant voice.

"Oh, tomorrow?" said Miss Timmins doubtfully.

Lord Scredington appeared to lose his temper—or at any rate what was left of it. He went up into the air with an astonishing velocity and to an astonishing height. He said things, many things, about Miss Timmins. There was probably more truth in many of them than he thought. He compared her to several of God's creatures; one of them was the tigress. Miss Timmins appeared unmoved, but seemed to listen with interest. When he came to earth, rather out of breath, she said that she did not know what he was talking about. Yet he had done his best to make himself clear. The statement appeared to exasperate him, for he made the spring for which she was quite prepared.

He missed her. The failure seemed to cool him down.

He said mournfully that he had never loved a dear gazelle without its having tried to bite a piece out of him.

"It wasn't a gazelle you said I was like," said Miss Timmins.

He appeared taken aback; then he said loftily, "I had my reasons."

After that their relations again became civil and friendly. Presently he invited her to have tea and dance with him at Thibault's that afternoon. Before telling him that she was already engaged to have tea and dance there with John Roaker, she asked him if he was sure that his aunt would like it. Again their relations grew strained. He protested with great heat that the lady was not his aunt. Miss Timmins apologized quite sweetly for her slip of the tongue and told him that she was going to Thibault's with John Roaker. He said several things under his breath. The only word she caught was the word "jade." She did not think that he was speaking of the nephritic stone. Then he made as if to leave hastily.

"Here! Wait a minute!" she cried. "I want you to do something for me."

He stopped short, gasping. He turned on her; his eyes flashed; he was on the point of telling her to go somewhere, but checked himself.

She said calmly, "I want you to help me about that beast, Bramley-Bowkett."

She told him about the change of swords.

"Why, the brute got me in exactly the same way!" he exclaimed. "But the lots were jade cloak hooks."

"But you haven't had a row with him?" she said anxiously.

"No. There was nothing to make a row about. The change of lots might have been a pure accident—just as this change of swords might be. So I'm bearing up with little Bramley on the chance of catching him out over some other trick. Then he'll get what's coming to him with compound interest."

"Well, he ought to get some of it over this," she said eagerly. "But there's nothing to be done for at least ten days. Then I want you to go round to see Bramley-Bowkett and find if he's got this Rai Kunitsugu sword on one of his sword racks and where it is exactly. I know he has three sword racks, for I took a sword round to him one day, for Hogbin, to sell to him."

"Right," he said cheerfully. "That will suit me down to the ground. But you'll have to get me Rai Kunitsugu's signature so that I shall know the sword when I see it."

"I've got it here," handing him John Roaker's card.

He slipped it into his waistcoat pocket and assumed an air of deep thoughtfulness. Then, of a sudden—she had grown careless—he grabbed her and kissed her. Miss Timmins' right uppercut only grazed his left ear. She was forced therefore to content herself with scathing words about his monstrous and colossal cheek. He did not seem deeply affected; his head, indeed, was not bowed in shame. And Miss Timmins was hardly as indignant as she appeared. To herself she passed the matter over lightly; she told herself that a good customer must be humored; she asked herself what was a kiss.

Friendly relations were resumed. Twenty minutes later, having cajoled and badgered her into promising to dine and dance with him at Thibault's the following night, he departed.

That afternoon she danced at Thibault's with John Roaker. He had received a letter from Farringdon expressing his regret that he had been unable to recover the Rai Kunitsugu.

In the course of a pleasant afternoon, they became even better acquainted. At the end of it he asked her to dine and dance with him in the evening. She compromised; she agreed to dance with him at the Hotel Cecil the next afternoon. She did so and was careful, or at any rate moderately careful, to keep their relations on a footing of simple friendliness. But, of course, she could not be responsible for her eyes. Her eyes were always doing things on their own account; and John Roaker was undoubtedly an uncommonly attractive boy. At half past seven he said good-by to her, cursing the luck which took him to Paris for the fortnight of all fortnights he craved to spend in London.

Miss Timmins' life sank to its usual quietness. Only three times in the next ten days did she dance with Lord Scredington. On several evenings she watched the Bramley-Bowkett house. She found that Bramley-Bowkett returned at 7:20, apparently to dress for dinner, and left again at 7:50.

On the tenth day Lord Scredington paid a visit to Bramley-Bowkett, taking with him a jade cloak hook to exchange. He got rather the better of the exchange, then strolled about the room examining treasures. There were three lacquer sword racks, of very fine quality; each had rests for five blades. He found that the Rai Kunitsugu was the third blade on the second rack.

Next day John Roaker appeared in the little shop at ten A.M. to invite Miss Timmins to dance with him that afternoon. Miss Timmins accepted, but before going to Thibault's they called at Farringdon's auction rooms, and Farringdon made no difficulty about letting her have the Norimitsu sword.

After dancing all the afternoon they sat on, talking, till seven o'clock. Then Miss Timmins said, "And now we'll go and get the Rai Kunitsugu."

John Roaker appeared astonished, but pleased. They drove in a taxi to Kensington, stopped a hundred yards from the Bramley-Bowkett house, and watched it. At 7:20 Mr. Bramley-Bowkett arrived in a taxi. Miss Timmins gave him time to get well into his dressing; then they walked briskly to the house. Miss Timmins told the maid who opened the door to tell her master that she had come with a sword. The maid smiled in a very pleasing fashion at Miss Timmins, ushered them into the treasure room and left them.

Before that maid had made two steps from the door Miss Timmins had the Rai Kunitsugu off the rack and was putting the Norimitsu in its place. While doing so her quick woman's eye caught something. She set the two swords side by side.

"Look here," she said quickly. "These two sheaths are just about the same size. Just stick the Norimitsu blade in the Kunitsugu sheath. I can't bear to handle the beastly things myself."

John Roaker changed the blades in a brace of shakes.

She put the Norimitsu blade in the Kunitsugu sheath in its place on the rack, caught him by the sleeve and hurried him to the end of the room. When Mr. Bramley-Bowkett, in the unstained evening dress of the English gentleman, entered, they were absorbed in a case of jade cloak hooks.

He greeted Miss Timmins with the expectant warmth of a collector about to add to his collection, and she introduced John Roaker to him. John Roaker displayed no warmth of any kind; he regarded Mr. Bramley-Bowkett with an unpleasant eye.

Miss Timmins became the spokeswoman—a rather voluble spokeswoman, though volubility was not, as a rule, one of her leading characteristics. The blade she had come with was the Norimitsu blade that had been sold at the last sale at Farringdon's salesrooms. Mr. Bramley-Bowkett's face lost the expectant warmth of a collector about to add to his collection; there came quite a different glitter into his hard little eyes. She had bought the Kunitsugu blade for Mr. Roaker, but there had been a mistake . . . the two lots had been mixed up, with the result that he, Mr. Bramley-Bowkett, had the Kunitsugu sword and John Roaker the Norimitsu. . . . Would Mr. Bramley-Bowkett be so kind as to rectify the mistake and change the swords?

Mr. Bramley-Bowkett became suavely gracious in a hard kind of way. Miss Timmins knew quite well the rules of auctions, that the responsibility of getting what he wanted lay with the buyer. . . . He had bought the Kunitsugu sword just for its quality as a sword. . . . He was not interested in this matter of signatures—no; not at all. . . . He liked this particular sword, whether it was forged by Norimitsu, Rai Kunitsugu, or some other Japanese swordsmith, for itself. . . . He was not going to part with it to please anybody.

Miss Timmins protested with a more excited volubility than before, while the face of Mr. Bramley-Bowkett set more and more mulish.

Then she said, "Well, you absolutely refuse to change these swords?"

"I do," said Mr. Bramley-Bowkett in the most dignified accents and with the most dignified air.

Miss Timmins turned to John Roaker and said mournfully, "Then there's nothing more to be done. We may as well go."

They went to the door with a depressed, even gloomy air. John Roaker opened it to let Miss Timmins through, then paused on the threshold to call Mr. Bramley-Bowkett a few names. The most pleasing of these was "hog."

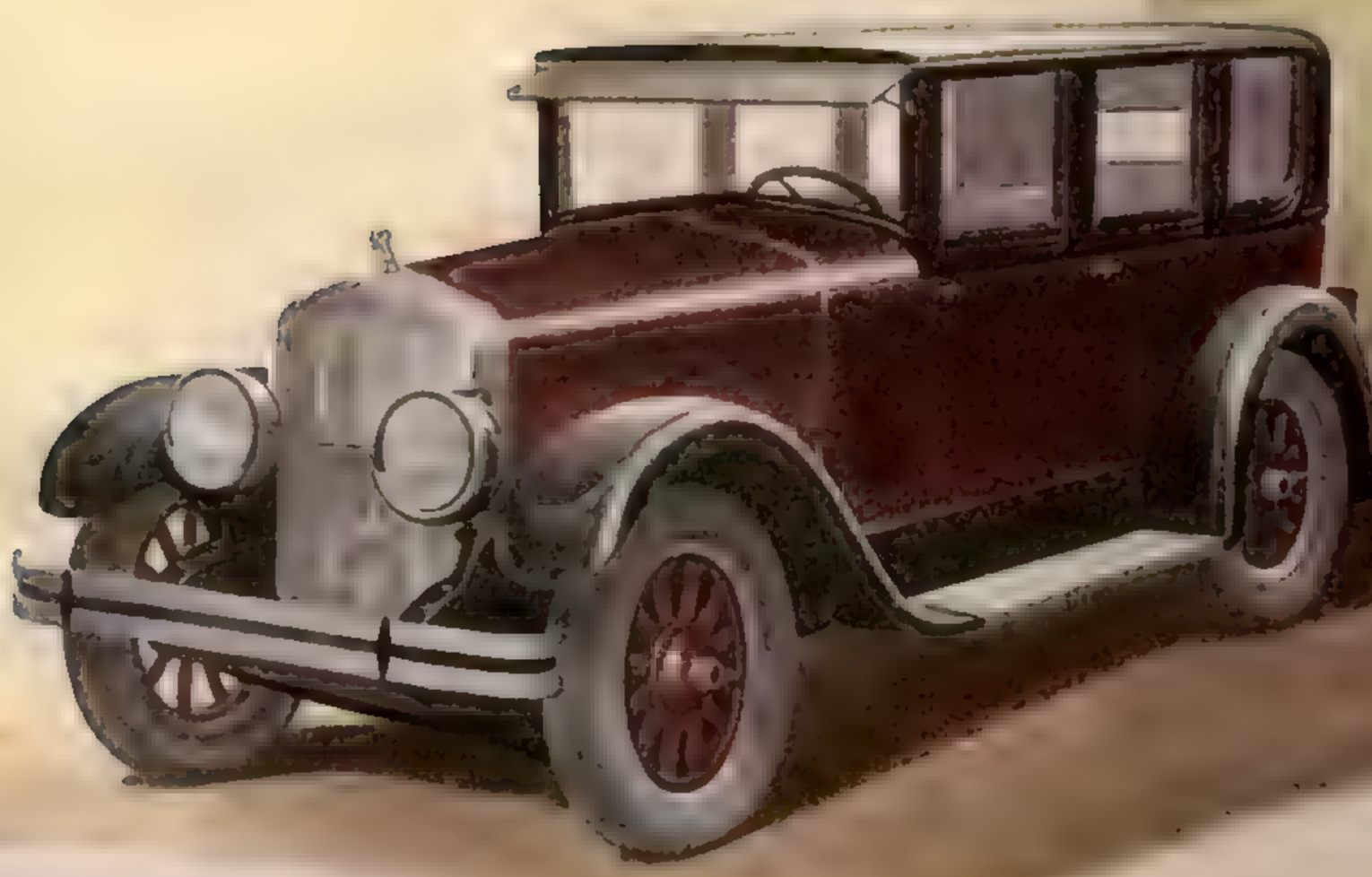
Mr. Bramley-Bowkett, in spite of the names he had been called, felt quite pleased with himself and looked it. He walked quietly to the window to watch these absurd young people walk down the street. They came out of the house and walked down it under his very eye. Of a sudden it struck him that they were not wearing an air of bitter disappointment. They were walking briskly and laughing; John Roaker was carrying the sword as if it was his most prized possession; he was almost dandling it.

Mr. Bramley-Bowkett stepped lightly back to the sword rack. He snatched up the Norimitsu sword and tore it out of the sheath. One look at the blade convinced him that it was indeed a genuine Norimitsu. But he made sure. He knocked out the peg which fixed the hilt on the tang and looked at the signature. It was a genuine Norimitsu signature.

Then there might be seen the pleasing spectacle of a stainlessly dressed English gentleman leaping lightly about a beautiful room and turning the air blue.

You, Too, Will Praise Its Superiority When You Drive the Car

Take this Sedan out, as thousands of others have done, and get a new sensation of automobile comfort—riding, driving, freedom from trouble. Note how little handling you have to do. Note how it takes the bumps and holes that you are accustomed to avoid or slow up for. Note the convenience of its new copper-radiation air-cooling—the greatest step ever taken to simplify the motor car and multiply its usefulness. Note how Franklin power has increased. Note that it is the fastest car over the road. Note that it is the only car having the two qualities necessary to easy-riding: light unsprung weight and flexible construction. The only car having the two qualities necessary to easiest handling: light weight and transmission service brake. The only car that demands no attention, causes no trouble or worry, with its cooling system. The only car, in short, which gives you the maximum of service and satisfaction all the year round.



F R A N K L I N

A PARTY OF BACCARAT

(Continued from Page 5)

ground was created, for the growing of food and the grazing of cattle and for hard happy work, Angela. Crazy?"

"No, not crazy."

"How'd you like to be a farmer's wife, Angela?"

"I'd love it." And then they'd both laugh.

She often thought, sitting in her father's garden among the apple trees, how pleasant Morrie Sullivan's old house was, the low-ceilinged rooms, the deep fireplaces, the cleanliness and quaintness of it. The old Connecticut Yankee housekeeper took it for granted and Morrie himself paid little attention to it, for his mind was too full of farming and farming machinery to have time for aesthetics; but Angela knew it was a house one could love. When you entered its doors you felt its kindness to you, as you feel kindness in shaking hands with people. Though he had often laughingly asked her to marry him and come and live in the gentle house, yet she could never take it seriously. Her time had not come for that. Some day she would marry, she knew, thinking of it in that vague way one thinks of the certainty of death. In her way she loved Morrie, the seriousness of him; she liked the lithe athletic look of him; she liked his smile -when he smiled; she liked his abruptness.

The day they sailed for France her mother and she had been inundated with attentions—flowers, books, elaborate boxes of candy. Before the ship sailed Morrie had pushed his way up the gangplank and to their side.

"Good-by, Mrs. Turnbull," he said gravely to her mother. "I hope you have a splendid time."

"Good-by, Morrie."

He turned to Angela.

"I haven't brought you books or flowers or anything," he said ruefully. "I don't seem to think of those things at all. I just came to wish you good luck, Angela, and tell you to take care of yourself."

"Isn't that better than flowers, Morrie?"

"Is it, Angela? Angela, don't stay away too long."

IV

THEY had come south to Nice in October, staying in Paris only a few days. For a month yet the Riviera would be empty. Nice was only a drowsing Midi town. There was nothing to do or see, except to sit for an hour under the awnings of a café and drink coffee. But Monte Carlo was only three-quarters of an hour's run from there, and to Monte they went every afternoon. As she got her card of admission Angela felt a thrill she had never known in her life. Within her breast something seemed to vibrate, some plexus of nerves had been set jingling. The queer solemn tone of the place, so different from what she had expected, amazed her and attracted her; and when she entered the rooms some portion of brain or soul that had been asleep until now sprang awake, keen, concentrated. The long green tables with the great roulette wheels in the middle, the impassive black-garbed officials, the attendants in knee breeches, the faces of the players about the tables—all seemed, though she had never seen them before, natural to her, normal. Her mother looked around.

"I must confess," said Mrs. Turnbull, "that I am very disappointed. It's dull," she said. "Angela," she discovered suddenly, "there are no smart people here."

"No, darling. It's not the season yet."

She wished her mother would go so that she could sit down and play at the tables and watch the fascinating spin of the wheel, the flash of color, the race of the marble around the edge, the uncertainty as to where it would stop when it began to click-click-click about the numbers. She became impatient.

"Mother," she said, "you go and look around. I want to see this thing—see how it works."

"Are you going to play, Angela?"

"Just a little, dear."

"It doesn't appeal to me at all," said Mrs. Turnbull. "I'll look around and go out and see the gardens. Don't stay too long."

It was the first of a month's afternoons at Monte. In a day she mastered the intricacies of betting on columns and dozens, on three numbers, on six numbers and on the even chances. She was a shrewd player, knowing when her luck was in and going bravely ahead, and when she felt her luck was out, playing them, in that poker phrase, close to her chest. In a month she had won about six thousand francs, which is, in our money, about three hundred dollars.

Her mother bothered her but little. Mrs. Turnbull had met a good many Americans in Nice, and in the afternoons she continued to go to the Jetée Promenade Casino for tea and dancing; or she would go around the little shops, buying a trinket here or conferring with some little dressmaker about frocks for the season; or going on long rides to the outlying Alpine villages—Vence, Gourdon, Èze.

"I can't make out what attraction that horrible Monte Carlo has for you, Angela," she would say. But she was glad enough to see Angela go out every afternoon. She felt that Angela might not approve of her dancing, of her harmless frivolity.

What attraction Monte Carlo had for Angela she herself could not properly define. But on rising in the morning she looked forward to the afternoon's trip. At two o'clock the big busses left Nice, and pursuing that winding, precipitous road along the bluest of blue seas, they came into the pretty town in less than an hour. They passed Nice harbor, where the boats for Corsica lay; steamboats with romantic names, like General Bonaparte; a Greek barkentine with "Syracuse" on her counter as her home port; lateen-rigged craft putting in for cargo on their way from Marseilles to Sicily. They passed the queer little headlands that seemed to apologize to the Mediterranean for intruding on her blue bosom—Cap d'Ail, Cap Ferrat. On their left the surly little Alps rose, with their strange ghost-haunted rock-hewed towns, half Roman and half Saracen—Èze, La Turbie.

For none of these had Angela or the passengers any eye. They looked forward to the Saracenesque dance of the Casino. The bus left the slouching atmosphere of France and came into the trim principality. No longer were careless unkempt gendarmes, but figures in helmets and gold braid and swords, with gloves spotless as the Alpine snows. No longer were rocks barren but for the quaint modest Alpine flowers, but waving palm trees, with tops like the plumes on a field marshal's headdress, flaunting red and blue and yellow flowers. For these none had eyes.

They would descend from the flamboyant vulgar bus, and walking casually, as though they really had nothing but an academic interest in the affair of gambling, they would mount the Casino steps, turning around to glance at the mountains, as though they were not sure whether they would go in at all—would it not be better to go on the funicular up to La Turbie? they would appear to be thinking—while the doorkeepers smiled their subtle smile with their eyes alone. They would go in at last, showing their cards. About them would be the quiet, cathedral-like silence of the great gambling rooms, broken only by the voices of the croupiers as they announced the result of the spin.

"Thirty two wins, red, the even number and below the line!"

There would be the rattle of chips as the losers' stakes were gathered in, a flick-flick as the winners' gains were counted out.

"Gentlemen, ladies, decide your play!"

Each table was very much like another. At each would be seated the people who worked on some esoteric system of number, entering the result of each spin in a little book and putting on five-franc pieces in what appeared to be the craziest way—a piece on the first four numbers, which if it won would bring them in eight pieces for one; a chip on six other numbers, which, winning, would gain six; two chips on red or color—there is no black at Monte Carlo—even chances; a two-to-one shot on the first dozen. The system players ranged all the way from keen young American business men to frowzy ex-professors of mathematics with grizzled beards; from hard-faced women in the thirties to old ladies who wore the dress and had the manner of the early days of Queen Victoria and resembled her a little—God knows by what mysterious transfusion of habit and thought. Here were men and women, just gambling, their faces flushed with excitement or white with tension. A swarthy officer of Moroccan cavalry in burnoose and red top-boots might swagger up to the table and fling a bundle of notes on red.

"*Tout va aux billets*"—the whole roll goes.

"*Bien, monsieur.*"

An old lady would hand five louis, a hundred francs, to the croupier.

"*Les six derniers*"—the last six numbers.

"*Bien, madame.*"

There was the click of rakes against chips as the seated players pushed their stakes into place. The croupier gave a deft twirl to the wheel, spun the ball.

"*Rien ne va plus*"—nothing more goes.

A moment of tension. The ball clicks into place. The impassive croupier looks up.

"Zero!"

The rattle of chips as the second croupier gathers in all the money laid on numbers. The players look sullen, or white, or simply sneer.

"Gentlemen, ladies, decide your game!"

V

IT WAS not the fact of losing money that bothered Angela, for she was not losing. She was still well ahead, but something within her seemed always to say, "Look out, Angela! Look out!" Though it was hardly two months since she had left America, yet it already seemed a year, so closely had this new atmosphere enveloped her. All the time she seemed to hear this warning voice, and she would examine herself and say:

"What am I doing that's wrong, anyway? I'm not drinking cocktails, as the other women are doing. I'm not dancing hectically, as even my mother is doing. No man has tried to bother me. What am I doing that's wrong then? I'm only passing a few hours in the afternoon—hours that would bore me in Nice. I'm not gambling. Of course I'm not gambling. Haven't I played bridge all my life for a quarter a hundred, and never felt the least inclined to ask higher stakes or anything like that? Then what am I doing that's wrong? Nothing."

And yet the voice wouldn't stop: "Look out, Angie! Look out!"

So she was not in the least averse when her mother suggested they move to Var. Mrs. Turnbull, in her month's sojourn at Nice, had picked up an entirely new set of values. Nice, which she had looked upon in America as the crowning city, had suddenly become a sort of Coney Island in her eyes. "It's only for trippers, Angela—Rastas"—she had already learned the slang word for South Americans—"and that sort of person. Everybody of any standing lives at Var. Grand dukes and rajahs and Italian princes, people worth knowing, Angela. And Nice," she sighed, "is so expensive."

So they went to Var, which is, God knoweth, after its kind, the prettiest town in the world. There it nestles at the foot of the Alpine hills, brown, drowsy as the Bermudas. Its streets are gay with plantain trees. Its small cafés are the real Provençal cafés. No great chars-à-bancs roar through the streets. Back of high walls drowse villas covered with creepers. Southward, in the blue Mediterranean Sea, not a stone's throw from land, one would think, are the crouching islands, Ste.-Marguerite and St.-Honorat—Ste.-Marguerite, where the Man with the Iron Mask spent his fearful occult prison days, and St.-Honorat of the brown monks. Westward rose the crenelated range of the Estérel, proud and somber, flaring into purple and gold when the sun went down. Northward the soft Alpine hills, not terrible as the frowning peaks at Monaco. It was like a town one dreamed of. And the funny little Casino, so innocuous-looking, where there was no roulette—only a funny game called baccarat. It wasn't open as yet, and would not be until the middle of November.

In France they didn't allow roulette. There would be no clicking hypnotic wheel. If she had been gambling, and she admitted to herself now she might have been, there would be no temptation toward it here. Away from the fetid kitchen of Monte Carlo, a great peace descended on her, and, it seemed to her, she was herself again, dreaming in college of the French towns she would one day visit, towns as in the books of Mr. W. J. Locke. The excursions she had despised at Nice she now welcomed a hundredfold, and now always she thought of Morrie Sullivan.

Going up the Gorges du Loup, and seeing the funny little river under the bridge, so clear that one could see the trout in the pools, she would say, "If Morrie were here he would love this." At Gourdon, that little mountain village perched on a rock, so high that it is terrible, she would lean over the parapet, looking into the valley, her eyes changing from that deep blue into the soft purple they had when she was dreaming, and would wish he were there, to hold hands for an instant, or perhaps just to be silent together. At Vence, with its Saracen arches, its little square with the fountain inclosed by trees, the strange foreign beauty of it made her stop breathing. Unconsciously she would say, "Oh, Morrie!"

One day she went with a party of acquaintances from Var to Mentone, going through Nice, which was still gay with the Midi autumn, along the road of the Grand Corniche, a slender ribbon of white across the violet mountains. They were to lunch at Mentone and return by Monte Carlo, stopping an hour in the desired town to look on at the strange mad people who played roulette. Mrs. Turnbull had met a young man from Mount Kisco and was looking forward to dancing the blues with him at the Café de Paris. They stopped to look down on the purple dream of Èze. They stopped for a quarter of an hour at La Turbie. The driver was a young Italian who had been in New England, and who had flourished in Stamford as the green bay tree, until a little matter of bootlegging—a mistake in the strategy of it—had sent him home to his native Genoa. And because Angela came from New Canaan, and because she was the golden athletic type whom the Italians love as goddesses, he was always at her beck and call, ready to do anything for her, to show her any part of the country, to descend upon an erring tradesman when she was overcharged, and interlarding his respect with many strange oaths which he took to be the President's American as spoken by the better classes.

She was looking over the parapet on the valley below, from the spot where Cæsar Augustus had raised a statue to himself to define the limits of Rome from the province of Gaul. In the distance, like a mirage in a desert, above a desert of olive and fig trees, shone the white Casino. Eastward was the gorge of Ventimiglia, where Italy began, grim as old Rome. Southward was the violet Mediterranean sea. The little

Continued on Page 89

Over each *Vital Part* of your motor the "FILM OF PROTECTION" *stands guard!*

SOME SAY, "all motor oils are alike." Others say, "any old oil will do." Yet experts, today, agree that more than 75% of all motor repairs are caused by poor lubrication—by the failure of motor oils.

This page tells why motor oils fail. . . . How motor oils differ. . . . How one oil gives added protection. . . . Why it pays to insist on that oil.

WHEN a motor oil is poured into your crankcase it is a cool, clean, glistening liquid.

But in action only a thin, fighting *film* of that oil safeguards your motor from deadly heat and friction. This oil film covers all the vital parts of your motor. It penetrates between all the whirling, sliding surfaces and prevents dangerous metal-to-metal contact. And as long as that film remains unbroken, your motor is protected from heat and friction. But only a *fighting* film of oil *can* remain unbroken under the terrific punishment it must take.

How the oil-film is punished.

Heat—searing, scorching heat—constantly lashes the oil film. And tearing, grinding friction persistently attacks it. Under that two-fold punishment the film of ordinary oil often breaks, curls up and burns. Through the broken, shattered film, delicately adjusted bearings are directly exposed to intense heat. Hot metal chafes against hot metal. Insidious friction begins its work of destruction. In time, you have a burned-out bearing, a scored cylinder or a seized piston; and repair bills that make the cost of a whole year's supply of the best motor oil look tiny.

The "film of protection" that does not fail.

For years Tide Water Oil technologists studied, experimented with and tested not oils alone, but *oil-films.* Finally they perfected in Veedol an oil which gives the "film of protection," *thin as tissue, smooth as silk, tough as steel.* A "film of protection" that masters deadly heat and friction in your motor.

Hundreds of thousands of car owners have found that the "film of protection" means a smooth running motor, more power and a new freedom from engine repairs.

Why not put the "film of protection" on the job in your motor conserving power and preventing repairs? Stop at the next orange and black Veedol sign. Have your crankcase drained and refilled with Veedol today. Or better still, let the dealer give you complete Veedol lubrication—the "film of protection" for every part of your car.

Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, Eleven Broadway, New York. Branches or warehouses in all principal cities.

TO REPLACE burned-out bearings, damaged by the failure of a poor motor oil, costs from $25 to $125. Even the smaller of these two amounts is three times greater than the difference in the cost of a year's supply of the cheapest motor oil and a year's supply of Veedol. That is one reason why Veedol is known as the economy motor oil.

TO TAKE DOWN a motor and rebore cylinders damaged through the failure of a cheap motor oil, costs from $50 to $150, depending on the make of car.

Add that fifty or more dollars to the cost of a year's supply of cheap oil and you get a true estimate of how expensive a cheap motor oil really is.

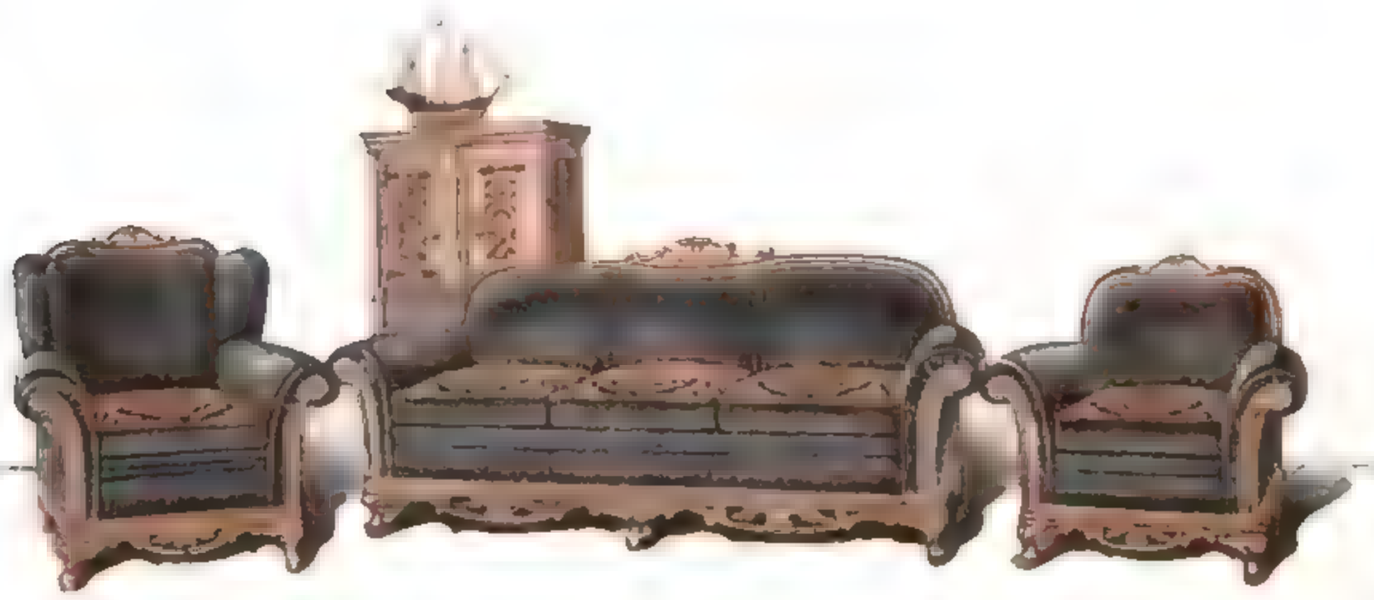
A convenient way to buy Veedol is in a sealed five gallon container. Then you are assured of full quantity and genuine quality. And you always have a fresh supply of oil on hand.

VEEDOL

Economy Oils and Greases

KROEHLER Living Room Furniture

with or without Invisible Bed



The Living Room Furniture

you have always longed for

How many times have you longed for a few handsome new pieces of *overstuffed furniture* in your living room? You have known that such furniture has a *distinctiveness* all its own; that it adds new charm to the home; that it is always expressive of your own good taste.

On the other hand pieces that have appealed most strongly to your sense of the beautiful and artistic may have been priced higher than you felt you could afford. But no longer.

* * *

In Kroehler Living Room Furniture you'll find your ideal—furniture that is artistic, luxuriously comfortable and *individual*; its finer examples in every way comparable to exquisite custom-built furniture.

And Furniture that is priced moderately. For with the nationally known Kroehler Davenport Bed it is a product of eight great modern-equipped factories, with an established distribution, and turning out the largest volume of business in the entire field of upholstered furniture.

Because of those famous Kroehler *hidden qualities* which guarantee strength and endurance, you'll find, too, that its always moderate price represents a true and lasting economy.

So do not delay longer. See Kroehler Quality. Begin enjoying this lovely living room furniture at once. Your dealer carries it; and now is the time to buy—when special displays are being made—when special inducements are being offered.

Kroehler Living Room Suites, and the famous Kroehler Davenport *Bed*, known as "The Invisible Bedroom"; singly or *en suite* with inviting arm and fireside chairs to match; in the latest most approved styles and designs, overstuffed and period.

And a veritable profusion of coverings—serviceable, artistic, too—in silk damasks, tapestries, mohairs, jacquard velours, Chase Velmo, and leather or Chase Leatherwove, first choice of the world's best looms, the mohairs and wool fabrics being given special moth-proofing treatment.

All are at your dealer's, with competent assistance in making your selections, if you wish. In most cases you can buy on the popular, easy-payment plan.

* * *

In buying furniture always safeguard yourself by finding the Kroehler name plate on the back of every piece. It is the sign of the genuine and your guarantee of those *hidden qualities* which mean permanent satisfaction and make moderate price well worth while.

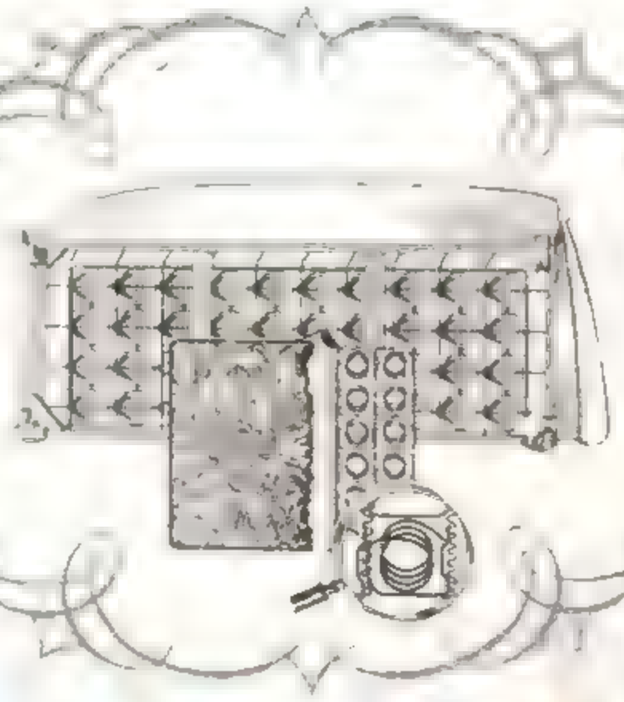
If you do not know where to find Kroehler Quality, write us for the nearest dealer's name. With it we will send, gratis, "The Kroehler Book of Living Room Arrangements," full of helpful hints on the correct and effective placement of furniture in rooms of all shapes and sizes.

Address Kroehler Mfg. Co., Chicago, or Stratford, Ontario. *Factories at* Kankakee, Illinois; Bradley, Illinois; Naperville, Illinois; Binghamton, New York; Dallas, Texas; Los Angeles, California; San Francisco, California. *Canadian Factory*, Stratford, Ontario.

THE FAMOUS KROEHLER HIDDEN QUALITIES

GUARANTEED SPRING STEEL UNDERSTRUCTURE *Seat-supporting springs are large wide coils of Premier quality, high tempered steel. They rest upon and are interlocked with a strong, yet flexible, spring steel understructure. This is a permanent construction and will not sag or tear loose from the frame or lose its resiliency.*

FILLING MATERIALS *are germ-cured moss, flax and cotton—clean and sanitary.*



HARDWOOD FRAMES—*Thoroughly seasoned, kiln-dried, strongly braced, glued, doweled and corner blocked.*

CUSHIONS—*Luxuriously comfortable, spring-filled loose cushions, padded with clean white felted cotton. Closely assembled, interlocking spring construction—holds its shape.*

SPRING EDGES—*Double-stuffed and closely stitched. Heavy sheeting over springs.*

KROEHLER

Living Room Furniture

Notice White Owl smokers—they're everywhere. Notice how many of them are of the type who can afford to pay far more for a cigar—men who would not let price interfere with solid cigar satisfaction.

As a matter of fact, you'll probably find few who smoke White Owls because of the price. Most have tried higher priced cigars and then have settled upon White Owls because the sweetness, mildness and mellowness just suit their fancy and taste.

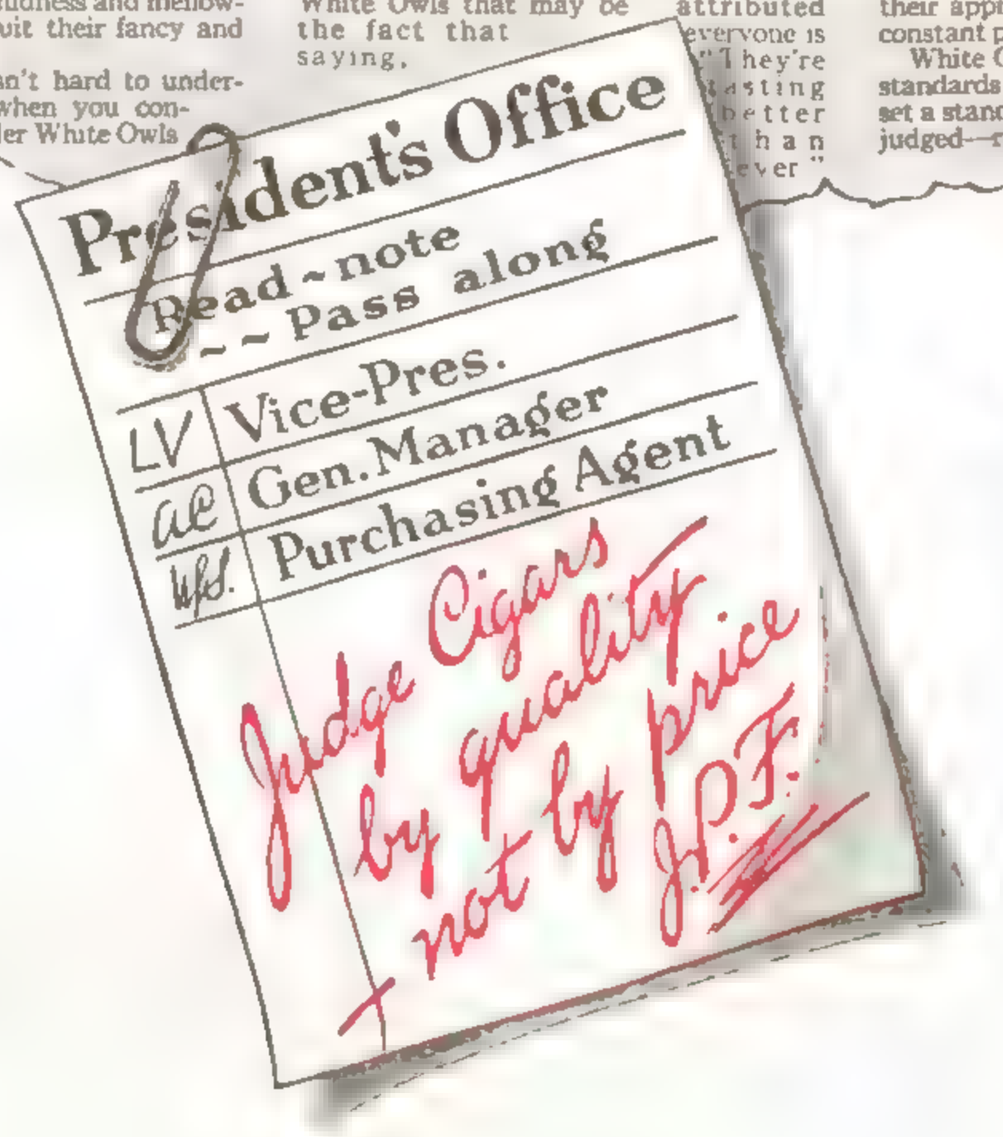
This isn't hard to understand when you consider White Owls in the light of every business success. Every outstanding leader has reached that position by giving far greater value at smaller profit per sale. The huge volume thus attained counter-balances the greater cost of extra quality.

It is to the enormous popularity of White Owls that may be attributed the fact that everyone is saying, "They're tasting better than ever"

Were it not for the loyalty of millions of smokers we could not afford to use tobacco from the finest crop in years and still maintain the same price.

The sweeter taste and soothing mellowness are a direct tribute to that vast army of careful smokers who have shown their appreciation of extra value by their constant patronage.

White Owls are not to be judged by old standards of price and taste. They now set a standard by which all other cigars are judged—regardless of price.



2 for 15¢
Package of 10 for 75¢

TO a great degree White Owl is responsible for the growing tendency among successful business men to judge cigars by quality—and not by price.

For White Owl, the first cigar to set a record of almost unbelievable popularity, has proven that quality in cigars is to be gauged solely by public acceptance.

So, we say, forget the price of White Owls—judge them by the sweetness of taste and mellowness resulting from the finest tobacco crop in years! A comparison with far higher priced cigars will truly surprise you!

White Owl

General Cigar Co., Inc.

(Continued from Page 84)

Casino, so small against the vast water, against the surly overlapping Alps, was sending out its call to her, and her eyes were seeing, not the soft Alpine autumn, blue sky and bluer sea but the ornate all-but-silent rooms of the Casino, the green baize, the blur of the moving wheel. She had noticed another car in La Turbie with 29 on its number plate. Was it a sign? Would twenty-nine be lucky?

"Eh, Miss Angela, you like see something dam' interesting, ver' good, eh?"

She turned around. The young Italian driver was standing beside her, cap in hand.

"What is it, Benito?"

"*Cosa segreta!* Ver' dam' fine. Ver' few see. Twenty minutes. You like come?"

"All right, Benito."

She jumped into the back of the car and it hurled itself down the slope toward Monte Carlo, turning rocks by a hair-breadth, skimming precipices, missing a patrol of Chasseurs Alpins by a foot. They raced past little farmhouses with their terraced fields, swept through a spinney of olive trees. The car stopped.

"*Eccolo!*"

"But what?" Angela asked.

She saw a little field, with the humps of graves in it, quiet, well tended, surrounded by a stone wall. Each grave was like another, a small cross over each.

"A war cemetery?" she asked.

Benito grinned. He had his nation's liking for a grim joke.

"*Si, signorin'*. War—war against the Casino!"

She looked more closely. On each cross was a number; no name. At one end she could see Number One; at another, Number Thirty-one. Thirty-one graves, each like the other, regular, well tended, anonymous. There were no flowers, only crisp well-shorn grass, a cross with a number. Suddenly she understood, and in the hot sunshine she shivered with the cold.

"But there are only thirty-one," she said, more to herself than to the driver. "In all its history there are only thirty-one."

Benito gave a quick glance up and down the road, vaulted the stone wall and made his way to the center. He lifted a sod from one of the hummocks. It was new.

"Casino gardeners," he grinned—"best in the world."

"Oh, put it back, Benito!" she all but cried.

He replaced the sod in position and came back.

"*La bella commedia!* Thirty-one!"

He started the car again. Threw a glance over his shoulder.

"Ver' dam' fools!" he uttered the epitaph. He remembered his American language. "Cuckoo!" He smiled triumphantly.

Through the swift ride to Mentone, through the lunch, through the ride back to Monaco, the memory of the small graveyard haunted her, terrified her. For in the places where the dead lay she had always been accustomed to find the atmosphere of peace. Winds seemed gentler there, and there were always friendly trees. Old graveyards she had known came back to her mind, and ancient headstones that breathed love and care. There was one in an old God's Acre of New England not far from home of a husband and wife of a hundred years before. Through the yellow stonework one could still read the words: "They were lovely and exceeding pleasant in their lives, and in death they were not divided." It made death seem nothing but a tender change. Somewhere outside Gloucester was a tablet in a little church in memory of two brothers who had set sail from Gloucester in a fishing smack for Charleston, "and were never more heard of." Ah, but they were not forgotten. One felt everywhere in the little New England graveyards that here was the quiet New England peace. The outcast in life had peace here; no matter what he had been in life, once he was admitted to the friendly guild of the dead folk, there were care and protection for him, so that often on his grave flowers grew.

But the anonymous dead in the field by the olive trees—there was no care there. In death, they were outcasts. The man who had thrown himself down the Grand Corniche; the young wife who had jumped from the harbor pier into the Mediterranean, which at night is purple as grapes; the old commander who had turned on the gas in his shabby room; the cynical plunger who had shot himself in the luxuriant gardens—all were picked up, as something unsightly in the gardens would be picked up, and hurried out of the way by the rapid officials. How quick, how deft, how secret these folk of the town were! A pass, like a stage magician's, and the body had gone. It was quietly, tidily packed away. No churchman of any creed stood proxy for the dead to cry that he knew his Redeemer lived, or that the Lord God was one. The gardeners dovetailed the sods of brilliant turf, saw that each blade of grass melted into perfect composition, and returned to tend the plumed palm trees and the flaunting bougainvillea.

"*En voilà un autre qui n'aura pas froid*"—there goes another who won't catch cold!

It was not so much the shattering fact of the violent death that terrified Angela, but the sense of loneliness, as though these uncared-for people were dead in death, were wandering in the dark spaces between the stars, lost, utterly lost, as a child would be lost, mad with terror, in some vast black room.

She thought that she could never enter the Casino again, such an icy mantle had that acre of ground thrown over her heart; but when they had come again to the little town, returning from Mentone, everything looked so quiet, so placid, so innocuous, that she wondered if she had been mistaken. She sat outside the Café de Paris sipping a coffee, while, inside, her mother danced to a galloping one-step of Lucian Boyer's. Near her an Anglican clergyman, in gray flannels and Roman collar, a bronze-faced athletic man, was sitting with a fox terrier on a leash. A group of French were excitedly discussing some important family event. Here hung a poster announcing the opening of the Russian ballet. Across the square a gigantic negro hall porter emerged from one of the hotels and blinked at the sun—he wore a maroon uniform, his chest was covered with war ribbons. A frail old lady passed in a two-horse barouche, a soft sweet-faced old gentlewoman in black lace and a parasol. Below, the Mediterranean was still as a lake, as a blue lake in a painting. Above, the mountains relaxed their grimness and seemed to smile, and gay folk went in and out of the elaborate doorways of the Casino.

"I think I'll go in and look on for a minute," she decided.

She passed through the doors with her month's card and stopped at the first table. The *chef de partie* looked at her and recognized her with a fatherly smile.

"Ah, mademoiselle!" he greeted her.

Someone got up from a seat by the croupier. The chief held the chair for her. Unconsciously she sat down.

It seemed foolish to do nothing. She shoved forward a hundred-franc note to the changer. She laid a counter on the last six numbers at five to one, another on the second dozen at twos, two counters on the red at evens.

"*Dix-sept, rouge, impair et manqué!*"

She had won on the red and on the dozen—lost on the number. An inspiration came to her that the winning number next time would be in the neighborhood of 17. She let her stake and winnings on the dozen and on the red ride. She placed a counter on four numbers, 19, 20, 22, 23—an eight-to-one chance. She placed a counter on six, 19 to 24—a five-to-one shot. On a sudden hunch she placed one on 22 and 23—seventeen to one.

"*Vingt-deux, rouge, pair et passe!*"

The croupier swiftly counted out her winnings and shoved them toward her with his rake. The chief smiled and—"*Bien joué*"—well played—he uttered admiringly. She arranged the piles of counters in front of her.

"*Mesdames et messieurs, faites vos jeux!*"

She settled herself in her chair as a jockey settles himself in his saddle. Her eyes traveled coolly, concentratedly, around the board.

VI

SHE was sitting with Morrie Sullivan on the promenade at Var. The warm Midi noon was drawing in, and they had just come out of the water after a mile swim in the Mediterranean. Though it was April and Easter would soon be here, yet Var was still crowded. From Paris came reports of torrential rain, and England's spring seemed as yet far off, and in Ireland was the ominous quiet that presages the crackle of guns, so that the idle people preferred to rest on the azure Riviera; and while the idle moneyed folk still remained, the Casino of Var would not close its doors.

Spring was here at least. The almond trees broke into veils of white blossom; the forget-me-nots sprang out bluer than the blue; the orange and lemon trees gave promise of a teeming season. Up and down under the waving palm trees went the pretty Parisian ladies in their white summery clothes—their bluish-black hair, their liquid black eyes, their vermilion lips; went the young Frenchmen, attired in sport clothes of the most exaggerated cut; went Englishwomen, stolid, not a little arrogant; and Englishmen, tolerant, not a little soft after the Riviera; went Spaniards, who seemed always to sneer; went the ubiquitous Greeks.

She was leaning back against the seat, experiencing one of the few hours of peace she now had. It was so good to have Morrie with her—so good to have him swimming by her in his powerful, his vital way, instead of the young Frenchmen, who were always play-acting in the water, considering they had acquitted themselves like athletes of old Sparta when they had swum a half mile; so good to sit by his silence where the others would have been paying compliments, uttering insincerities because it was the thing to do. It was so good to have him—and it would be for such a little space.

She was half dreaming, her eyes half closed, so that she did not notice for an instant the big smart figure that had stopped before them.

"Good morning, Miss Turnbull."

"Oh!" She stood up. "Good morning, M'sieu' Dariano." She held her hand out and the squat man took it and, bending over it, brushed it with his gray mustache. Morrie was also on his feet. He grasped Morrie's hand.

"And you, Mr. Sullivan, how do you like Var?"

"It's a nice little place," Morrie answered. "I don't know what it's all about, but it's a nice little place."

"There is great charm in it," the Greek said. "Once one has been here, one always wishes to come back. The Phœnicians, the Romans, loved it."

Sullivan looked at him keenly, studying his face, his clothes, and found himself qualifying the first impressions he had received the night he had met Dariano in the gambling rooms. The meticulously quiet clothes of the man, the fineness of linen and shoes—that hardly seemed the outfit of the professional gambler, as he had imagined him. Nearly obese he might be, but somehow it was not the obesity of indulgence; it was how the man was made. Even the asthmatic wheeze was not repellent—he recognized that as a misfortune. But the powerful face was not to be passed over, not in a thousand faces. The even olive tint of it, the clear, steady, powerful eyes, the balanced jaw, the broad forehead. The fat body was an envelope of power. Here was a cool, steady, calculating thing that never lost control of itself, that knew what it wanted, that knew when to seize opportunity, that knew when to wait for it. One sensed, too, the tradition of mental craft that is the Greeks' heritage, as valor in battle is the Irish heritage and unswerving, often stupid honesty the English. If Dariano had been other than a gambler, Morrie would have liked him. Here, in fine, was a man.

"I don't see you gambling much, Mr. Sullivan."

"No," Morrie laughed, "I'm more on swimming and that sort of thing than baccarat."

"That's good!" Dariano smiled. "I play it as a business, but people who play it as a game ——" He shrugged his heavy shoulders. "I wish this dear young lady were as wise."

"I admire that bird," Morrie said when Dariano had gone on, "but he isn't human nature's daily food. What I mean is, Angie, I wish you'd cut that bird out. Just ease him off, will you?"

"I can't, Morrie."

"Why not?"

"You can't—you can't ease off a—well, a man who has asked you to marry him." Her face was downcast, a little flushed from embarrassment. She would not face Morrie's eyes. Sullivan sat up, taut, keen as a fighting dog.

"He asked you to marry him," he said slowly. "And what did you answer?" She was silent. "Did you say yes, Angela?"

"No, Morrie."

"Then you said no!"

"I didn't, Morrie. I—I couldn't make up my mind."

"Do you care for this—this Greek man?"

"No, Morrie, I don't."

"Then why in hell ——"

"Don't, Morrie, please don't." She turned to him, and there was such pain in her eyes that it shocked him. "Don't ask me anything, please. Please, Morrie, don't!"

"Easy, Angie, easy, girl!" he told her. "We'll fix all this up in time. I won't ask you any more. Whatever the trouble is, we'll fix it up."

But she could only shake her head. There seemed to be on her a weight of hopelessness, heavy as the surly purple mountains that seemed always on the point of crushing the pretty little vicious town at their feet.

VII

IT CAME to Angela with a cold frostlike nip about her heart that her mother was coming to be irked by her, to dislike her. She tried to put the knowledge out of her head, but it remained. It would not go.

Mrs. Turnbull was one of that type of women who had accepted marriage because it was the natural thing to do at a particular age, just as at an earlier age one had one's dresses lengthened, and some years later one's hair put up. Had she not been so glitteringly pretty as a girl, it would have been a ten-to-one bet that she would never have found a husband. Her vivacity and prettiness covered up the lack of warmth in her, the inability to give. There was about her a rigidity like a steel bar's. Possibly her husband found this out in a short time and it was on this account that he shifted his passion into business, and later when passion had worn out and there was need of tenderness, that what tenderness he had was put into the little house at New Canaan.

He had never complained. He had just gone ahead with his bad bargain, as so many of his countrymen do. After all, he wasn't the only one.

Angela was born because it was the thing for a young married woman to have a baby, who might be dressed prettily and treated like a rather marvelous doll. In the years of her mother that Angela could remember well, she always thought of her as an extremely pretty woman who was always going out to lunch and play bridge all afternoon at some friend's house, where a circle of her kind congregated; or having them to her own house in New Canaan; or going out to dances at local golf and yacht clubs, or driving around in the two-seater car. Angela had always felt she resented the

(Continued on Page 91)

When you re-beautify your old home with Creo-Dipts—

you "put money in the bank"

THESE two pictures of the home of Mr. R. S. Crane, Auburndale, Mass., show how Creo-Dipt Shingles can be laid right over old siding to transform an old house . . . . At what price? That's the amazing thing about Creo-Dipt beauty —*it saves its cost* in reduced upkeep.

© C-D Co., Inc., 1926

IF YOURS is an old house, you can save several hundred dollars by re-roofing with Creo-Dipt Shingles and laying Creo-Dipts right over the old siding.

The usual clapboards require about seven paintings in twenty years to preserve the wood from rot. If the house is of average size, these seven paintings will cost about $1400.

The cost of covering the side walls of this same house with Creo-Dipt Shingles, plus labor, plus upkeep for twenty years, is about $800.

In painting costs alone, your Creo-Dipt savings over a period of twenty years would be $600.

You will find, too, that Creo-Dipt Shingles over old siding save heating bills by making your house warmer in winter and cooler in summer.

For your new home, Creo-Dipt savings are just as startling. And for new roofs, or re-roofing, Creo-Dipt economy is as outstanding as for side walls.

Ask your architect, or builder, or lumber dealer about Creo-Dipts—they are stocked by leading lumber dealers everywhere. Or, to see for yourself what Creo-Dipt beauty can mean in transforming your old home or helping you to build new, mail the coupon below.

CREO-DIPT COMPANY, INC., 1102 Oliver St., North Tonawanda, N.Y. *In Canada:* Creo-Dipt Company, Ltd., 1610 Royal Bank Bldg., Toronto. Sales Offices in principal cities. Plants located for easy shipping at No. Tonawanda, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Mo., Vancouver, B. C.

CREO-DIPT

Stained Shingles

Creo-Dipt Company, Inc.
1102 Oliver St.
North Tonawanda, N. Y.

Enclosed find 25c for booklet of color suggestions and portfolio of large size photographs of old homes re-beautified with Creo-Dipts and new Creo-Dipt homes designed by prominent architects.

I am interested in ☐ Remodeling
☐ Building new

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

(Continued from Page 89)

large young girl who had suddenly come into her life as her daughter, definitely dating her.

When Mr. Turnbull was alive she never complained. What ambitions she had for a larger sphere of life she kept to herself, barring, of course, the gentle persuasion she exercised in extracting trips to Florida and the Virginia Hot Springs, and her wish that he might bring her to the south of France. This cold, self-contained type of woman is invariably shrewd. It is never the type that throws a cap over the windmill. It is born with a cold, small philosophy that one has got to put up with a little inconvenience, such as a husband one doesn't care much for and rather despises, to achieve bread and circuses.

But now there was no husband, and now there was money, now there was freedom. In this town of Var she could be one of the favored. Here she played her good, sound game of bridge—not with folk who had the same problems, the same outlook as she had, as was the case in America, but with—and on equal social terms with—people who would have awed her at home; a crack Australian tennis star; the wife of a British knight; a Baroness This; an Italian prince. And she could dance and carry on her innocent quasi flirtations with boys or young men.

There is a strange romantic cord that binds the woman in the early forties to the boy in his twenties. For her there is the savoring the sweet ghost of her early years, which she was too impatient, too callow, to appreciate when she was only a girl. It is like the memory of the great dawns we have seen when we were young. And the boy at the threshold of life is more in love with life, with curiosity as to the adventure of living, than he is with womankind. And here is one who has been through life, courtship and passion—a mother-sweetheart, as it were, a sweetheart who will understand from experience the doubts and problems that are in him, a mother whom his young manhood will not alienate, who will not always be seeing in him the fair-haired boy of five. It is pathetic and not unsweet, so long as it does not pass that dividing line which makes it an unnatural thing.

Mrs. Turnbull was in the middle forties, but she might have been in the early thirties, such care had she taken of herself. She had also the chic, to use a much belabored word, of the American woman, which surpasses the elegance of any middle-class woman in the world. She could have been very happy at Var but for one thing. How can one be happy fully, let oneself go, accept adulation, with the possibility every moment of a beautiful grown-up daughter coming in and making one uncomfortable? The adulation would turn to respectful admiration, and no amount of explanation that one had been married when "little better than a child" would explain away Angela's supple young womanhood. Also, she was afraid of looking ridiculous in Angela's eyes. Angela had such clear eyes, such seeing eyes.

She had to admit, though, that Angela left her to herself. Angela had little taste for dancing—that is, dancing as the Riviera knew it, the tea dances which lasted from three in the afternoon until dressing time for dinner and the dinner dances which lasted from eight in the evening until two in the morning, one orgy of St. Vitus. No, Angela was content to spend the evening and part of the afternoon in the gambling rooms. And if that amused Angela —— And Angela was level-headed—took after her father there, said Mrs. Turnbull to herself.

For Angela, the opening of the Var Casino came as a relief, for now it was becoming too cold to swim and the winter mistral was setting in, blowing a cold spraying wind landward that made the promenade along the pier not so pleasant as all the accounts of the Riviera had foretold. The farther Alps began to wear white scarfs of snow. The Mediterranean changed from its vivid blue to a gray snarling sea. Often it rained dreadfully, appalling columns of rain, hour in, hour out, so that the only refuge was the *thés dansants* where the young girls danced with men who might have been their grandfathers, ancient colonels and general officers, who had finished their lives' work and were now resting a little before assaulting the battlements of death; superannuated officers from India and Rhodesia and other far quarters of the globe whose shattered health would not permit them to face the rigors of a northern winter. And young men with too much money and no work to do, who were forever dancing with senior women—the *jeune fille* being too unsophisticated for them. Old men dancing with young girls and young men dancing with women at least a decade older than they—the inverseness of this troubled Angela's clean, natural quality. No, she would not go in.

Another section began filling the little town—the gamblers. Deauville and Biarritz and Le Touquet were closed, and now they descended on Cannes. All of them, men and women, had keen fighting faces, some hard, some only drawn a little, but their features had the one quality visible in all—immobility, and their eyes were wary. To these people roulette was a child's game, not much above the standard of the ridiculous *boule* that was played for the benefit of small French shopkeepers, at a franc stake and with a soft rubber ball! They were there for the real baccarat battles, in the quiet millionaires' town, in the pretty Casino into which every Tom, Dick and Harry could not gain entrance, as they could at Monte Carlo.

The word "baccarat" thrilled Angela. It had a magical, somehow cabalistic sound; and in spite of the stories she had heard of great fortunes lost or made in a night, she could hardly credit that it was a vicious gambling affair. "For," she argued, "they don't allow roulette in France, and I know that is a gambling game; so if the government allows baccarat, it can't be so bad, can it?" Those to whom she spoke of the matter only smiled. Everybody at Var admitted the intense viciousness of Monte Carlo, exaggerated if anything the number of tragedies there. Were there ever any suicides at Var? The French, the hotel porter, the proprietor—they regarded her with the horror they would have naturally felt had she cried, "Down with the Republic!" A suicide at Var? A tragedy of any kind? "*Quelle comédie!*"

Her first view of the baccarat rooms at Var gave her a sense of joyousness. Everything was so different from Monte Carlo. Everything in the great Casino there was so formal. The Casino itself, the attendants, the *chefs de partie*, the croupiers—all had the air of saying, "Well, if you want gambling, if you must have gambling, here it is for you—a straight game and no favor. Gamble or not, it doesn't matter to us." Angela often thought that entering Monte's Casino must be like the entering into a ring of the great prize fights she had read about. A quick order, and all your friends and seconds left you, alone in the roped inclosure with your opponent, alone but for the aloof, almost ghostly referee; none to help, none to advise you.

A stark fight against fortune—such was Monte. But at Var everyone was smiling—the attendants at the door, the croupiers inside, the waiters, the footmen in plush and gold braid. It seemed like a jolly country club, or yacht club, raised to an apogee of luxury. One could not help smiling too. Overhead lights poured like sunshine over the luxurious chairs and lounges and over the little green tables where, in formal evening costume, the players sat. It was like a scene on a stage or on a cinematograph screen. And suddenly a croupier's voice called crisply:

"*Neuf à la banque*"—the bank has a nine.

Then Angela knew they were gambling. She drew near one of the tables and looked on. She had a vague idea of the game from hearing about it. Nine was the highest point. Anything over nine didn't count. Court cards and tens counted nothing. Nine and eight were naturals—like seven and eleven in dicing games. She drew nearer to watch and see the practice. There, about an oblong table, covered with green cloth as a card table is covered, nine players sat, each with his number in painted yellow before him on the baize. On one side sat the croupier, with a trowel-shaped board in his hand, as of a trowel with an immense blade and a small handle. With this he reached to each part of the table, collecting or paying out debts in counters or hundred-franc notes. Before one man was a little box, shaped like a sluice, or a grain shovel. At one end was a handle, at the other was a metal clip. From the clip end he was dealing out cards. Five red counters, five louis, a hundred francs were before the croupier on the table.

"*Une banque de cinq louis*"—a bank of a hundred francs! the croupier called.

A keen-eyed Frenchman with a black spade beard two seats away called, "Banco!"

The dealer clicked a card out and shoved it face downward toward the Frenchman; clicked out one for himself; another for the Frenchman, another to himself. The dealer sat back and lit a cigarette. The croupier looked on keenly. The Frenchman picked up his cards and glanced at them, put them down again.

"*Carte!*" he snapped. "I'll draw a card."

The dealer took up his hand and looked at it—a three of clubs and a five of hearts. He threw it down.

"*Huit à la banque*"—the bank has eight.

The croupier reached over for the Frenchman's cards and bank note with his shovel. He slipped the used cards down a slot. He changed a louis counter into four of five francs each. He slid two five-franc counters down the Casino's slot. He leaned back.

"A bank of nine and a half louis!"

"But doesn't the other man get his card?" Angela asked a fellow guest at the hotel.

"Nobody gets a card if the banker or the punter has an eight or a nine. That's a natural, see? *Fini!* All over!"

"A bank of nine and a half louis," the croupier repeated. "*Qui fait le banco?*"—who goes banco?

A pretty dark Latin woman, smoking a cigarette in a turquoise holder, nodded. The dealer looked up.

"Banco?" She nodded again.

He dealt the cards as he had done the first time; one to her, one to himself; one to her, one to himself. She looked at her cards.

"*Carte!*" she called. She had the soft, quiet intonation of a gentlewoman. The dealer turned over his cards. He had an ace and a five—six.

He dealt out another card, looked at it and passed it across the table—a queen. He shoved his own cards forward and tapped with his hand. He stood on his six. The dark lady bowed and laid down her hand; a ten, a queen, a four—four. She had lost. The croupier gathered the stakes and the cards, deducted the casino's 5 per cent.

"Eighteen and a quarter louis! Who goes banco?"

"Banco!" a lethargic Russian at the end of the table called. His voice boomed like a menace. He wore the button of some Czarist order in his dinner jacket. He was a fat, truculent man. The dealer hesitated a moment.

"What's he waiting for?" Angela asked.

"He's not sure whether he's going to give it or not," the hotel friend told her. "A bank usually goes down on the third shot. If it passes the third shot it may run eight more times."

The dealer decided to go ahead. He dealt the cards. The Russian looked at his hand.

"*Non!*" he called. He was standing pat.

The dealer looked at his cards. A king and a four! He drew a card for himself—a six. King, nothing! Four and six, ten—nothing.

"*Baccarat!*" called the croupier. "No good!" The Russian threw down a queen and a seven, seven. The croupier passed him the eighteen and a half louis, nearly four hundred francs. The dealer shoved the

TOM-TOM THE OCTAGON

White dial $3.25
Radium $4.25

Tom-Tom

watchman of the castle of sleep

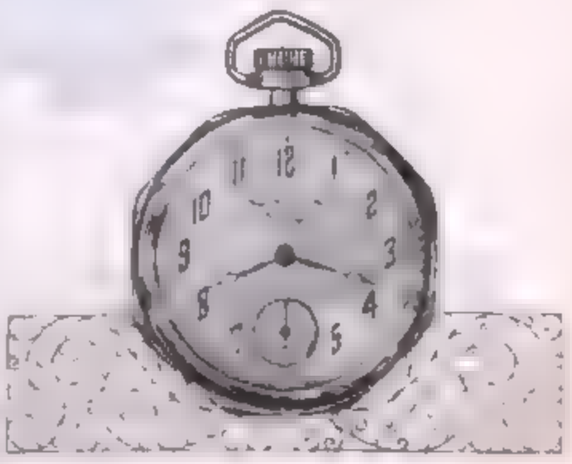
ON AND on Tom-Tom will let you wander through the dim, high-arched corridors of the castle of sleep—undisturbed. Not even the echo of his ticking will reach your ears. But when comes the minute that castle must be folded up, put away for the day . . . his alarm sounds promptly. And distinctly you hear it . . . though you've climbed to the highest cobweb tower and need all twelve calls to whisk you into daylight. Tom-Tom gets you out on time.

Tom-Tom is a handsome True Time Teller. A shiny octagon, with cubist numerals, special top-ring, curved crystal for easy time-reading. Low priced at your dealer's.

Low priced also is Tip-Top, the silent pocket watch. Reliable, compact—another True Time Teller.

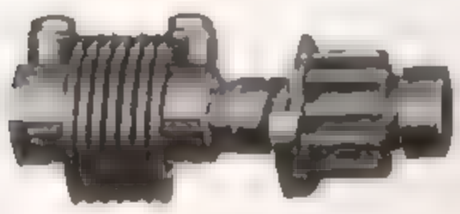
THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK COMPANY
New Haven, Conn.

Tip-Top the pocket watch
White dial $1.75
Radium $2.75



ECLIPSE
STARTER PRODUCTS

IN any season, in any weather, your motor car takes you where you *want to go*—opens new opportunities for health, recreation, happiness and profit. In the old days, business and social activities yielded largely to the handicaps of winter... *But not now!* ...Cold and snow merely serve to emphasize the comfort, dependability and ease of operation of the modern motor car, in which the Eclipse Bendix Drive plays an important part.



"THE MECHANICAL HAND THAT CRANKS YOUR CAR"

ECLIPSE MACHINE COMPANY
ELMIRA, N. Y.

ECLIPSE MACHINE COMPANY, HOBOKEN, N. J.
ECLIPSE MACHINE COMPANY, *Ltd.*, WALKERVILLE, ONT.

box to the man nearest him on his right-hand side. Three louis was put in.

"A bank of three louis!"

"It's such a silly game," Angela criticized. "There's nothing to it."

The shoe, as the argot for the baccarat box goes, had passed around the table three times without a bank winning more than twice. A slim young Frenchman sitting on the left-hand side of the lethargic Russian rose in irritation. His seat was taken by a small keen-eyed woman of fifty, with a haughty fighting face. Her hair was black, her features sharp and regular, but her eyes were extraordinary. All the life in her centered in the black eyes. They were challenging, malevolent eyes. At times the eyelids were almost shut, but one got the sense of fearful power all the same, as of some leopard or tiger hiding in a thicket. Her hands glittered with diamonds, but the glitter of her eyes was keener, colder than the glitter of the stones. The croupier bowed to her. The table looked at her with interest, some with awe.

"That's Mme. Pierre Ralli," someone explained to Angela. "Don't you remember? Pierre Ralli, the Emperor of the Kameruns?"

And then Angela recalled to mind the life of the mad French millionaire who had set out to find an empire in Africa for himself—one of those queer baroque figures who tread for a week, for a month, through the journalistic history of Europe.

"Watch!"

The shoe traveling from left to right was but two places from the mad emperor's wife. The bank had gone twice. It was now up against the critical third coup.

"Banco!" roared the heavy Russian on Madame Ralli's right. The cards were dealt. The Russian's two were being handed to him. Madame Ralli put out her hand and tapped the table.

"*Banco prime!*" she said. The cards were given to her.

"How come?" Angela asked.

"The one nearest the dealer on the right-hand side has always prior claim to banco."

The Ralli woman threw down a natural eight—two fours. The bank had nothing. The stakes were handed to her. The bull-like Russian glared at her, breathing heavily through his nostrils. She bancoed the player of her left and won. The box came to her. She put up three counters of a hundred francs each.

"A bank of fifteen louis!" called the croupier.

"Banco!" the big Russian snarled.

She dealt the cards calmly, two to him and two to her. The Russian called for a card. She turned her own hand. A two and a five—seven. She gave him an ace. A three, a queen and an ace. She had won. The bank doubled.

"Banco!" again called the Russian.

She had lit a cigarette and was smoking it with one hand. With the jeweled forefinger of her right hand she dealt again. The Russian stood on his cards. She turned up two queens. Nothing. She drew a seven. The Russian flung his hand down, a jack and a six. The stakes had quadrupled.

"*Banco toujours!*" The Russian glared. "Banco again!" He would catch her on the fatal third turn. She dealt the cards. He threw down his hand, his eyes popping with triumph.

"*Huit!*" he called—eight.

She turned one card. It was a king, nothing. She turned the other, held it in her fingers a second, showed it to him.

"*Et neuf!*" she smiled—and a nine.

"*Une banque de cent quinze louis*"—a bank of one hundred and fifteen louis. A bank of two thousand three hundred francs! *Qui fait le banco? Qui dit banco?*"—who goes banco?

People had come from all parts of the room to see Madame Ralli play. The rumor had gone out that her bank was running. Folk crowded around the table, looking. Angela felt her heart pounding with the strain. The counters and hundred-franc notes were piled carelessly on the table in front of the croupier.

"If anybody goes banco, lay your bets!"

The players at the table and the folk standing behind pushed notes and counters forward on the line, betting evens that the bank would go down, everything from hundred-franc notes to modest five-franc counters.

"*Encore cinquante louis!*—still a thousand francs to make up."

"*Je complète!*" a young American in the standing ring called. "I'll make up the difference." Now there was acute tension. Everybody had a little stake on. Angela had put a fifty-franc note on the table. The young American took the cards for the table. Ralli looked at him keenly. He hesitated a second.

"*Carte!*" he called shakily. She knew what he had. He had a five. An even chance. But he was trying to better his hand. She turned up her own cards. A ten and a four, four. She dealt a card to him, a six. One could feel the electric tension of the table. She looked up dreamily and put her hand on the cards.

"*Je reste!*" she said. "I stand on four."

The punters gave a sigh of disgust. The young American had a two, a three and a six, eleven, just one. The stakes were swept into the big pile. Again the croupier called.

"A bank of four thousand five hundred!"

"Banco!"

A young Persian in the dinner jacket of the West and the turban of the East called the bank. He was slight and olive-tinted. He was one of the world's best polo players.

"*Sept cartes, ou le coup n'y est pas!*" the croupier warned as she dealt. "Unless there are seven cards the coup is annulled."

She dealt two cards to the Persian, two to herself. The Persian smiled and threw down his hand. A ten and a nine, nine! Ralli turned hers, two queens, nothing. She flicked out the other cards in the box. There were only two.

"*Le coup est nul!*" the croupier called. "No deal!"

"*La main passe!*" smiled Ralli sweetly. "I pass the bank." In four throws she had run her bank from three hundred to forty-five hundred francs. The table broke up while the six packs of cards were being reshuffled.

During the interval a player took the opportunity of dropping out—he had no wish to stay at a table dominated by the luck of the mad emperor's wife. Unconsciously, as she might have done at the roulette tables of Monte Carlo, Angela slipped into his seat. The shoe passed from hand to hand, the bank going down at each time until it came to her. She had a queer thrill in her heart as the player on her left-hand side passed her the wooden box. She put up sixty francs on the table.

"A bank of three louis!"

Angela looked tentatively round the table. She was afraid of Ralli. If Ralli bancoed her, she felt her bank would go down. But Ralli was smiling and pushing forward three louis.

"Madame Ralli asks," the inspector said in English, "if she can be associated in your bank—if she can double the stake."

"Of course," Angela said.

"A bank of six louis!" the croupier called. "A bank of one hundred and twenty francs. *Qui fait le banco?*"—who goes banco?

The player on Angela's right tapped the table. He was a mild bald man with tortoise-rimmed glasses. The inspector and the croupier hovered protectingly around Angela.

"One for him, one for you. Now, another for him; another for you. *Attendez!* Don't look at your cards!"

"Card," asked the mild man.

"No, don't give it yet. Turn over your cards. *Neuf*"—nine.

She looked at the ten and nine she had before her. She had won first shot. The croupier deducted the percentage, swept the stakes into the middle of the table.

"A bank of eleven and a half louis."

The young Persian polo player had strolled back to the table.

"Banco!" he called.

(Continued on Page 94)

The MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA

Those who call Paige "the most beautiful car in America" refer not alone to the grace and symmetry of its lines . . . Nor simply to the true proportion and high perfection that distinguish its enduring chassis. Nor yet alone to that 17-year pursuit of an ideal that has held together the same group of able men who designed the first Paige for the day, now at hand, when they should create the latest and finest of all Paiges. Beauty—to those who know Paige—embraces all these things. Then what will they say—they who have called earlier Paiges "most beautiful of all cars"—when first they see that incomparably finer, smarter, more enduring motor car—the *new* PAIGE?

· PAIGE ·

See the New Paige at the Motor Shows—and learn its new low price

MADE IN U.S.A.
WHEEL BRAKES
Raybestos is remarkably efficient for 4-wheel brakes. The "treatment" used in making Raybestos gives uniform action in all kinds of weather, in traffic, hilly or mountainous country.
Raybestos Contains No Rubber and Holds in Wet Weather
Raybestos Brake Service Stations have made a study of 4-wheel brakes. If you drive a car with 4-wheel brakes, have them lined by a Raybestos expert. Send coupon for name of nearest service station.
Silver Edge Raybestos
THE RAYBESTOS COMPANY
Bridgeport, Conn.
THE CANADIAN RAYBESTOS CO., Ltd.
Peterborough, Ont.
RAYBESTOS-BELACO, Ltd.
London, England.
THE RAYBESTOS COMPANY
Bridgeport, Conn.
2 6 26
GENTLEMEN I drive a car equipped with 4 wheel brakes Kindly send me name of Raybestos Brake Service Station in my vicinity.
Name
Address

(Continued from Page 92)

"*Banco suivi!*" rapped the mild man. "I follow my first bet."

She dealt again. Again the mild man asked for a card. She turned hers over.

"*Huit à la banque!*" the croupier chanted before she had counted them herself. "The bank has eight!" She was conscious of Mme. Ralli's smile.

Someone behind her said, "Now you see the damned thing will go on forever. Beginner's luck!"

"A bank of twenty-two louis!"

"Banco!" The young Persian smiled and searched in his pockets for notes.

She was on the point of dealing when she knew that this time the bank would go down. She sensed that for her there was no power in the box. The box felt negative. She remembered Ralli's phrase and shook her head.

"*La main passe!*" she decided.

She was conscious of the faint contempt in her partner's eyes. She was conscious of the smiles about the table. The young American lady had no courage. The croupier was silent as he divided the winnings. The mild man on her right was triumphant as he put up the twenty-two louis and took over the bank.

"A bank of twenty-two louis!" called the croupier. But none was keen on going banco. The young American's hand, who had never played before, and had passed it. It would go on for three or four more times at least; possibly for ten.

"Who goes banco?" asked the croupier.

Angela was as certain that the hand would go down as she was of sitting at the table. There was nothing in her mind more certain than this—the bank will go down. But it was nearly five hundred francs—between thirty and thirty-five dollars. She had never risked so much on a single coup at Monte.

"If nobody goes banco —" began the croupier's formula.

"Banco!" Angela called.

The table smiled. No, the young American lady was not a coward—she was worse, she was a fool. First of all, nobody bancoed their own bank. It was the worst luck in the world. Secondly, any fool could see that the bank was going to run. To pass a bank was foolish, but to banco it was mania. The mild man looked at Angela smilingly, and past his smile Angela noticed something hard as a stone wall. She knew suddenly that of all the smiles at the table was hardness, hardness as of stone walls or steel.

"Banco?" smiled the mild man.

"Banco!" Angela repeated.

He clicked the cards out. Angela picked hers up. For an instant she could not count them, the queer French cards without numbers in the corner. But the croupier was looking on.

"*À bas les cartes!*" he directed. "Throw them down. *Neuf à la ponte*—the punter has nine," he intoned. He gathered the bank in on his long ashen shovel and presented it to Angela. "*C'est le coup du roi* the king's trick." He smiled, showing his fine Latin teeth from ear to ear. There was a buzz of appreciation around the table—*le coup du roi*, to run your bank successfully a couple of times, banco it and win again. Ah, it was seldom it happened! Ah, the young American lady was not such a fool as she looked! "*Le hunch Américain!*" they explained it to one another. The mild man got up and walked away, remarking cryptically, "Once a sucker, always a sucker!" Angela arranged the neat pile of winnings before her. Nearly seven hundred francs! Dog-gone, she remembered the poker slang—nearly fifty solid iron men!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

TO LET, ON FLAGLER STREET

(Continued from Page 17)

He felt that the coppery-haired lady was watching him as he ripped open the envelopes and skimmed their contents with a practiced eye.

He crumpled one of the slips in a convulsive fist and said aloud, "Damn!" Walpole had never heard anybody utter that naughty word all by itself as a profane ejaculation, and he could swear much better without half trying, but he had read of gentlemen of the best sort saying "Damn!" and he was on his most gentlemanly behavior, and in the presence of a lady. He turned to her promptly and said, "Pardon me, won't you, but it's most provoking. . . . Well, well, look who's here. Know me, don't you?"

"Good morning," said the lady amiably. "I am glad you caught the little pig."

"Funny, wasn't it?" he said, looking full at her to confirm his impression that her eyes were wonderful.

"It didn't seem funny to me," she said, looking down at the floor and speaking in a light and vibrant voice. "Such a thing might happen to anybody, I'm sure. It was—sad, wasn't it?" She blushed prettily when she looked up. She had a slight trace of foreign accent, but it escaped Walpole when he listened for it.

"Certainly," he said in a growling tone, but with gratitude. "Some fools laugh at everything though. I am sorry I spoke out of my turn, but I just got two provoking wires. Look at what those nincompoops wire me!" She read:

"WALPOLE WYNDHAM BAGGE, ESQ.
"Miami, Fla.

"Can offer two hundred thousand for Alachua acreage. Answer collect.

SPENCER VAN BREW."

"WALPOLE WYNDHAM BAGGE, ESQ.
"Miami, Fla.

"One million, ten per cent cash, takes Punta Gorda subdivision. Advise your opinion. RANDOLPH MARLBOROUGH."

"It seems that they can do nothing without me," he said in apparent discontent. "I told Van Brew positively that two hundred thousand wouldn't go. As for the other, I happened to mention to Marlborough that Punta Gorda was one of the real good things, and now he's pestering me to buy in. Pshaw, I have enough irons in the fire!"

"Are you Mr. Bagge?" said the green-eyed lady respectfully, giving back the missives. "I'm sure I have heard that name."

"It is possible," said Walpole. "But you have the advantage of me. May I inquire to whom I am speaking?"

Dignity was heavy on him; he frowned to indicate that he was not light-minded, and held his head as if he had a stiff neck. He was even somewhat paternal; he was thirty-two and she was a mere girl of—of less than that, he was sure.

She was collected and tranquil. She said after a moment's reflective silence, "I am Mrs. Stefanie Filostrat. It is not like as though you were unknown to me."

"Ah, you are married," he said in a tone that would have meant different things to different people. "Mr. Filostrat is here?"

"I am a widow. But let's talk of someone of more importance, my dear. A man of your large affairs must be quite familiar with Florida property, is it not so? I should like to ask your advice on a business matter, if I may. It is very bold of me, but I am so worried."

"You're welcome, Mrs. Filostrat," said Walpole; adding conscientiously, "Not that my opinion is worth much."

"Oh, you would say that," she said, smiling gladly. She took a notebook and pencil from the hand bag in her lap, looked into the notebook and then put the pencil into her heavy-lipped mouth and held it between her exposed teeth. Her teeth were even and white and heavy; they were roughened at the gums as though she had

(Continued on Page 96)

LEADERSHIP . . . that is undisputed!

THE only way to be a leader is to lead, and the Flint Six is a leader because it is built to lead, and does lead. It leads in value—measure it dollar for dollar. It leads in performance—try it in action. It leads in power—try it on a hill or anywhere you say.

It leads in grace and beauty of line—draw up alongside any car of any price. It leads in every single detail where engineering skill could raise a standard.

ACCELERATION—5 to 25 miles in 7 seconds. SPEED—60 miles or more per hour. ECONOMY—20 miles to the gallon of gasoline. VIBRATIONLESS—7-bearing crankshaft. SAFETY—4-wheel hydraulic brakes. Air cleaner, Pur-o-lator oil filter, Gas-Co-Lator gasoline strainer—all for GREATER EFFICIENCY. See this leader at your nearest Flint dealer's and be convinced.

THE FLINT "EIGHTY"

In the new "Eighty" (formerly 55), Flint has retained the famous power and beauty of line and added refinements in detail wherever engineering science could improve.

THE FLINT "JUNIOR"

One of the greatest of Flint's achievements has been the building of the Junior—a light six that has all the advantages of Flint power and Flint beauty at a low cost.

FLINT MODEL "SIXTY"		FLINT MODEL "EIGHTY"	
Touring	$1285	Touring	$1595
Roadster	1395	Roadster	1945
Roadster-Coupe	1495	Sport-Touring	1945
Sedan	1525	Coupe	2045
Brougham	1575	5-pass.-Sedan	2195
		7-pass.-Sedan	2395

FLINT JUNIOR

Coach (Price does not include bumper or extra tire.)	$1085	Coach-Deluxe (Price includes extra equipment.)	$1185

All prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

FLINT

FLINT MOTOR COMPANY · FLINT · MICHIGAN

FLINT SIX

The Perfect Croquette Package—5c!

Five delicious wafers of milk chocolate, in each the rare, full chocolate taste. Kept fresh and clean in their silvery wrappings—they are easy to divide—easy to preserve. Also in 10c and 20c packages.

The delicious FULL CHOCOLATE *taste in this secret blend*

MILK chocolate with a full chocolate taste in every bite—all of the flavor of real chocolate is kept in the famous Peter's blend.

Daniel Peter invented milk chocolate—blending choicest cocoa beans and fresh pure milk with all its cream—a milk chocolate that had a *real chocolate* taste. Today only Peter's has that same distinctive flavor—for this blend is still a secret.

Now—Peter's Croquettes—luscious wafers, rich and nourishing, kept clean and fresh in their wrappers of silvery foil. Keep a package in your car—at home or office for the little between-meal pang of hunger.

You can also buy Peter's in delicious plain bars, or crisp, toasted almond bars—5¢ and 10¢ sizes. Try Peter's today—the full chocolate flavor will delight you. Peter Cailler Kohler Swiss Chocolates Co., Inc., 131 Hudson Street, New York.

Over fifty years ago in Vevey, Switzerland, Daniel Peter invented milk chocolate. Today his famous blend is still a secret. Only in Peter's can you get that full chocolate flavor.

PETER'S
MILK CHOCOLATE

High as the Alps in Quality

(Continued from Page 94)

used pumice or some such polish on them at one time. Her cheek bones were high and her nose was large and well cut; at a guess, there was a dash of Tartar in the green-eyed lady. "You do not mind?" she said. She turned toward him impulsively, pleadingly. "My dear, I feel that I can talk to you," she said. "You are a man whom most women like—no, do not be flattered too quickly; it is a compliment to be understood. But to like is one thing and to judge is quite another, is it not so? Now I speak of my affair, and not of you. Will you judge a man for me, Mr. Bagge?"

"I—ah—I dare say I am a good judge of men, Mrs. Filostrat."

"You must be, or you could not be so successful," she said, her glance dwelling on him in appraisal. "This then is my problem: I have money to invest, and I have been offered an investment here in Miami, but I am afraid. Do you think that it would be wise to purchase the property, or would this broker deceive me? It is a property on Flagler Street and the broker is Mr. Archibald Chippey. Do you know him? His reputation is of the highest, but still I feel so uncertain. Do you think that property on Flagler Street is a good purchase? What do you think of it?"

Walpole took a cigarette from an aluminum case, tapped it on the box, lit it and blew out smoke. He blew the smoke from the two corners of his mouth at once, stretching his mouth and lifting the corners and obviously concentrating on her problem.

"In my opinion, Mrs. Filostrat," he said slowly, "Flagler Street is the principal business thoroughfare of Miami."

"Yes," she said, appearing slightly startled.

"On the other hand," he said, blowing more smoke, "much depends on the unknown factor, and it is hard to lay down a hard-and-fast rule to fit all cases."

"Yes," she said again, and looked away to meditate on his words of instruction. He relaxed, feeling that he had been neat if not gaudy. He looked easily about the lobby and hummed. She lifted long black lashes and shot a glance at him obliquely.

"It would be an imposition to ask you to meet Mr. Chippey and to look at the property, I fear," she said with pretty timidity. "I could not ask you to do that, Mr. Bagge, even if I am dreadfully worried, and so—so alone, you know. If I were a man, I am sure I should know just what to do, but business is simply a puzzle to me."

"I do believe I could spare the time today, if it would oblige you," he said, consulting a wall clock. "Have I any important engagements for the next few hours? No, I have not. I dare say that I can oblige you, Mrs. Filostrat."

"Oh, you would, so much," she said, clasping her small strong hands. "Are you stopping here, Mr. Bagge? I shall tell Mr. Chippey to call on you at your hotel."

"I can do better than that," he said quickly. "I can call on Mr. Chippey at his office and report back to you."

"And you will take the least little look at the property itself, Mr. Bagge? It will be on your way, and you will know its value instantly. Do not misunderstand me; I do believe that it is a very rare bargain and that whosoever buys it is assured of a large profit, but then I am so—so afraid. I know it is foolish of me. It is, then, that small two-story building next to the corner of Miami Avenue—the building with Hillbronner's Hats in it. You will look at it? And you will call on Mr. Chippey and tell him that I sent you? Oh, I am not afraid now." She looked at a tiny platinum-faced watch on her round wrist and rose. "I must run away, old fellow. We will meet again, and soon, to talk of my affair? It will be so good of you. Yes, I am stopping here."

He bowed over her hard warm hand and watched her go. When the trim sport dress of white silk had disappeared beyond the doorway of authentic Mediterranean architecture, he strolled to the desk and helped himself to post-card pictures of the hotel. There was a sense of brightness inside his head, and no trepidation. He was romantic, given to picturesque fancies, and he conceived of business objectively, as a mechanism; having made plausibly, as it seemed, the motions proper to a man of affairs, he believed that the green-eyed lady could have found a poorer counselor in almost any real-estate office in Dade County.

He sat at a writing stand and wrote on the cards messages calculated to inspire envy of him in Northern hearts. Here's one:

"Mr. Robert Pugh,
"Men's Suits Dept.,
"Cohen's, Sixth Ave., N. Y. C.

"Hellow, Bob, old-timer! Greetings from the sunny South. Having a wonderful time, and wish you were here. Don't you wish you took your two weeks in the winter? Climate is something wonderful. Scenery is something great. Bank roll is going strong too. Being entertained free and rode all over. Got a big room, all windows, only three a day, and meals are awful cheap too. Just made a millionaire kid, swell looker, driving her own Gadabout Six, and I'm the fair-haired boy. X marks my window. So long, old frozen face.

"Windy."

He read this writing with much satisfaction, and reread it with less. Being unpracticed in composition, he could not see at once what was wrong with his work, but something was wrong. He went over it slowly and came to the mention of the green-eyed lady, and he scanned that sentence with growing suspicion. He could not see what was the matter with it; the tone was good, the statements approximated the truth, and Bob would expect something like it. Oh, what was the matter with it? Well, maybe he'd better save that part until he saw Bob again.

He tore up the card and wrote a fresh message that did not mention the green-eyed lady. The elision annoyed Walpole and he could not have excused it rationally; the offending sentence would have brightened Bob's eyes and caused him to mutter in friendly appreciation, "You dawg!"

The green-eyed lady had given him a business card of Mr. Archibald Chippey. Walpole went to the address on Northeast Fourth Street and saw a youngish gentleman wiring oranges on a small grapefruit tree. The tree stood in a store window; on the plate glass of the window was lettered in red and silver, Aurora Borealis City. Walpole entered, finding himself then in the presence of two chairs and a roll-top desk, the youngish gentleman, the grapefruit tree, six oranges and a panoramic view of the proposed, or possibly existing, metropolis.

The gentleman desisted from his tree doctoring and admitted that he was Archibald Chippey in person. He was partly bald, with a lined face and teeth too good to be true, and his eyes were old; but a facial massage had restored the bloom of youth to his cheeks, and his figure—clad in conventional linen knickerbockers and flowered soft shirt open at the neck—was youthful—immature and undeveloped, if anything, in the shanks. His brown eyes were distinctly oldish, but they were helped out by smart horn-rimmed spectacles.

"You are Mrs. Filostrat's man of business?" he asked in a pleasant voice, sitting opposite Walpole. "Then perhaps we can close that transaction up. Mrs. Filostrat is unfamiliar with real estate, and I didn't like to do business with her alone. You understand my position there, Mr. Bagge. Are you a real-estate man?"

"Well, not precisely," said Walpole, who was sitting with head awry and with a businesslike scowl on his face. "Just in a way."

"You mean you know something about it," said Mr. Chippey, showing his teeth. "We all do, seeing that we've never been off it a day in our lives; no, nor ever will. From the cradle to the grave; eh, Mr. Bagge? Ah, yes. But you want to get

(Continued on Page 98)

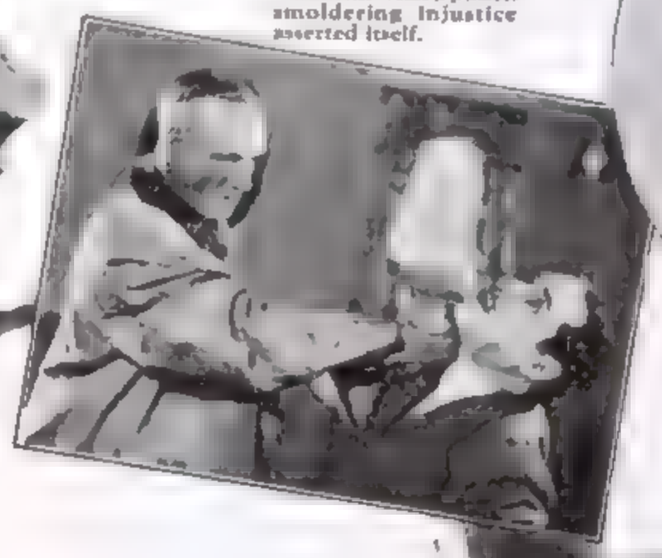
News of First National Pictures

(Left to right) Robert Cain, Anna Q. Nilsson and Lewis Stone in "Too Much Money."

"TOO MUCH MONEY"

A SUPERB adaptation of Israel Zangwill's stage comedy drama, co-featuring Anna Q. Nilsson and Lewis Stone. The joy of living and the fear of losing are riding companions to the man who imagines that too much money is racing away with his wife's affection. He clamps on an emergency brake — between poverty and loyalty a woman has countless alternatives.

Conjure the possibilities as visualized by the director, John Francis Dillon, the man who made "Flaming Youth." If your answer is wholesome entertainment you're right; and you'll be justified in asking for this picture at your favorite theatre and going to see it. Earl Hudson supervised the production.



And with what a punch smoldering injustice asserted itself.

Dana Stuart dives after the sinking securities.

You'll Also Enjoy

"The Girl from Montmarte"— Barbara LaMarr in an exotic romance of the Caribbean, from Anthony Pryde's "Spanish Sunlight." Directed by Alfred E. Green. June Mathis editorial director for Associated Holding Corp. A Sawyer-Lubin production.

"Infatuation"— Corinne Griffith in W. Somerset Maugham's "Caesar's Wife," love and intrigue in Egypt. Directed by Irving Cummings for Corinne Griffith Productions, Inc. Percy Marmont and Malcom McGregor in the male leads.

"Joanna"—The million dollar experiment with an average American girl as the subject. Dorothy Mackaill in the title rôle and Jack Mulhall the male lead in this Edwin Carewe production from H. L. Gates' newspaper serial.

"The Splendid Road"—The pioneer woman of the California gold rush made vividly real by Frank Lloyd, the director and Anna Q. Nilsson, the woman. Lionel Barrymore and Robert Frazer are also featured. From Vingie Roe's story.

"The Unguarded Hour"—Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon co-starred in a romance of modern Italy directed by Lambert Hillyer under Earl Hudson's supervision.

"We Moderns"— Colleen Moore in a delightful adaptation of Israel Zangwill's play on the modern girl and her post-war perambulations. Wholesome, entertaining comedy drama. Directed by John Francis Dillon with June Mathis, editorial director.

"BLUEBEARD'S SEVEN WIVES"

"TRAGEDY and triumph," a subtitle says, "so often hang by a hair." In this glorious satire on picture making and marriage faking they are suspended from the hair on the upper lip of a bashful, stuttering young bank clerk. How he becomes a movie sheik and acquires seven publicity wives furnishes one of the most delightful chapters of press agentry. BLANCHE SWEET, LOIS WILSON, BEN LYON, Dorothy Sebastian, Sam Hardy and Diana Kane have the important rôles in this comedy epic of the year, directed by Alfred A. Santell and presented by Robert Kane.

The mustache that caused all the trouble and the seven wives who adored it.

Sweetened *with* Molasses

FOR STEWED FRUITS

For stewing prunes, dried apricots, apples, peaches, etc., use Brer Rabbit Molasses in practically the same quantity as you are accustomed to use sugar, and follow your usual way of stewing dried fruits. Sugar only sweetens. Brer Rabbit sweetens and gives added flavor and zest.

FRUITS with all the luscious, full-flavored sweetness of the finest sugar cane. Delicious, satisfying; with the tantalizing flavor that brings the children clamoring for more.

And so good for them, too. For Brer Rabbit Molasses is rich in the mineral salts doctors say we need. It's the very molasses you've always longed for, with the real old-time plantation flavor.

You'll love the reliability of Brer Rabbit for your baking, because it is always specially tested to make sure of its uniform goodness. Whether you use the light, delicate Gold Label, so perfect for the table and fancy cooking; or the darker, full-flavored Green Label, you can always trust Brer Rabbit's baking quality.

Brer Rabbit Molasses

Two Grades: *Gold Label*—highest quality light molasses for eating and fancy cooking. *Green Label*—darker, with a stronger flavor.

FREE *Recipe Book*

Penick & Ford, Dept. 24
New Orleans, La.

Please send me my copy of the New Brer Rabbit Recipe Book with 50 new recipes.

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

Town State

(Continued from Page 96)

down to business. Here's a diagram of the property; a wonderful investment or speculation for anybody's money. You see, it's fifteen-foot front on Flagler Street, and a hundred deep."

"Why do you want to sell it if it's so good?" asked Walpole.

"To make a commission," said Mr. Chippey with frankness. "I'm just a broker for the owner, who lives in Chicago. I don't care whether he makes any money or not; why should I? I want to sell this property dirt cheap, and do you know why that is? So that I can sell it again for the buyer and make another commission. Do you get it? If I stick you with this plot, I get only one commission, because I can't resell it for you. I'm perfectly candid, Mr. Bagge. I'm out for the money. I won't sell you the property even now unless you give me the exclusive brokerage to resell it any time you want to take a profit. And I can positively get you an advance of twenty or thirty thousand within a week after you take title."

"You mean you can get it for Mrs. Filostrat."

"For whoever buys it," said Mr. Chippey with indifference. "I'm not tied to Mrs. Filostrat. And now for the price; if you don't know Flagler Street values, hold onto your chair. The price is two hundred and twenty-five thousand. Terms, of course."

"Yes," said Walpole, blinking.

"Cheap, isn't it?" said Mr. Chippey, after waiting. "I see you know values. The present rent is only nominal; a mere two thousand a year for the next two years. But after that ——"

"Two thousand a year," said Walpole.

"You're from New York, aren't you, Mr. Bagge?" said Mr. Chippey shrewdly. "How did I know? From your shoes. I paid twenty-five dollars for a pair like that on Forty-second Street. I'm from the little old town myself, Mr. Bagge. Where do you live in New York? . . . You don't say! Why, I lived on that square for seven years. Isn't it a small world? Now let me tell you something. You don't want to compare New York and Florida values, because they're two different things. I know what's in your mind, and I thought the same way once. You're saying to yourself, 'That's fifteen thousand a front foot—why, I can buy Forty-second Street for that!' Absolutely; and there's mighty little of Broadway you can't buy for less. And do you know that stuff on Flagler Street has been leased on the basis of seventy thousand a front foot? Biggest price on earth, and a wise real-estate agent paid it. Tops all! But this is Florida, Mr. Bagge, and you got to forget all you know. Now I'll get the abstract. Answer the phone if it rings, please."

He went out. Walpole was studying the diagram with an intelligent expression when the telephone buzzed. He answered it.

"Hello—give me Mr. Chippey," said the voice on the wire. "He's out? Take a message, please. If he can deliver that fifteen feet on Flagler Street, I can get him two hundred and fifty thousand for it. Tell him to call Coconut 0101."

Two minutes later Walpole saw Mr. Chippey across the street. The real-estate man was talking to a clean-shaven man attired in a light suit. When each had said his say, the gentleman in cream color went off toward Flagler Street, and Mr. Chippey crossed to his office.

"A message came in for you," said Walpole. "If you want to sell that fifteen feet on Flagler Street, call Coconut 0101, and he will give you two hundred and fifty thousand for it."

Mr. Chippey lowered his eyes and the healthful hue of his cheeks deepened with embarrassment. But when he ventured to look at Walpole, he did not see the expected derisive grin.

"I won't take it!" cried Mr. Chippey, striking his desk with reassurance. "Not until you've turned it down, Bagge. I offered it to you for two and a quarter, and my word's as good as my bond, and I don't mean I'm judgment-proof either. Look at it, come back before three o'clock and tell me you want it and it's yours."

He sprang up and took a long stride to Walpole, caught his hand in a hard grip and glared into his face. And then he smiled cunningly and poked Walpole in the ribs. "I'll sell it to you first and make a fat commission, and then I'll sell it for you to the other fellow and double up. Do you get it?"

Walpole got it while crossing Flagler Street on his way to view the property, and it broke his stride.

"Wake up, fat fellow," snapped the traffic policeman, vexed by a traffic jam of metropolitan proportions and of more than metropolitan difficulty because of the uneven skill of drivers from all the states. "You're in Miami now!"

Walpole found the offered plot. A dusty-looking hat store occupied the street level of the two-story frame shack; in the bleared window, framed in sunburned and curling straw hats, was a sign:

FOR SALE ONLY!
THIS CHOICE PROPERTY!
ARCHIBALD CHIPPEY, N. E. 4TH ST.
Sole Agent

Walpole backed against the window and surveyed Flagler Street; he supposed he should count passers-by, but he couldn't add that fast. He saw real-estate offices; to count them would be feat enough. In the normal small city one hunts for a real-estate man, running him to earth in a cheap street where he eks out his rack rent of fifty or sixty dollars a month by letting desk room to a plumber and a bootlegger and a tinsmith, his window being devoted to an exhibition of coal in baskets. In the unsurpassingly fertile soil of Miami and under Florida's proprietary sun, the normally inconsiderable real-estate agent had proliferated riotously, so that he was a threat to the life of the city. He ousted drug stores, choked off theaters, preëmpted restaurants, drove clothing stores upstairs. The channels of trade were pinched and distorted; the city had swelled imposingly, burned with febrile activity, and was yet verging on suspension of all but a minor one of its normal processes.

Boca Rouge, Golanda, Bellona Shores, Indriola, Coral Islands, Christmas-by-the-Sea, Key Moray—here were written up the new and sonorous names that had been shouted to the four winds of heaven; in these offices and their numerous fellows, go-getting real-estate agents and professional boomers from the four corners of the United States had hung up their hats for once and all. And such offices! One entered here into a Moorish palace, and there into a grandee's patio, and yonder into a blue grotto of Capri when one meditated the purchase of a few square feet of homely and extensive Mother Earth. Here was the apotheosis of real estate; here too was burlesque and travesty—Wall Street and Coney Island, Bach by a jazz band, prayer and fasting in a dance hall the purchase of real property, that normally technical and abstruse and rationalized process, undertaken and briskly consummated by people in the mood to hit the nigger on the head and get a good cigar. Vallombrosa—Corona Grande Hyandria Hum Dinga, Bona Kopje—"All lots positively marked up 20 per cent tomorrow."

"Red-hot!" bellowed a Frankfurter man.

"Ice-cold!" retorted his neighbor of the pineapple-juice stand. "Step lively!" shouted the traffic officer. "Stop!" said the sign in an office window. "Make your fortune!"

Two men stopped beside Walpole and faced the hat store. One said, "This is the place."

The other said, "Do you think we can get it under three hundred thousand?" Whereupon Walpole pricked up his ears.

The first man said, "But you'll go to two-ninety, won't you, in any event? Give me the offer, and I'll see Mr. Chippey tonight. You have to move fast on this. It won't last."

The second man said, "Well, I do not like to do two-ninety, but I will tell you what I will do. If two-seventy will go, with seventy cash ——" And then they wheeled like soldiers and stared abashingly at Walpole, and they caught him eavesdropping. He tried to look innocent, but they were alarmed.

The first speaker said guardedly, but still loud enough for Walpole's sharpened ears, "Let's look it over right now and you can decide how high you'll go."

They went into the building by a side entrance leading to the loft. Walpole entered the hat store.

To the dusty proprietor, who was putting stock into a box, Walpole said, "Don't let me disturb you. I don't want to buy a hat."

"Who does?" said Mr. Hillbronner, shrugging round shoulders.

"You're not leaving, are you?"

"Listen, mister," said the hat-store man, "I would swap this business for a share in an ice plant at the North Pole. Ice I could sell to Eskimos, and make more money than selling hats in Miami. They ain't educated to hats. I came in here a year ago with five thousand dollars cash money, and if I would stay two years till my lease is out I would leave naked. Hats I would have. Pass please the hammer."

"You're quitting?" said Walpole. "Look here, we're buying this property, and you can't leave if your lease isn't up. That's the law."

Mr. Hillbronner whistled saturninely and nailed down the lid of the box. His report on business took Walpole aback, but he was to be braced at once. The gentleman in cream color to whom Mr. Chippey had spoken on Northeast Fourth Street entered briskly from the street and asked, "Who's the owner of this store, gentlemen?"

"Him!" said Mr. Hillbronner, pointing with the hammer. "Only the stock is mine, and that's going out."

"I represent the new owner," said Walpole.

"May I see you?" said the man, taking Walpole's arm and proceeding to lead him rapidly out of earshot of Hillbronner.

"My name is Bernowitz," he said, shaking hands with Walpole snappily. "Pleased to meet you. What's your name? This store is for rent, isn't it?"

"It will be when we've finished buying the house," said Walpole ruefully. "The hat man is getting out."

"I knew I'd get action when I got to the owner," said Bernowitz pleasedly. "Take ten thousand a year on a two-year lease?"

"For the hat business?" asked Walpole.

"No, overcoats and ear muffs," said Bernowitz, a genial grin on his smooth and sharp-featured face. "What do you care? You'll get your money, and that's all you want. It will be run in a nice way, and we'll give you any bond you got the nerve to ask. Don't ask too many questions. Understand me, don't you?"

"Why don't you buy the house?" bargained Walpole. "If you would give more than two hundred and seventy thousand dollars for it ——"

"We wouldn't give you a bag of jelly doughnuts for it," said Bernowitz decidedly. "Our business is one that lasts just so long in one place, and then the game is dead and we move on. Understand me, don't you? We're taking a big chance on two years even. We might have to close up in six months. Well, there's your offer. I don't say but what we might stretch it a bit to get together. There's my telephone; ring

(Continued on Page 101)

Copyright, 1926, The Fisk Tire Company, Inc.

A reproduction of this design No. A-12 in full color will be sent free on request. Please be sure to specify design number when writing.
The Fisk Tire Company, Inc., Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Is the motor car changing Hosiery styles?

Allen A

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Hosiery
for men, women and children

Underwear
Spring needle knit and athletic type—for men and boys only

© A. A. Co.

Here's a long-desired silk hose with a specially elastic top of mercerized lisle—for the woman who drives a car

Recently we asked women motorists what they most wanted in a silk hose. Practically all agreed on one point—they wanted an *extra elastic top.*

Because, they said, getting in and out of your car, operating the clutch and brakes, puts an extra strain on this part of your hose.

So here is a silk service hose that fits your need if you drive a car. The top is highly mercerized lisle. Knitted for special elasticity and perfect fit. This means real comfort. It also tends to prevent garter runs when you let out the clutch or jam on the brakes.

You'll find this hose in most good stores. Ask for it by number. If your regular dealer does not carry it, drop us a post card. We will see that you are supplied • THE ALLEN-A COMPANY, KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

*895 *full-fashioned*

$1.85 *the pair*

Regular weight service hose, pure thread Japan silk. Tops, soles, heels and toes of fine mercerized lisle. Dip-dyed. Reinforced. In all shades. *Priced slightly higher west of the Rockies.*

(Continued from Page 98)

me when you're ready to talk. But move fast, because we're going to get in somewhere right away."

He went away. The telephone in the store rang; Mr. Hillbronner answered it.

He said, "Listen, Chippey; to you I tell something. I wouldn't give you a dime! I should pay you money yet when I don't make none. Listen to me laugh—ha-ha! Don't waste any more language on it. What's that? You want to talk to Mr. Bagge?" He called to Walpole as he went back to his packing. "Is your name Bagge, young man? On the wire you're wanted."

Mr. Chippey's suave tones came from the instrument: "Mr. Bagge? I hoped to catch you there. What's your decision?"

"I think I'll advise Mrs. Filostrat to buy, Mr. Chippey. I ——"

"I see. When will you have her here? I'll hold it open just one hour. It's now five minutes to one; if you're here, ready to do business, by five to two, the property's yours."

"But suppose I can't get her there so quick, Mr. Chippey?"

"Then you lose out. Grab it yourself! Consider my position, will you? I've had another offer since you were here, and in justice to my Chicago client I'll have to sell that property for the higher price unless you grab it at once. I'm giving you your chance, as I promised, am I not? Get me? Good-by."

Walpole clapped down the receiver and hustled from the store. He ran eastward on Flagler Street, dodging and colliding on the crowded sidewalk, turned northward on Second Avenue, and bolted, puffing and streaming, into the lobby of the Seminole House.

"Mrs. Filostrat?" echoed the clerk, eying him curiously. "A moment—Mrs. Filostrat will be back at half-past four. We can take a message."

"But I must see her at once!" gasped Walpole. "It's very important and I simply can't wait until half-past four. Don't you know where I can reach her?"

"Sorry, sir. She left only that note, and she doesn't answer in her room. Will you leave word for her?"

"Tell her—no, never mind. It will be too late."

Walpole sat in a chair facing the doorway and waited vigilantly for the green-eyed lady. His gaze shifted only to the clock, and his blood pressure sensibly increased as the hands crept toward the zero hour. At twenty minutes of two he broke under the strain of seeing a multi-thousand-dollar profit slip away, and he jumped up and left the hotel, going toward the office of Aurora Borealis City.

Punctually at half-past four the blue Gadabout Six drew in to the curb and discharged Mrs. Stefanie Filostrat. She entered the lobby of the Seminole and approached the chair of Walpole Wyndham Bagge; that young man had returned fifteen minutes before.

"I have not made you wait?" she said, tilting her head forward and aside in a characteristic gesture. "How stupid for you." She sank into a chair. "And have you seen the property, Mr. Bagge—and that Mr. Chippey?"

"I saw them, Mrs. Filostrat," said Walpole, who was in an expansive mood. "Mr. Chippey impresses me as a man of his word, and the property is certainly a very good buy, to use a real-estate expression. I have made all arrangements for you."

"Ah, but I do not care to purchase now," she said with a bright smile and a whimsical wrinkling of her broad forehead. "I have changed my mind, my dear. That is a woman, isn't it? Now you will be so angry. Shall I beg you not to be angry?"

"Not at all, Mrs. Filostrat," said Walpole with confidence. "You'll change your mind again when you hear what I have to tell you." He had a cigarette, tapping it, lighting it, blowing the smoke simultaneously from both corners of his mouth. "Somebody's been talking to you," he said, "and making comparisons. I know just what's in your mind, because I had the same thought myself. You're comparing this property with some property you know about elsewhere, and you don't want to buy it because you can't see any percentage in it. Now, little girl, there's one thing you got to learn about Florida property, and that is that it can't be compared with anything. Supposing it does cost more than New York property—what about it? The first thing a man has to do down here—or a woman either—is to forget all he knows and grab quick.

"Why, you should just have seen the way people were trying to buy that property! There was even a bootlegger came around and wanted to rent the store—some shady business, anyway. If it wasn't that Mr. Chippey is a perfect gentleman, and wanted to make two commissions, he could have sold it for much more money. Now I have it all arranged for you to buy the little house, and you will make twenty or thirty thousand dollars. If you will wait until I find a man I heard talking on the street, you could sell for even a bigger profit. The only trouble was that Mr. Chippey couldn't wait until you came back, so I put up a hundred dollars with him and you have an option until tomorrow noon."

"You put up money?" she said with concern. "But I had no idea of that. I thought you would report back to me, and then I could tell you that I did not want the property. For I really do not, my dear."

Her disturbance was reflected in Walpole's face. "Oh, Mrs. Filostrat," he urged, "you surely won't lose this chance! You have only to put up five thousand dollars, that's all. Mr. Chippey explained all about it to me. Five thousand dollars, and you will have a contract for thirty days, and he will positively sell the property for much more in that time, so that he can make another commission."

"But, my dear," said the lady, with increasing troubledness, "it is the fact that Mr. Chippey will not make any commission at all in any event, because he himself is the owner of the property. I was not to mention that, but then certainly Mr. Chippey was not to permit one to advance money for my account. It is unfair."

"Oh, no, no, my dear girl," said Walpole in a deep and pitying tone. "You have it all wrong. Don't you see that if Mr. Chippey was himself the owner he would sell the property to these people who want to pay so much more?"

This piece of reasoning caused her to look at him with covert sharpness. But there was only gratulation in her voice as she flung out a hand toward him, palm up, and cried, "I have it! It is established that I do not wish to buy—then you shall take it. You shall make this profit of twenty—thirty—how many thousand dollars? See—I resign to you. You shall put up this small five thousand dollars. There, we are friends again. Is it not simple?"

"Oh, perfectly," said Walpole, sinking into gloom. "Only five thousand dollars." He rested his elbows on his knees and balanced his chin on his clenched fists.

"It is settled," said Mrs. Filostrat. "Now I shall show you the so pretty shells that I found this afternoon beyond the Causeway. See, I have such a lot. Are they not pretty?"

"Um-m," said Walpole. "Pardon me? Pretty, aren't they?"

"It is so pleasant a drive by the sea. And the beach is quite marvelous. Do you not think so? Of what beach elsewhere does it remind you, Mr. Bagge?"

"Um-m," said Walpole again. "Oh, absolutely. Pardon me."

"I asked you for a cigarette," she said. She accepted one; he held the match for her, and then sank again into his spineless posture.

She sat thoughtfully, glancing at him. Then she shot out an impulsive hand and rested it softly on his shoulder.

"Come, my boy," she said quaintly, "I shall now make you very angry indeed. I shall be so impudent. May I ask you one question? Yes? Tell me, my dear, have you five thousand dollars in the world?"

"What do you mean?" he blustered, seeming to swell. "Have I a miserly five thousand dollars? Why ——" His eyes were on hers, and hers were unbearably steady, but not at all unkindly; coaxing, only. He stopped speaking, fought with her glance, smiled unwillingly; and then he laughed and was lost. "No," he said.

But then he did not laugh; he was angry; he looked away.

"But those telegrams?" she said without pity.

He swung around and glared at her, scorning her intelligence.

"Was I going to have you know me only as the fellow that chased the pig?"

His rasping tone drew attention to them. People ceased talking to hearken to the quarrel that was evidently forward. All the world loves lovers; there are a few fight fans too. Mrs. Filostrat turned her coppery head, lifted her heavy black eyebrows, and secured for herself and Walpole once more the appearance of privacy.

"You must have your hundred dollars again," she said.

"Oh, dash the hundred dollars," gritted Walpole. "Excuse me. I'm sorry." But the necessity to apologize for his outburst maneuvered him out of his sulk; he looked at her anxiously; good humor flooded back into him, and he laughed again.

"I guess he knew he had a dumb-bell," he said, chuckling, and yet with grimness. "I bet there was something crooked about the whole business. I bet—why, say, Mrs. Filostrat, I bet those other fellows wouldn't have bought the property at all! Do you know I'm beginning to suspect so? On the level. I would like to give that Chippey a good poke on the nose. And then there was the bootlegger, coming around and claiming he wanted to rent the property for ten thousand dollars a year, when the hat fellow had a lease with two years to go and was walking away from it. Was I easy? I was just pie for that group of bandits. Look, I even took the bootlegger's telephone number. His name was Bernowitz. Bernowitz—I bet that wasn't even his name. I bet ——"

"Bernowitz? Did you say Bernowitz? And what then is the telephone number? Wait here."

She rose springily and hurried to a telephone booth, closing the door behind her.

"Hello," she said whisperingly, and she gave the number.

"Hello—let me speak to Mr. Bernowitz; Mr. Bagge's secretary calling. Mr. Bernowitz? Is this Mr. Bernowitz of the Floridania organization? Pardon me? I am speaking by Mr. Bagge's instruction, sir. Is this Mr. Bernowitz of the Floridania organization?

"Thank you. Mr. Bagge will be pleased to see you at the Seminole House at a quarter to six. You will be here at that time? Thank you." She returned to Walpole. He looked up at her; her eyes were luminous as emeralds.

"We must have money!" she said. "What have you? Bother—what have you?"

"I have two dollars," said Walpole, constrained.

"The pawnshop, then! What have you that we can pawn? Where is there such a place?"

"I can find you a pawnshop easily enough," said Walpole. "But I'm darned if I can find anything to pawn."

"Come," she said, catching his arm and running with him through the doorway to the street. She sprang into the robin-blue Gadabout before him, almost pulled him in by main force, and they were off. They wheeled into Flagler Street, sailed down that difficult highway at twenty-five miles, and stopped before the familiar three golden balls.

She whipped the wrist watch from her arm, yanked off a solitaire ring set with a small diamond and thrust the jewels at him.

"All they will give you!" she cried. "Sell them if they wish. But hurry! No,

This Guarantee Doesn't Cover Broken Hearts

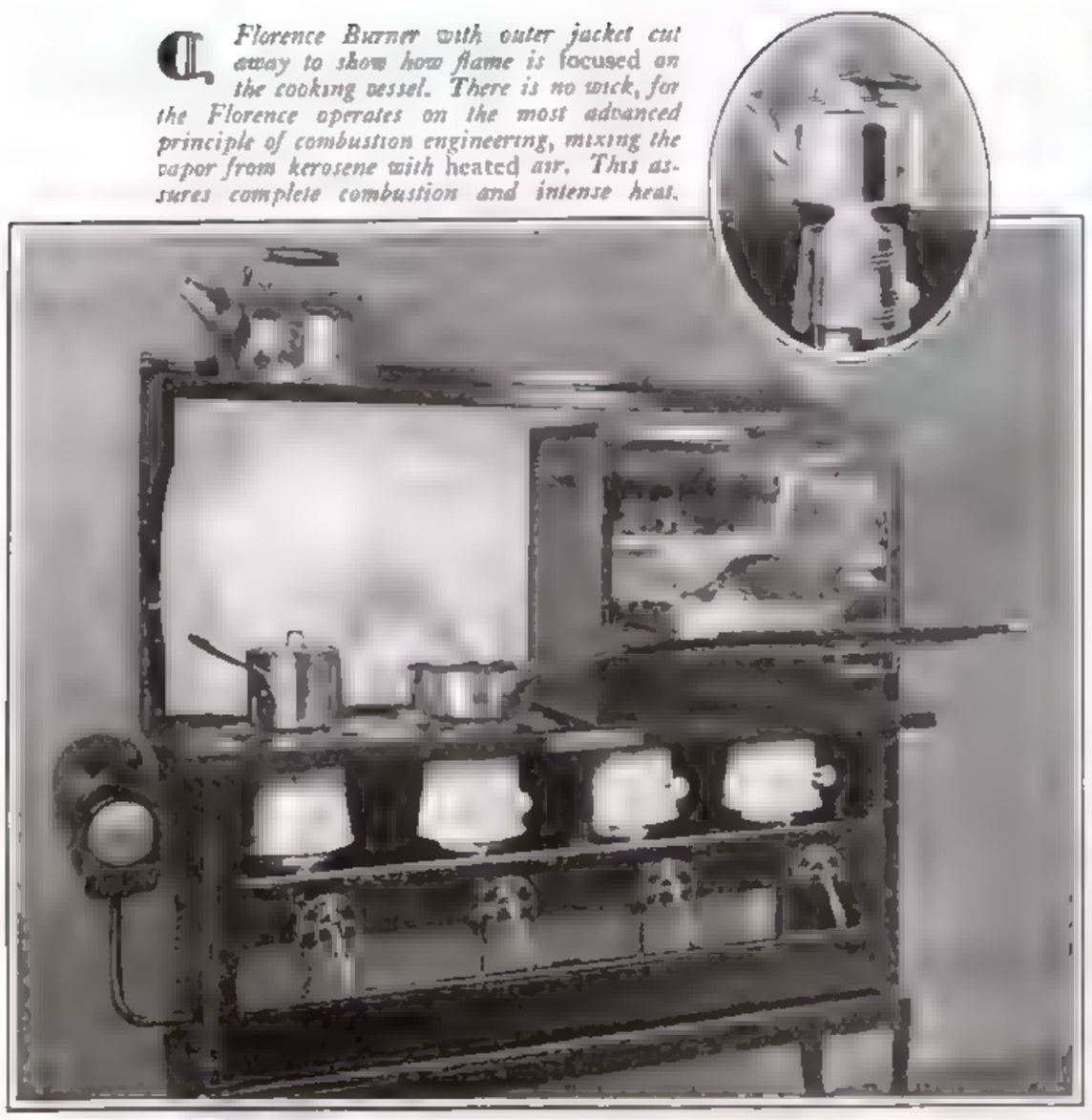
Sweethearts who get a Conklin Endura as a St. Valentine's day souvenir can properly regard it as a symbol of undying affection, because this wonderful fountain pen bears an *unconditional* and *perpetual* guarantee of free service. In black, mahogany and red—$5., $6., and $7. Most dealers sell Enduras.

Other Conklin pens at $2.75, $3.50 and more. In rubber and all precious metals. Conklin pencils to match $3.00 and more. Conklin sets, pen and pencil, in a rich box at $8.00 and more.

THE CONKLIN PEN MFG. CO.
TOLEDO, OHIO
CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO
LONDON BARCELONA

Conklin
ENDURA
Unconditionally & Perpetually Guaranteed

Florence Burner with outer jacket cut away to show how flame is focused on the cooking vessel. There is no wick, for the Florence operates on the most advanced principle of combustion engineering, mixing the vapor from kerosene with heated air. This assures complete combustion and intense heat.



Save your time and money—cook with *Focused Heat*

THE few minutes you spend in learning about the Florence—the oil range with *focused heat*—may save you hours in the kitchen, and dollars in your household expenses.

Like many other great labor-saving discoveries, the principle of *focused heat* is simplicity itself.

Here's all there is to it:

Speed and economy in cooking depend on how much of the heat goes straight to the bottom of the pot; that is, whether the heat is *focused* on the cooking or scattered and wasted in the room.

The top of the short, wickless Florence Burner is only 2½ inches below the cooking. But that's not all. Florence burners force air *inside* the flame, giving a quick and most intense clean heat. Hottest heat close up under the cooking—this is FOCUSED HEAT.

Heat where you want it

Meals cooked on a Florence are ready on time. The business-like flame burns steadily at whatever height you choose. It is clean, clear, and intensely hot—a dependable flame that gets work done.

The Florence burns a gas-like flame from the vapor of kerosene—one of the cheapest fuels known. And the Florence does an amazing lot of work for every gallon of oil it burns.

Operating the Florence is *so* little trouble! When you are ready to cook, turn a lever and touch a match to the asbestos kindler. There are no wicks to trim, no priming, no difficulty in putting out the flame when its work is done.

Why the Florence Oven is famous

Women who have used the Florence Oven say that it takes all the gamble out of baking. It has special features all its own that insure perfect results—the baker's arch that prevents heat pockets, the patented heat-spreader, the thermometer on the oven door, the sturdy construction that stands up under years of hard use.

If you don't know the name of the nearest department, furniture or hardware store where you can see the Florence Oil Range—ask us to tell you.

FLORENCE STOVE COMPANY, Park Square Bldg., Boston, Mass.
DIVISION OFFICES: New York, Chicago, Atlanta, New Orleans, Dallas, San Francisco, Detroit, Columbus . . . . Sold in Great Britain by E. W. French, London
Also Makers of Florence Ovens, Florence Water Heaters, Florence Room Heaters, Florence Garage Heaters

FLORENCE *Oil Range*

© 1926, F. S. Co

no, don't talk; don't ask. Hurry only, my dear."

"Back already?" said the pawnbroker, recognizing Walpole. He lifted a packet from a shelf and spilled on his counter a sterling-silver pencil, a Roman-gold tie clasp, a pair of gold cuff links, a silver belt buckle with initial and a ticket for a trip on the Palmetto Gold Coast Railroad from Miami to the Pennsylvania Station in New York.

"I'm not taking them," said Walpole curtly. "Look at these! How much? All I can get. No, don't be nervous; I didn't swipe them. There's the lady waiting in the car." He ran out to the green-eyed lady. "A hundred and fifteen dollars," he announced, exhibiting the currency.

She took it, slipped off three limp five-dollar notes and thrust the rest of the loan into his pocket.

A darting glance from her eyes dared him to think of returning her the money; she sent the car zooming eastward on Flagler Street, stopping it abruptly before Hillbronner's Elite Hatterie.

Her light-blue radiator nuzzled the back of a truck; Mr. Hillbronner was on his way to a land where hats were valued. Loaded packing boxes were being put upon the truck.

Mr. Hillbronner was in his disordered establishment, laboriously removing fixtures with an inadequate screw driver. Mrs. Filostrat rushed upon him.

"You have a two-year lease!" she challenged.

"Who cares, lady?" said Mr. Hillbronner, continuing.

"I can get you some money for it. Pay attention, you idiot."

"Listen, lady," said Hillbronner, shaking the screw driver at her, "you could holler your head off, but I wouldn't give you a dime yet. Coffee and cake for one you wouldn't get out of me. To Mr. Chippey I tell it; to you I tell it. Don't bother me, lady."

"But I'm offering to pay you money!" she said.

"Money?" echoed Mr. Hillbronner, getting down from his stepladder. "Pay me—go on. What for? Never mind. Give me!"

"Have you your lease with you?"

"Oi, still talking about the lease! I'll show you what I'll do with that lease. Did I make money here?" He pulled a document from his pocket and was about to rip it apart when she wrenched it from him, emitting a stifled scream.

"A strong-arm lady," said Mr. Hillbronner. "Go on—beat me up."

She shook his arm. "I can get you a hundred dollars down, and a hundred a week for twenty weeks for this lease. Do you want it?"

"For that lease, lady? I should said not. Go away! Make it forty weeks, and I wouldn't say no."

"Forty weeks? Very well, sign here."

"Fifty weeks, lady."

"No!"

"Then I will sign for fifty weeks," said Hillbronner resignedly. "What does it say there? That I assign you the lease, is that it? Oh, I wouldn't have to read it, lady."

He read carefully the assigning clause that she had scrawled on the instrument in favor of Walpole, wrote in "fifty weeks," and took the hundred dollars cash.

"To the Seminole!" cried the lady, running for the car.

"A lady crap shooter," said Mr. Hillbronner cheerfully, fondling the first real money he had made on Flagler Street.

"And so, my dear Mr. Chippey," said the green-eyed lady in the office of Aurora Borealis City, "I leave your employment today."

"You're leaving a soft thing, Mrs. Filostrat," warned the real-estate agent; "the softest thing in Miami. Do you know what they're paying stenographers out there? Up to eighteen a week, and not many spilling over. And your expense account has been regularly two hundred a week. Not but what you've earned it, Mrs. Filostrat."

"Ah, but the work was not of the most congenial," said the lady, making a mouth and lowering her fringed lids. "Befriending grandpapas who wished always to flirt. Absurd persons; isn't it so? It is true that I had but to wheedle them to look at your so cheap properties. A woman must live, even if she does not know the shorthand, and it was not dishonest—my part of it, observe, my dear."

"Not knocking my end, of course," said Mr. Chippey equably. "Well, I can find lots of other lady steerers to blow my two hundred a week. I certainly made nothing on that last simp you sent me. He seemed to have plenty of money, and holding it out to me like a baby with a stick of striped candy, and all of a sudden he took a brace and picked the plum out of the deal. I mean that fifteen feet on Flagler Street. I lost the five hundred dollars I paid for an option to buy it. What was the use? The property wasn't worth fifty thousand with that two-year lease on it, and my option called for me to pay a hundred thousand. I'd like to talk to Hillbronner."

"There was a two-year lease on the property," said the green-eyed widow. "This is news. And why did you not buy this two-year lease?"

"Why should I?" said Mr. Chippey irritably. "I could have had it for nothing, but the hat man was losing money, and I was trying to get him to pay me something to cancel the lease. I could make more selling the property. Oh, I would have given him a few dollars. And that nitwit Bagge steps in and buys the lease. I don't know what he paid for it, but I know what he sold it for to the Floridania organization—that's the big west-coast real-estate developers—they paid him forty-five thousand dollars. Can you imagine? Oh, what a headache! And the thing that hurts is that I was dealing with the Floridania people to sell them the property; I wouldn't lease it. Why, I had Bernowitz in here twice that day. You know Bernowitz of the Floridania, of course."

"I have heard the name. And was he not unwise to pay so much for a two-year lease only?"

"Oh, no, he got it cheap. Everybody was expecting the Floridania to try to break into Flagler Street. What does a big development care what it pays for a good location while the boom is on? The Floridania could pay twice that and clean up big between December and April. They can turn that lease now and make a ten-thousand-dollar bill. Why should they when they'll do a business there of sixty thousand a week? It was cheap."

The lady sighed discontentedly. "One does what one can," she murmured. "Good day, my dear Mr. Chippey. Your sweet little car is in the garage, waiting for the next—steerer."

"What are you going to do now, Mrs. Filostrat? Say—listen, sit down again, will you? You know—ah—I sometimes thought that you and me—ah—you know what I mean? On the strict up and up; that's me. Wedding bells, Mrs. Filostrat. Now just supposing —— Sit down, will you, and we'll talk business."

"You are so dreadfully slow, my dear. So clever and deep, and so painfully slow. I have other plans, old chap. I am going into business. I have a most attractive offer from a charming gentleman who was for a number of years with the great New York house of Cohen on Sixth Avenue. He proposes to open a fashionable haberdashery on Flagler Street, specializing in linen trouserettes and sport shirts and such real-estate supplies, and he needs a partner. A coincidence is that he is taking the loft over the new home of the Floridania organization."

"Business, business, business—that's all you think of. You can marry me and work too—why not? Listen —— But sit down. You're not marrying this fellow, so ——"

"Oh, but I am, my dear. That was one of the terms of the offer, you know. We had quite a talk about it. Good day, Mr. Chippey."

Shadows on the wall

FIRELIGHT has a fascination of its own. Blazing logs and glowing embers—the flickering shadows on the wall, are all a part of the romance of its appeal.

But when good light is needed, we must "chase the shadows from the wall." To eliminate spots and shadows without cutting off the light, the Laboratories of General Electric have developed the "inside frost" found in the newest MAZDA Lamp.

The discoveries made by our Research Laboratories in their world-wide search for new ideas on incandescent lighting are communicated through MAZDA Service exclusively to those lamp manufacturers entitled to place the mark MAZDA on their lamps. This assures the public of the highest quality and the most advanced developments on all MAZDA Lamps.

The "inside frost," the filament construction which has given the New Line of MAZDA Lamps its greatly increased strength, every feature which has added to their beauty, efficiency and economy, can be traced directly or indirectly to MAZDA Service

MAZDA

THE MARK OF A RESEARCH SERVICE

RESEARCH LABORATORIES of

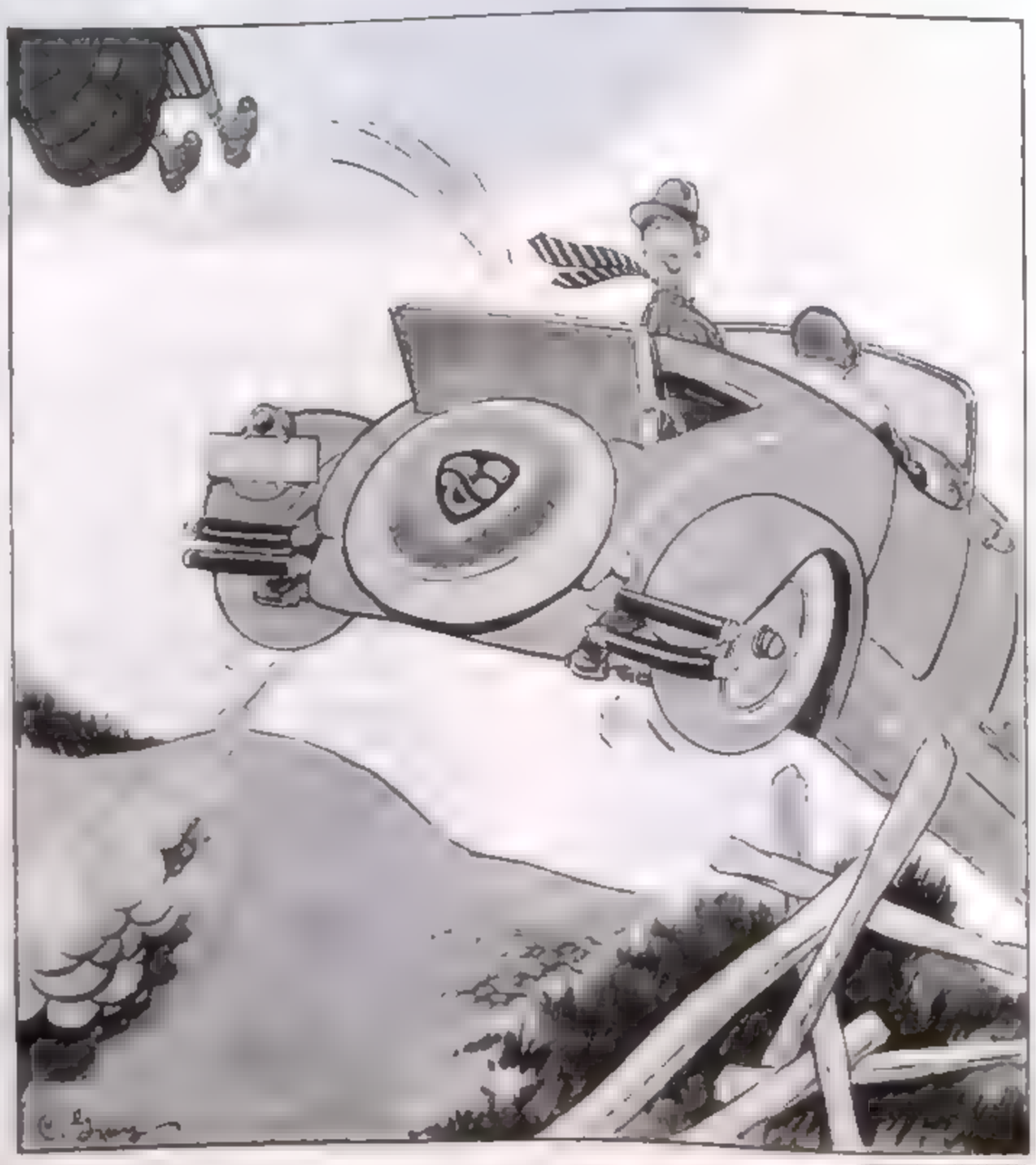
GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

CARTOON AND COMEDY

The Wife: "Oh, George! I Feel So Small, So Tiny, Here Among These Mountains!"

The Boss Tells a Joke

Device for Making Yourself Heard in a Restaurant



Gal: "Did You Really Have That Cute Little Seat Designed Especially for Auntie?"
Guy: "Especially, Elsie, Especially!"

"Quick! The Safety 4"

FOR INSTANT USE! A COMPLETE FIRST AID DRESSING FOR OPEN WOUNDS

BE AS CAREFUL AS YOUR DOCTOR

PREVENT INFECTION . . . When accident strikes, there is no time for delay! Infection attacks swiftly. First Aid, to be effective, must be prompt . . . And now comes a new idea . . . making prompt First Aid not only feasible, but convenient! Bauer & Black SAFETY 4 . . . embracing the four essentials of a complete First Aid dressing in an inexpensive pocket packet. No scissors needed. No pins. Each item ready to put on; sized or cut for instant service. Iodine, sterile gauze, sterile gauze bandages and adhesive plaster; each in prepared, ready-to-use units, for immediate application. With Bauer & Black SAFETY 4 at hand, you can dress any minor cut or wound in a few seconds. Each Bauer & Black SAFETY 4 packet contains two complete sterile dressings, ready to use . . . for two minor injuries. Bauer & Black, Chicago, New York and Toronto.

At your druggist's . . . BAUER & BLACK "SAFETY 4" . . . 35c

There's a Bauer & Black sterile dressing and First Aid product for every accident emergency and surgical need . . . for home, travel, factory and hospital use.

Bauer & Black

OVER 30 YEARS OF ETHICAL SERVICE TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION AND THE PUBLIC

Climaxing 18 years of fine John N. Willys *presents the* "70"

A new WILLYS-KNIGHT SIX

—a car of unparalleled efficiency, powered with the internationally-endorsed Knight sleeve-valve engine, out-performing anything that ever was built of its size, or type, or class!

NOW—the car for which America has been expectantly waiting . . . The "70" . . . A new Willys-Knight Six . . . With the patented Knight sleeve-valve engine . . . A new running-mate for the car with the greatest performance-record in America. In every sense, a comrade-car to the famous Willys-Knight Great Six . . . And this new creation is now available to a welcoming public at the price of the ordinary poppet-valve Six!

Wins immediate recognition

Upon its premier appearance at the National Automobile Show in New York in January, a reception unequalled for enthusiasm was immediately accorded this new "70" Willys-Knight. Thus from the start it gained commanding place in the front rank of all Sixes of similar or corresponding dimensions.

Superiority overwhelmingly acknowledged

The world's acceptance of the Knight sleeve-valve engine's outstanding superiority over all other types of internal combustion engine has already become an unquestioned fact. It admits of no controversy. With the expiration of the Knight patents in Europe, the trend of leading manufacturers across the water has definitely turned toward the Knight motor. A study of the equipages of Royalty, and of the winning racing cars of Europe demonstrates this beyond the shadow of a doubt.

Revolutionary results

In speed and power the new "70" Willys-Knight literally outperforms all other stock cars of comparable size. It combines the Knight sleeve-valve engine in its utmost perfection, with the finest and best achievements of brilliant engineers on both sides of the Atlantic.

This car presents an unparalleled engine-efficiency, a super-efficiency possible of attainment only in the Knight type of engine. It affords an unequalled combination of liberal room with compact appearance. It has a long, racy effect, with moderate actual length. Here, too, is an economy of weight never before achieved in a motor-car of its type . . .

The chassis is of phenomenal strength. Engineers declare it practically unbreakable. We believe it to be the strongest and the most perfectly balanced under-structure ever built into any automobile of equal size or weight.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO

e motor-car building

Absolutely positive mechanical four-wheel brakes

—the perfected braking system which the finest and most advanced cars of Europe and America today employ—a system regarded by the best engineering practice as the most dependable and most nearly infallible of all brakes.

A new conception of road-stability

Scientific engineering has developed for this car a particularly low center of gravity which produces a truly remarkable *road-stability*. At all speeds you are impressed by its stable equilibrium, and a complete absence of all road shocks. There is absolutely no wandering, no shimmying, no wheel-fight. Driving, you enjoy a continuously agreeable feeling of solidity at all speeds.

The easiest of all steering

The steering facility of this new car will surprise and delight you. Eight Timken bearings cradle the steering mechanism with the utmost absence of friction—giving an ease of control that a child may master without apparent effort. Its starting system is so efficient that temperatures far below zero do not delay its instant action. Its fleetness of get-away suggests the flight of an arrow from a bow.

A body of marvelous beauty

In beauty, style, smartness, the body designers of this distinguished Six have in every way measured up to the high standards set by the mechanical engineers

The interior has been designed with such scientific exactness that the waste space common to so many cars is made conspicuous by its absence. While compact to the last degree, this new and advanced motor-car creation is revolutionary in its roominess and comfort.

Buy it on the new Willys Finance Plan

A field organization of over 1000 dealers is prepared to give you a comprehensive demonstration of this remarkable new Six and to explain in detail the economies of the new Willys Finance Plan *offering time-payment terms at the lowest cost at which it is possible to purchase an automobile.*

WILLYS-OVERLAND SALES CO. LTD., TORONTO, CANADA

Building regrets are too common!

When little or no attention is paid to the selection of building materials, the inevitable *must* be expected—a host of annoying and costly defects.

There is a sure way to play safe. Select materials with *care*. Insist upon products of *known* reputation. Avoid "buying in the dark." Test and compare before you buy.

Get samples of Beaver Products for walls, for roofs. Make your own tests—*severe tests*. Make comparisons. Prove positively that they build *walls* of permanent beauty and durability. See why they build *roofs* that stay sealed against the weather. Learn why experienced builders know the true economy of Beaver quality.

Solve your roofing problem with

Beaver Vulcanite Hexagon Slabs

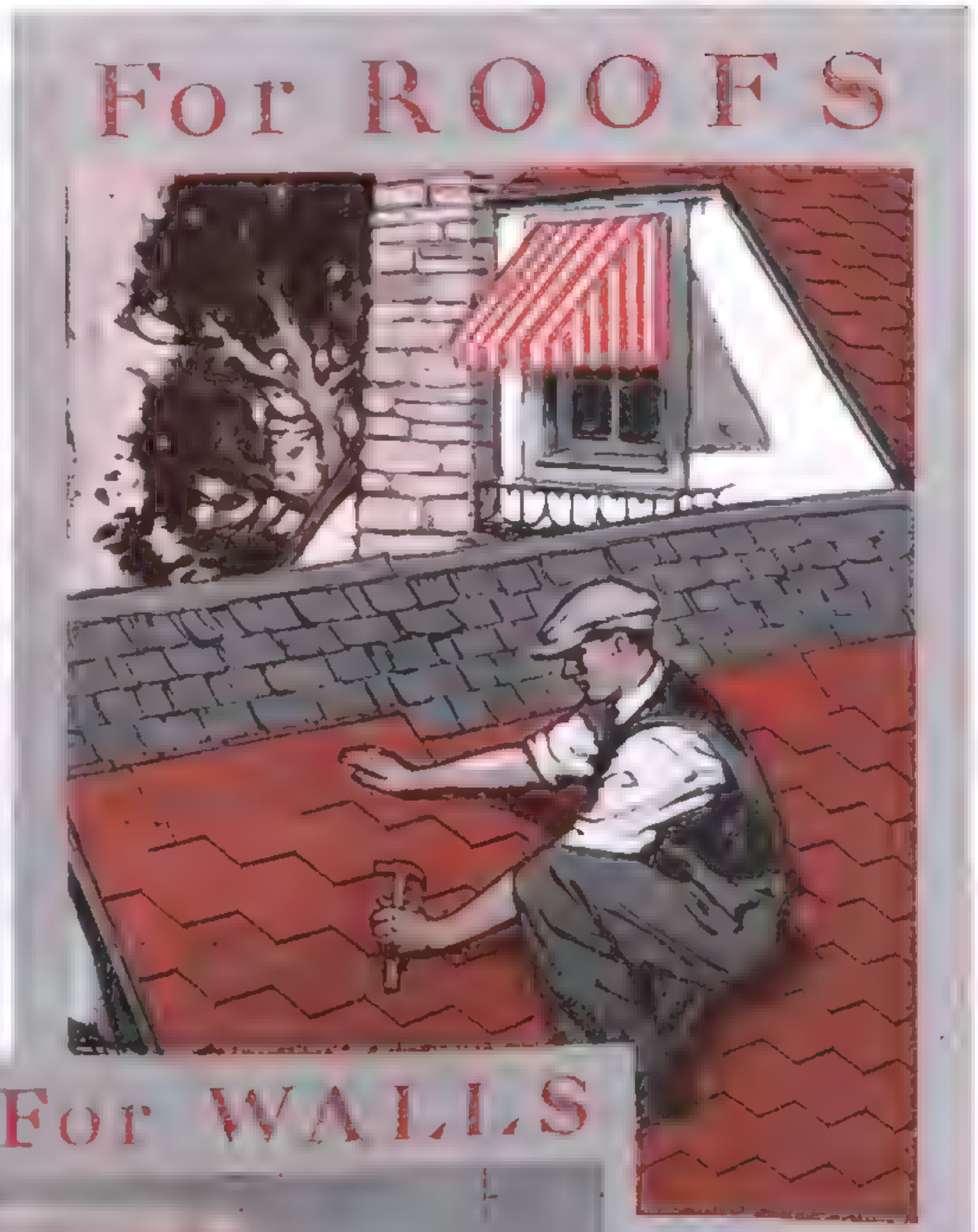
This is the original hexagon slab shingle. It is an extra wide, durable, fire-safe roofing made of the famous Vulcanite material. Bend and twist these tough, rigid slabs; see why they lie tight, smooth and flat. Test them with hot coals, with water. Note how their design assures fast, accurate application and extra roof protection.

They are supplied in many beautiful shades and blends. Send for sample and literature. Address Dept. 1002.

THE BEAVER PRODUCTS CO., INC.
BUFFALO, N. Y.

Thorold, Ontario, Canada London, England

"Consult the BEAVER PRODUCTS DEALER in Your Town"



BEAVER
PRODUCTS
PLASTERS - WALL BOARDS - ROOFINGS

THE CLAWS IN THE CONTRACT

Continued from Page 25

"How come I should 'fleck misery?"

"That's right. Bein' a celebration like what you is, I reckon that would be kind of hahd. S'pose you reflect happiness then."

"Tha's better!" And Hurricane would register the happiness which J. Cæsar had desired from the first.

But the fact that he had solved the problem of getting results was a mere tribute to Clump's genius and did nothing to bring victory in the personal feud which smoldered. Clump had been spanked, others had been manhandled and insulted; and Hurricane strutted magniloquently around the lot, letting it be known that he was eager to find someone foolish enough to disagree with his bombastic pronouncements.

And then, one Friday afternoon, J. Cæsar obtained leave of absence until Monday morning. He called Florian Slappey into conference, and in the privacy of Clump's office the face of the director shone happily.

"Florian," he enthused, "I has schum a scheme."

"No?"

"I has."

"What kind?"

"To git even with Hurricane Gamp."

"You mean it?"

"I don't mean nothin' else. Now listen. You is a pow'ful persuadin' man an' maybe Ise gwine need you. Tonight you an' I takes the train fo' Atlanta."

"Whaffo?"

"Nemmin'. You wait an' see."

They rolled out of the Terminal Station at ten minutes before midnight. At six in the morning they climbed the arduous steps in the Atlanta terminal and made for the colored lunch room, where they quaffed coffee and consumed plenteous quantities of hominy and bacon. Then they checked their suitcases and moved into the vicinity of Decatur Street, where J. Cæsar did some specific inquiring. The person whose whereabouts interested the director was one Kid Blossom, and at first mention of the name Florian pricked up his ears. He began to understand a thing or two.

One thing he knew: Kid Blossom was an unheralded and unsung negro middleweight prize fighter and Florian had seen him in action. He shared the opinion of the initiate that Mr. Blossom had been nurtured on a diet of dynamite sticks washed down with nitroglycerin. And Florian knew that the big final scene of the picture which Hurricane Gamp was playing was to be a prize fight; a burlesque thing, true, but one which relied for its comedy more on the events leading up to the fight than the antics of the fighters, once battle was joined.

The selection of a double for Opus Randall in this scene of pugilistic carnage had been a matter of grave concern and keen interest about the Midnight lot. Opus had made it distinctly understood that he'd go back to ice vending before he'd climb into the ring with Hurricane Gamp. And now ——

Kid Blossom was located in a dusty, ill-equipped gym. He was engaged in the pastime known as shadow boxing. He bobbed his head respectfully when the identity of his visitors was disclosed.

"Mistuh Blossom," inquired J. Cæsar, "how's business?"

"Rotten! Fight game ain't no good nowadays fo' cullud fighters. Not in the South anyways. I fit in some li'l' town the other night on a pussentage agreement, an' when it was all over they claimed I owed 'em a dollar an' two bits."

"H'm! How'd you like to earn a hund'ed an' fifty dollars above expenses fo' a li'l' easy work, an' maybe a lot of glory?"

The Kid rolled his eyes.

"Sweet honey which drips fum yo' lips! Splain yo'se'f befo' you gits kissed."

"Ever see Hurricane Gamp fight?"

"That big bum!" Kid Blossom's lips writhed into a sneer. "What he ain't got is nothin'. Was the gates of heaven made of eggshells, he couldn't punch his way in."

"He ain't that bad, is he?"

"Man, he's wuss. He ain't got nothin' but a mouf, an' once he gits slammed in that so he cain't talk, he's chicken fo' any featherweight. He just win the champeenship by a fluke, an' —— But what you make talk 'bout Hurricane Gamp fo'?"

"Well"—Director J. Cæsar Clump made his proposition with a nicely balanced sense of dramatic effect—"I was wonderin' how you'd like the chance of comin' to Bumminham an' earnin' a hund'ed an' fifty dollars an' all expenses by fightin' Hurricane Gamp in a pitcher an' knockin' him cuckoo."

Kid Blossom stared. His jaw sagged. He seated himself suddenly.

"Y-y-y-you don't mean it?"

"I don't mean nothin' else. Would you really like to fight Hurricane?"

"Would I! Fightin' him is the most ambition I has got."

"An' you can lick him?"

"Man, when I finishes with that feller they could strain him thoo a sieve."

"Good! I kinder figgered you might like it. Then when the pitcher is showed all over the United States folks will ask who is that guy which is plasterin' the world's champeen all over the ring, an' us'll send out a lot of publicity that it's an Atlanta fighter named Kid Blossom, an' fust thing you know you'll be fightin' main bouts in Madison Square Garden. Only"—and Clump lowered his voice discreetly—"Hurricane Gamp mustn't never know you is a real fighter. You got to wuk aroun' the lot as a carpenter or somethin' a day or so, an' you got to preten' to be scared of him. Then when you-all two gits in the ring ——"

"Hallelujah!"

"Amen!"

Monday morning a new member was added to the force of helpers around the Midnight lot. He was an innocent-appearing young man with a slightly flattened nose, and loose-fitting clothes which gave no hint of rippling muscles and mighty chest. He was introduced as Sam Turner.

"Tha's my maiden name anyway," Blossom explained to Cæsar. "I silected a fightin' name that was poetic."

Details of Clump's scheme were disclosed to Orifice R. Latimer and later became bruited about the lot. A general atmosphere of glee hovered over the place. The actors looked respectfully at Sam Turner and commiseratingly at Hurricane Gamp. The fall of the champion promised to be mighty, indeed, and there were few about the place who had not heard of the terrific reputation which Kid Blossom had punched for himself. They introduced Sam to Hurricane Gamp.

"Mistuh Gamp, this is the cullud boy which is gwine double fo' Opus Randall day after tomorrow when the fight part of yo' pitcher gits took."

The champion gazed sorrowfully at the innocent-appearing Blossom.

"Boy, how reckless you is! I never hearn of nobody so careless with hisse'f."

Mr. Turner proved himself an excellent actor.

"You ain't gwine hurt me, is you, Mistuh Gamp?"

"Humph! Feel that!" Hurricane flexed one bicep. Kid Blossom placed a gentle finger upon it and his eyes popped. "Hot ziggity dam!" he ejaculated. "You suttinly does make Mistuh Samson look like one grain of salt in a bowl of stew."

"Exac'ly. Now I tells you honest that when I hits a man he stays hit. An' when I promises to go easy, there ain't no tellin' but what you is gwine wake up in a undertaker shop does you happen to step into my right han'." Sam shook his head sadly.

"I got to do it, Mistuh Gamp. They a'ready paid me cash money. An' besides, I reckon it'll be wuth it on account of how much Ise gwine learn by just gittin' in the ring with you."

Hurricane moved away, not noticing the gleeful grins which were turned upon Kid Blossom.

Hurricane felt that he had the world by the tail on a downhill pull. Two days later he was to scale the ultimate heights of achievement. He'd show these sneerers and scoffers on the lot what a champion really was like. He'd toy with this Turner chap a round or two and then knock him plumb into the middle of another semester. Didn't make no diff'ence to him what Cæsar Clump wanted. Fightin' was his business, and he was particularly desirous of letting the world see, by way of the flickering screen, just what a magnificent fighter he really was.

But the following afternoon something happened. Hurricane was first in the commissary at the noon hour, inhaling a noble meal. The place was strangely empty, and so, when Hurricane left, he wandered aimlessly in search of the missing persons—J. Cæsar Clump, Eddie Fizz, Orifice R. Latimer, Florian Slappey, Opus Randall and Welford Potts, all persons of major importance in the Midnight organization. They were not to be located. But from an obscure corner of Stage Number 1, in the depths of the old converted warehouse, came the odor of liniment and a chorus of repressed but enthusiastic grunts and chuckles.

"Step on him, big boy! Bring that right over! Oh, sweet daddy, when that kisses Mistuh Champeen Gamp!"

It occurred to Mr. Gamp that something was brewing—something which was calculated to lead to his discomfiture. His narrow forehead corrugated into a frown and he moved deeper into the shadows, where he could catch an unobserved glimpse of the proceedings.

What he saw caused a tremor of sincere apprehension. In the middle of a human ring, Sam Turner, stripped to the waist so that every perfect glistening muscle line showed clearly, was engaged in a superb exhibition of shadow boxing. He moved with catlike grace and agility, and the tutored eye of the middleweight champion saw clearly that there was a deadly snap in the short-arm punches which his opponent of the morrow was aiming viciously at nothing at all.

Hurricane Gamp oozed out into the sunlight a sadly perturbed gentleman. He sought solitude and plenty of it. He realized that it behooved him to do a bit of thinking.

So this, then, explained J. Cæsar Clump's placid acceptance of daily insults; so this was the reason that several of his arch enemies grinned derisively when they saw him. Hurricane knew a fighter when he saw one, and there was no mistaking the expertness of this unknown colored person who gave his name as Sam Turner.

All through the afternoon Hurricane was dour and surly. He did his work mechanically, striving to find a solution for the problem with which he was confronted. His chief concern was not for the fight which he knew he had on his hands, but rather a terror that the thing might end disastrously for himself and then be broadcast in movie theaters throughout the country. He winced at the prospect of himself being knocked kicking by an unknown pugilist of his own color.

He spent that night in his room at Sally Crouch's Cozy Home Hotel. At ten o'clock he dug his contract out of a trunk. It was a lengthy and formal document, drawn by the shrewd manager who had taken over Hurricane's business affairs two days after that colored person had annexed the world's middleweight title. Hurricane studied the contract, and quite suddenly a smile appeared on his lips. His eyes narrowed and he read and reread a certain salient paragraph which was couched in unmistakable terms. Following which Mr. Gamp rose to

Speed

Time saving is our best selling point

MOST of the Bates Numbering Machines are bought because they save time wherever numbers are used in business—and that is everywhere.

After a week's use the other advantages of a Bates Machine show up—the neatness, the legibility and the unfailing mechanical accuracy of Bates Numbering.

It takes years to fully realize how well it pays to buy a *Bates* Machine. The roller bearing action of the Bates Multiple Movement; the staunch build and perfect mechanism of all Bates Machines make them by far the longest wearing numbering Machines—and for that reason the least expensive.

Ask your rubber stamp dealer or stationer to show you a Bates Machine. For further information cut off and send the coupon.

Consecutive 1 2 3 4
Duplicate 5 5 6 6 7 7
Triplicate 8 8 8 9 9 9 10 10 10
Repeat 11 11 11 11 11 11 11

THE BATES MANUFACTURING CO
Established 1891 Orange, N. J
New York Office, 20 Vesey St.

BATES TELEPHONE AND RADIO INDEXES
locate phone numbers or radio stations instantly

BATES AJAX EYELETER
feeds, inserts and crimps eyelet in one operation automatically

Bates

COUPON

The Bates Mfg. Co., Orange, New Jersey
Please send me information about
Check
☐ Bates Numbering Machines
☐ Bates Telephone ☐ Radio Indexes
☐ Bates Ajax Automatic & Hand Eyeleters
Name ..
Address

S E P 26

Those who drive at night know the dangers which lurk in the dark, but often neglect precautions which add much to safety.

See that bulbs are correctly focused
Keep headlamps properly adjusted
Use the best bulbs money can buy

Eleven leading car builders have approved Tung-Sols for standard factory equipment. Metal lamp manufacturers endorse Tung-Sols. Careful owners use Tung-Sols. Whether you purchase them in Portland, Me., or Portland, Ore., you obtain the same quality, for there is only *one grade* of Tung-Sol.

Buy Tung-Sols and take "doubt" out of your headlamps. Ask your dealer or serviceman. If he cannot supply you, write us.

TUNG-SOL BI-FOCAL BULBS protect the approaching driver and provide safety when passing another car. Standard equipment on the new Series Buick

"Let Tung Sol Light the Way"

TUNG-SOL LAMP WORKS INC.
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

Licensed Under General Electric Company's Incandescent Lamp Patents

TUNG-SOL

his full height, grinned at his mirrored self and slapped his thigh.

"Dawg bite!" said he. "I guess Ise gwine show 'em somethin'!"

When Mr. Gamp arrived at the Midnight lot the following morning, he was struggling to conceal a triumphant grin. He critically inspected the standard ring which had been constructed against a background supposed to represent an indoor fight club. He saw, and correctly interpreted, the covert grins directed at him.

Midnight was happy. They were solidly united in wishing Hurricane Gamp hard luck and plenty of it. This was the big day of revenge, the day upon which the insufferable middleweight champion was to be whammed and banged and sent slinking from the lot a defeated fighter. And just before Cæsar Clump called the cast to the set, Hurricane motioned to President Latimer.

"I craves to make talk with you," he announced grimly, "an' with that Clump feller an' a few others. Also I reckon you better git Lawyer Chew."

"Le's wait until after they take the fight pitcher."

"Do as you want," returned Hurricane grandly. "But if you does, it's li'ble to cost you two thousan' dollars."

Orifice frowned. The man spoke with assurance, and Orifice's ears were always attuned to the clink of outgoing money. Perhaps he'd better ——

He dispatched a messenger for Lawyer Evans Chew and summoned Clump, Florian Slappey and the two male stars to his private office. They were seated around the wall when Chew arrived, and immediately thereafter Hurricane Gamp walked into the room. Mr. Gamp surveyed the gathering contemptuously. He postured provokingly and delivered an opinion.

"You-all is a fine bunch of boneheads. All put together between you, you ain't got one brain."

"What at is you drivin', Mistuh Gamp?"

"Well, fo' one thing, I happen to know that you has rang somebody in heah to box me which you think is gwine knock me fo' a ghoul; ain't that true?"

Faces betrayed guilt.

"Zif you could catch a world champeen nappin' like that. An' of course what you schemes is to let me git busted, an' then sell the film all over the country, showin' that I is a bum fighter. Well, folks, tha's a swell scheme—only it ain't gwine work. Why? Lemme splain. I has been readin' my contrac' pretty careful an' it contains therein a clause which prevides that should party of the secon' part engage in any boxing exhibitions or bouts, he has got to win under penalty of two thousan' dollars liquid damages."

Consternation was graven upon the faces of those facing the martial figure. But it was the countenance of Director J. Cæsar Clump which reflected the most abysmal melancholy.

The inspection of the damning clause by Lawyer Chew was a mere formality. Clump knew that his pet scheme had exploded as neatly and thoroughly as a toy balloon which has been caressed by the business end of a pin. He quivered futilely at sight of the leering, sneering face of his *bête noire;* Hurricane Gamp was noisily triumphant. Clump's scheme had been so neat—the photographing of a world champion's discomfiture. The picture as planned would have discredited Hurricane with the public and the promoters. It would have made impossible the continuation of his so-called easy pickin's.

Chew delivered his sonorous opinion. He made it quite plain that in case Sam Turner should connect with any portion of Hurricane's anatomy in such a way as to cause Hurricane to remain prone for the space of ten seconds or longer, Midnight would be instantly and indefensibly liable for a penalty of two thousand dollars.

They filed from the room—all but Lawyer Chew, President Latimer and Director Clump. It was the chief executive who first voiced the general lugubriosity.

"Woe is us!" he intoned. "Not on'y does we let Hurricane Gamp tromple all over us, but in order to make a profit we has got to succulate a pitcher all over the country showin' that he is a swell fighter."

Cæsar shook his head sadly.

"Coul'n't us let Kid Blossom bust him a few just fo' fun?"

"Nos-suh!" Latimer was explosively positive. "Does we do that, what happens? Hurricane takes a flop an' us loses two thousan' dollars, an' ——"

"Nor neither that ain't all," interjected the man of law. "I strongly suspec's that in the event aforesaid—namely, an' to wit, that Hurricane gits licked in this pitcher, he could successfully maintain an action to prevent, prohibit an' estop the sale an' distribution of said pitcher as bein' detrimental to his perfessional standin' an' adverse to the letter an' spirit of said contract hereinbefo' mentioned."

"I got to let him win!" moaned Cæsar.

"You cain't do nothin' else."

"If I had two thousan' dollars ——"

"You coul'n't do it nohow. S'posin', like Lawyer Chew said, they kep' us frum distributin' the pitcher."

"You is shuah, Lawyer Chew, that he has got to win?"

"Absolutely!"

Cæsar lurched from the room. He was greeted at the door by his friend and confidant, Florian Slappey. Florian dropped a fraternal arm over the director's shoulder.

"The big bum!" he apostrophized.

"Man, when you calls him that you ain't begun to speechify!"

"What you gwine do?"

"Do?" Cæsar raised a livid face. "Ise gwine think—tha's what! They ain't nobody yet ever put nothin' over on J. Cæsar Clump an' got away with it, an' no ham prize fighter ain't gwine be the fust."

Accompanied by Florian Slappey, he retired to the Clump office. Cheroots were produced and ignited, and in the dense smoke two faces turned hopelessly toward each other and two foreheads wrinkled in thought as two very earnest colored men planned to overcome fate.

A half hour later they emerged. A change had come over them. No longer were their expressions hangdog. They walked with free and confident strides, their eyes gleamed. They motioned Kid Blossom to their aide and conversed earnestly with him. As they talked the lips of the Kid expanded into a grin which displayed a large vein of fourteen-carat gold. The spectators clustered at the ringside saw and wondered. Orifice R. Latimer also saw—and trembled. He called Cæsar aside.

"Look heah, Brother Clump, what is you aimin' to do?"

"Nothin'," evaded the director.

"I don't hahdly believe you. But leave me tell you one thing: I know what Hurricane Gamp has done to you an' they ain't nobody sympathizes mo' than what I does. Seein' you git revenge on him would be the fondest thing I'd be of. But you cain't th'ow Midnight's money away an' ruin our whole production schedule. Git that?"

"Uh-huh." Then Clump hardened. "But also you git this, Orifice Latimer: You is president of this company, an' if I does anything you don't like, you can fire me. But you got to wait until I does it. While it's bein' done, I is the director, an' you, nor neither nobody else, can't stop me!"

Clump turned toward the ring and barked directions. The spectators—Midnight employes and extras—seated themselves. Two cameras were set up close to the ring. Mrs. Glorious Fizz, playing the feminine lead, entered the arena and seated herself near the ringside. Then Opus Randall, directed by Cæsar, climbed through the ropes, attempted to speak to Glorious, and was soundly repulsed. Vowing vengeance, he strutted to his corner, tripping and sprawling in the middle of the ring. Somebody tossed him a lily as he lay prone and it landed on his breast. Comedy touch.

Then, at Clump's orders, the crowd rose and cheered. Down the aisle came the

(Continued on Page 112)

Body by Pierce-Arrow

AMONG Pierce-Arrow's designers, craftsmen and body builders are many who have built Pierce-Arrow cars exclusively for more than 20 years. With these men, quality workmanship is a deep-rooted habit. And through them Pierce-Arrow standards are religiously maintained.

As a result you have today Pierce-Arrow's greatest success—the *Series 80*. A car of 130-inch wheelbase, yet so finely engineered that gasoline gives 14 to 17 miles per gallon; tires deliver 15,000 to 20,000 miles, and upkeep expense is reduced to low levels.

A surprising number of *Series 80* owners previously drove cars costing much less. Yet their monthly expense is now no more and in many instances lower than before.

A moderate payment now, balance to be evenly distributed over a period of months, will secure early delivery. Demonstration any time upon request. For complete catalog, write us

THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Buffalo, N. Y.*

PIERCE-ARROW

Coach, *price* $3150

at Buffalo, tax extra

Houdaille Shock Absorbers and Pines Winterfront standard equipment

6
striking colors

(Continued from Page 110)

figure of Champion Hurricane Gamp, clad in a dressing gown of amazing horticultural effect. Behind him came bucket holders, sponge wielders and manipulators of towels. The fighters were signaled to the center of the ring by the white-clad Florian Slappey, who was playing the minor rôle of referee. There another bit of comedy business was staged, when, instead of shaking hands, Opus extended a foot, which Hurricane proceeded to pull violently, causing Opus to seat himself abruptly.

The men retired to their corners and doffed bath robes. Then came a lull in the proceedings while the cameras were moved back beyond registering range, and Kid Blossom crawled through the ropes to double for Opus Randall. The crowd cheered. Over the arena hovered the atmosphere of a genuine fight, and there was no mistaking the fact that Kid Blossom shared the idea. He tested the ring, rubbed rosin on the soles of his shoes, and swung his lithe figure back and forth on the ropes, muscles writhing like snakes under clear bronze skin. Hurricane Gamp was apprehensive. He leaned over the ropes and addressed J. Cæsar Clump.

"You ain't plannin' nothin', are you?"

"Golly!" retorted Cæsar. "You know I ain't clever enough to put somethin' over on you."

But Orifice R. Latimer was not satisfied. He pleaded with his director, and Clump was downright brusque.

"Yo' business is runnin' this cawporation, Latimer. Mine is directin' the pitchers. An' this heah is a pitcher which I preposes to direct. Now, siddown!"

There was a timekeeper and a big brass gong. Florian moved importantly about the ring. The men were in their corners, the cameramen ground their machines, the gong sounded.

As they met in the center of the ring Kid Blossom flashed forth a snaky and impressive left which collided with Mr. Gamp's physiognomy. It was not a hard punch, but it was unyielding, and Hurricane's head snapped back. There was another and another. Hurricane grew angry and tried to get inside that tantalizing left, but his efforts were futile. The spectators cheered.

And then, when Hurricane had almost given up in disgust, he found himself inside the long straight arm. He started to grin. He stopped grinning. Kid Blossom's right, loaded with dynamite, crashed against his ribs and the champion grunted.

There followed an entertaining mix-up. Mr. Gamp, well versed in ring tactics, saw that he was at the mercy of the clever and hard-hitting Kid Blossom, and he understood that the Kid was playing with him. Hurricane fought hard and desperately, but he was outclassed. Even in the swirl of padded gloves, he realized how ridiculous he would look on the screen. The only balm to ease his tortured pride was the certainty that Clump would never dare to permit Kid Blossom to knock him out. Didn't his contract say that he must win?

But between rounds Gamp summoned Cæsar to his corner.

"Is you aimin' to git me licked?" he growled. Cæsar chuckled disdainfully.

"How can I? Ain't you got a contrack ——"

"If that feller busts me any mo' like he's been doin', I walks out of the ring."

"Foolishment what you talks! Now listen at me, Mistuh Fighter. Also I has consulted a lawyer an' he says that while you has got to be let win this fight, also if you quits an' refuses to fight, same bein' what we hired you fo' on account you is by accident world's middleweight champeen, you don't git one single red nickel offen the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc. Just indigest that, will you?"

"You got to lemme win!" howled Hurricane desperately.

"Right you is! But how good you looks durin' the fight ain't got nothin' to do with that."

The crowd was jubilant. The second round served to increase its glee. Kid Blossom was functioning superbly. He moved like a living shadow, snaking stiff lefts and hard, jolting rights to the champion's face and body. He, too, visioned the forthcoming picture with himself outboxing and outhitting the world's champion. He knew that Midnight two-reelers were being shown in more than one hundred and fifty first-run houses throughout the United States, and that fight fans and promoters would witness this magnificent display and demand his appearance in metropolitan rings at metropolitan prices.

By the end of the fourth round, Hurricane Gamp, mediocre at best and now sadly undertrained, was reduced to a laboring, heaving mass of tired flesh. His countenance was a sight to delight the proprietor of an abattoir and he was flashing distress signals toward Orifice R. Latimer.

The fifth round started. Hurricane was helpless as a baby before the damaging, driving attack of Kid Blossom. Each individual on the lot who had been victimized at one time or another by Hurricane's uppity ways was jeering raucously. But the face of President Orifice R. Latimer was wreathed with deep lines of worry.

"Cæsar," he snapped, "you has got to stop it."

"Says which?"

"This is gittin' to be a slaughter."

"That's the most thing I craves."

"I know. But fust thing you know, Kid Blossom is gwine unloose a wil' one an' Hurricane will be knocked out."

"Hot dam!"

"Hot nothin'! Does that occur, it costs us two thousan' dollars, not countin' the loss of the pitcher."

"Well, it's worth it."

"Bah!" snapped Orifice disgustedly. "'Tain't your money it's worth."

The spectators were shrieking gleefully. Mr. Kid Blossom was putting artistic finishing touches on the pugilistic shambles. Hurricane, too far gone for further remonstrance, was staggering about inside the ropes, pawing futilely at the bewildering young fighter from Atlanta. Latimer grabbed Clump's arm.

"Stop it!" he howled. "You is gwine ruin us."

"Us nothin'! Ise gwine ruin Hurricane Gamp."

"But, Cæsar ——"

Orifice started for the ring and Cæsar started after him. Orifice reached the platform and put his hand on the ropes. Cæsar grabbed him and on the edge of the platform they tussled.

Mr. Latimer staggered against the ropes and Cæsar fell through—just as the president of Midnight raised his eyes to see catastrophe happening.

Mr. Kid Blossom unleashed a short right cross. It traveled less than six inches, but it traveled fast and stopped suddenly.

The knees of Hurricane Gamp sagged. His eyes assumed the glassy stare common to an ex-fish. He swayed, then pitched forward and lay motionless. The crowd surged into the ring and lifted the triumphant Kid Blossom on its shoulders.

Reeking of liniment and iodoform, aching in every bone and muscle, scarcely able to open his eyes, Mr. Hurricane Gamp, middleweight champion of the world, wavered back from the unconscious. His head ached and whirled. He lay perfectly still—and he was thinking.

His rout had been absolute. His prestige on the Midnight lot was forever gone. An unknown middleweight boxer had toyed with him and pounded him unmercifully and at will. In one way, J. Cæsar Clump had obtained revenge, but in one way only.

There was vast satisfaction to the bruised and battered champion in the knowledge that Cæsar's triumph was, indeed, an empty one. Hurricane had been soundly whipped of course; but it was certain to cost Midnight a two-thousand-dollar penalty. And in addition to that, they could be restrained from distributing the picture because of the contract clause which specified that no picture in which Hurricane was not victor could be released.

There was that, then, to ease the agony of soul and body. The photographic proof of his rout would never be given to the eager eye of a picture-loving nation. The disgrace would remain a mere matter of studio gossip and local rumor.

Hurricane twisted his bruised lips into the semblance of a smile. He had not won the fight, therefore the picture would not be distributed; and the prospect of the two thousand-dollar penalty had its appeal.

A white-clad nurse announced two visitors and admitted President Orifice R. Latimer and Director J. Cæsar Clump. They were grinning broadly.

"'Mawnin', champeen. How is you feelin'?"

Hurricane growled surlily.

"That pitcher you is in," vouchsafed Latimer cheerfully, "is gwine be one mo' humdinger. Already we is cutting an' assembling it, an' day after tomorrow we gives it a preview at the Champion Theater. We hopes you will be there." Hurricane frowned.

"You ain't gwine show that pitcher nowhere."

"Oh, ain't we?" J. Cæsar Clump stepped close to the bedside. "I reckon you gits another guess, Mistuh Gamp. We calculates that more than two hund'ed theaters all over the country is gwine see that two-reeler. And when they does, they is gwine view a ham fighter fum Atlanta makin' a monkey out of the world's middleweight champeen."

Hurricane Gamp was sitting up straight in bed. His eyes were distended with horror.

"You can't do that!" he wailed. "My contrack says that you can't distribute no pitcher of a fight unless I win it!"

"Suttinly we can't. But you seem to forgit that I was Kid Blossom's second, an' that just befo' the knock-out I climbed into the ring."

"Well —" Mr. Gamp was beginning to get a miserable glimmering of the truth.

"That made everything all right," explained J. Cæsar Clump triumphantly. "You won on a foul!"

THE FIFTH ESTATE

(Continued from Page 9)

round of match play after I had eliminated Percy R. Pyne, 2d, in the first round 7 and 5, and Archibald Graham in the second 4 and 3. I was in great fettle at the time and playing the best golf I had ever exhibited. Before the start of the championship I had played over the hilly Englewood course many times with a view of learning all I could about its eccentricities. In two of these practice rounds I had lowered the amateur course record, first with a 74 and next with a 71.

Travis and I went at it hammer and tongs. The Old Man was in splendid shape on his own account—and what a hard man he was to steal away from when at the top of his game! A large gallery followed us. There had been much newspaper comment about the keen rivalry between Travis and myself, and with the importance of the stake an additional attraction, the crowd flocked to our match in the hope of seeing a repetition of the spectacular effects which had marked some of our previous meetings. A corps of golf writers, newspaper photographers and movie operators rounded out the gallery.

Through the early stages of the match the crowd was not disappointed in the quality of friendly rivalry which characterized the progress of the battle. The spectators sensed the electricity in the atmosphere immediately. From the care and precision with which each of us played every shot, there was no doubt about it at all—the Old Man was certainly after the kid this time in deadly earnest, and the kid was on the warpath for the Old Man's scalp—all of it, of course, without rancor and in good spirit. Neither of us was giving away anything.

And then something snapped; or, to put it accurately, two things snapped. The first was a camera shutter. It snapped directly in front of me as I was making a shot. The noise it made in the deathlike stillness of the moment crashed into my eardrums with an explosive detonation. I recall it all as though it had happened an hour ago. My club was poised in the back swing, my eye fastened on the ball, and when that click literally reverberated over the course my power of concentration went a-glimmering. For one small fraction of a second I took my eye off the ball and my mind off the execution of the shot as the club swished downward. Either one of these two transgressions against golf form is ordinarily enough to seal the doom of any stroke, but the combination is complete ruin; and so the inevitable happened. I foozled the shot as thoroughly as the most confirmed duffer could have done.

The second thing that snapped was my temper. What this snap lacked in audibility it more than made up in intensity. Inwardly, I raged at the blundering cameraman who had clicked me out of a shot at a vital period of our nip-and-tuck battle. In my heart surged a superlative hatred for every cameraman on earth. How I lamented the restraints of conventionality which would make it indecorous for me to walk up to this worm of the earth, tweak his nose, paste him in the jaw and send his devilish noise-making contrivance into eternity with a few hefty kicks which would not be foozled through lack of concentration! I vowed then and there that no matter what else might come and go in my life, no cameraman could ever qualify as a friend of mine, even though I encountered one who was the incarnation of everything superb and wonderful in character.

When I made my next several shots it was not of the match or the Amateur Championship I was thinking, but of the slipshod methods of our social organization which made it possible for cameramen to be included in the realm of mankind. And Walter Travis, free of any such reflections on this defect in our social order, went calmly about the business of winning a hole or two. While I still searched my brain for a method by which all photographers might be removed from the earth painlessly, if that was more humanitarian the Old Man continued to leave this profound problem entirely to me, while he devoted himself to making good drives, accurate approaches and straight putts with what result you have undoubtedly guessed. The final count was Travis 3 up and 2 to play.

The golfing evils which can develop from an uncontrolled temper are so obvious they need no word of comment. It is far from being my contention that I would have beaten Walter Travis in the match I have just mentioned if it had not been for the incident of the cameraman. The point I make is that temper does not help one's game any more than does cussing. I believe it was President Taft, himself a golfer, who first referred to the effect of swearing at misfortune on the links—namely, that swearing has never been known to improve one's game. And I also believe it was Grantland Rice who voiced the comeback of the golfer to that bit of logic when he admitted that though President Taft was

Continued on Page 117

Unbreakable

ALL-STEEL PLUG

Fits any electric appliance

It can't break

$1.50 CORD-SET COMPLETE

HERE'S something you've wanted ever since you first used an electric appliance—a Cord-Set with a plug that simply CAN'T chip, crack, crumble or break.

You can use the Simplex Electric Cord-Set on any electric appliance in the home. Toaster, percolator, grill, electric iron—the Simplex Cord-Set fits them all.

The Simplex Cord-Set complete with *unbreakable* plug, 6 feet of heater cord and lamp-socket plug sells for $1.50. It is standard equipment on the $4.50 Simplex Electric Iron.

If your dealer can't supply you, send the coupon and pay the postman when article ordered arrives.

Simplex Electric Heating Co.
Cambridge, Mass.

The Simplex Electric Iron
Was $6.75 NOW $4.50
COMPLETE including Cord-Set with ALL-STEEL UNBREAKABLE PLUG

Simplex
ELECTRIC CORD-SET

Simplex Electric Heating Co.
Cambridge, Mass.

*Please send me a Simplex Cord-Set alone—Simplex Iron with Cord-Set—for which I will pay the postman price shown in this advertisement.

*Cross out article not wanted.

Name _____

Address _____

Dealer's Name _____

226

Cook on a Simplex Electric Range—quick, clean, safe, cheaper

New York State Highway Map, showing the route of the Colonial Coach Lines, inset photographs of Goodyear Balloon Tire-equipped Coach No. 214 and Goodyear Pneumatic Bus Tire

Map published by courtesy of Standard Oil Company of New York
Copyright by General Drafting Company, Inc., New York

GOODYEAR

Copyright 1926, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

The Road Is Open!

WINTER used to set in and shut down. The current of city life thickened and slowed beneath its icy spell. The farm, banked in with snowdrifts, was cut off from the outside world.

The roads were locked.

What a change today! The new improved highway and the new service of the motorbus now link city with city, farm with town, even more regularly, dependably, comfortably, than any road and vehicle in the summers of twenty years ago.

* *

STATE Highway Commissions today combine with private enterprise to pierce blockades of snow and clear the ways of travel open against the gale and drift.

Powerful, heated, comfortable buses keep the road clear and bring to every community and home along their route the blessing of immediate, economical transportation.

No salesman needs to miss his trade; no doctor his far-off call; no traveler his errand. For the road is open now!

* *

LOOK, for example, at the motorbus service in western New York. There, for 900 miles, from Pennsylvania to Canada and back into central New York, lies the route of the Colonial Coach Lines.

Beautiful, rolling, old-colony country—picture-land in Summer—but somewhat more difficult in Winter.

Daily the commodious, comfortable coaches of this line are covering the Winter trail kept clear by their plows and sweepers. Binghamton, Syracuse, Watertown, Ogdensburg, Plattsburg, and all the towns and farms between, are served by them with a fidelity and convenience excelled by no other form of transportation.

* *

YOU need tires on a job like that—tires with grip, and hold-fast stamina.

Colonial Coach Lines found those tires in Goodyear Cord Bus Tires—rugged, strong, All-Weather Tread Goodyear Tires, that carry the load and clear the way and hold the road—safely—at an even, scheduled speed.

"We have Goodyear Cord Bus Tires in service today that have given us double the mileage we have received from other pneumatic bus tires," writes Mr. H. B. Weaver, Chairman of the Colonial Coach Lines. "They double their advantage by giving us trouble-free mileage. They fit in exactly with our Lines' policy of providing the public with a transportation service that is most convenient, most dependable, always safe and very economical."

* *

GOODYEAR Cord Bus Tires are built by the manufacturer that pioneered the pneumatic tire for long-distance heavy duty, in the Akron-to-Boston expresses, in the round-the-continent runs, under every test of traffic and road. They embody the greater strength, the greater elasticity and the greater durability of that remarkable new tire fabric—SUPERTWIST.

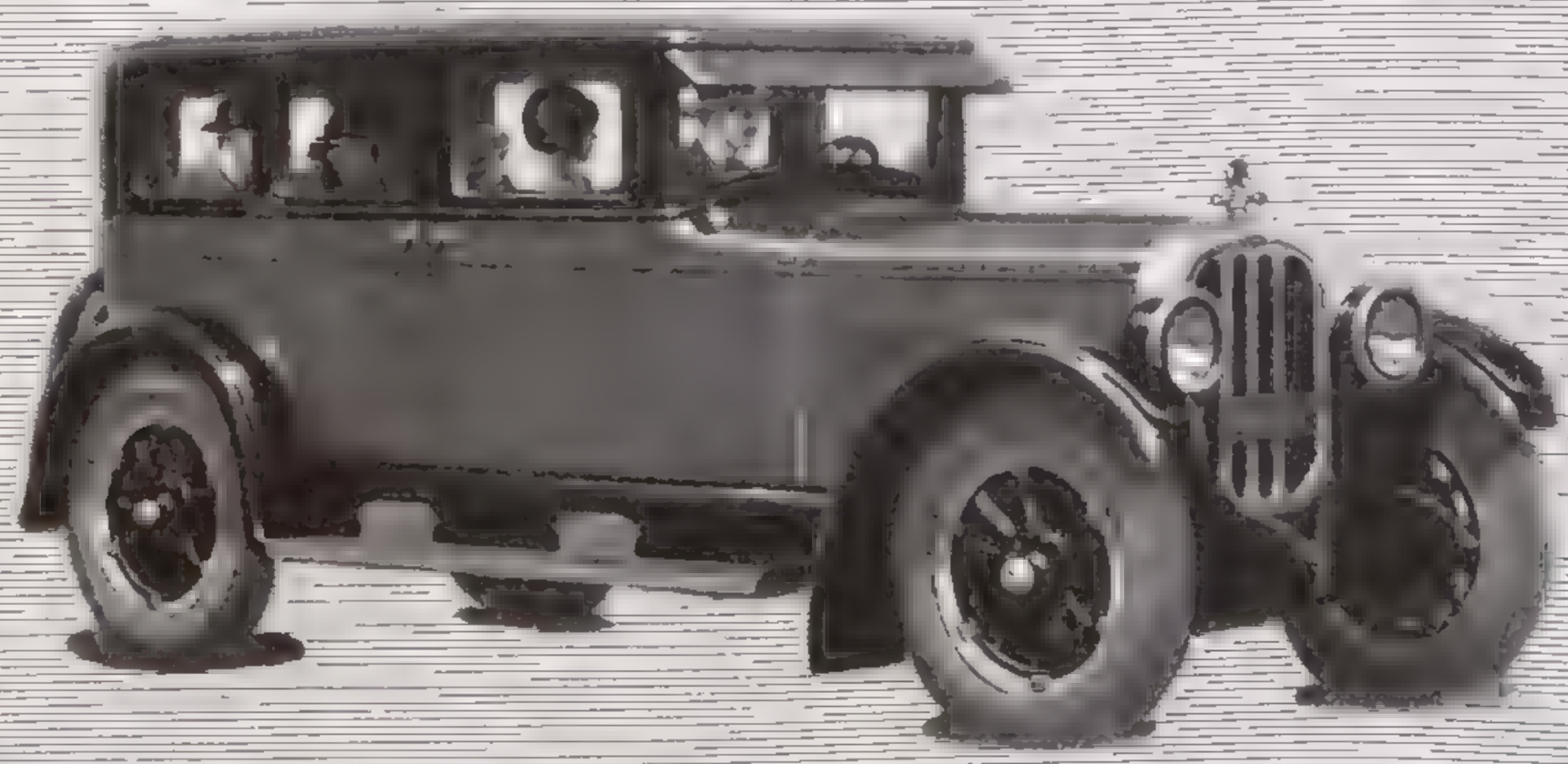
For every Goodyear Cord Bus Tire there is an equally fine Goodyear Tube, built especially to the needs of bus service

BUS TIRES

Made with SUPERTWIST

Progress

Wears the Chandler Name-Plate



20th Century Four-Door Sedan $1590 f. o. b. Cleveland

PROGRESS, even at a higher cost, has its appeal. But when progress increases quality, and *quality talks price*—that's the sort of thing that makes people rally to a motor car as they are now rallying to Chandler.

Look at the new Chandler Twentieth Century Sedan—and the reception it is getting!

Progressive thinking built this car. It had its inception in the idea that people would heartily welcome a real 4-door Sedan priced less than a 2 door coach.

It is a real Sedan through and through, and what's more—a Chandler; a finer Chandler; a richer Chandler.

The chassis is perfected in both strength and balance—and now has, like all the new Chandler models, the great added feature of the "One Shot" centralized lubrication system. You simply press your heel on a plunger in order to lubricate the entire chassis. "One Shot" feeds fresh, clean lubricant to several dozen places at once—instantly!

As to power, Chandler's record-winning Pikes Peak Motor has taken highest honors in contest after contest on the best known mountains and hills in the country.

Progress at a lower price applies to *all* the Chandler models. See—drive—*judge these cars by comparison*

New Metropolitan Sedan De Luxe, $1895 New Seven-Passenger Sedan, $1995 New Brougham, $1695 Prices f. o. b. Cleveland

CHANDLER

THE CHANDLER MOTOR CAR COMPANY, CLEVELAND; Export Department, 1819 Broadway, New York City

(Continued from Page 112)

entirely correct in his premise, it could not be denied that golf has clearly been known to improve one's swearing.

I wave aside the temptation to moralize at this point on the mental hazards produced by an ungovernable golf temper; but in the hope that others may profit from my experience, and thus find the world a better place to live in, I am impelled to put it on record that before the dawn of another season I had resolved to fight shy of this pitfall in the future. We all know it is no easy job to eliminate a bad habit, and for the general run of golfers it would be more of a worthy accomplishment than it was in my case. With me, it was the realization that this seemingly minor trait might some day spread out into a menace of overshadowing magnitude and topple me over at the very moment my greatest goal was within reach. Suppose a flash of temper should cost me the Amateur Championship itself! I shuddered at the thought. Better to nail my temper before it nailed me.

Downing the Imps of Anger

I ask your indulgence if I emphasize the point just a wee bit more, for it is really a very, very vital one. In this great brotherhood which has sprung up on the golf courses of the world, this army which has expanded into a cross section of life itself, to reap through the medium of an exquisitely absorbing diversion the benefits which the God of creation has offered in His rare gift of the sun-flooded, air-swept woodland; in this fraternity so deserving of being welcomed into the strata of existence as its fifth distinct entity are untold members whose full enjoyment is marred by the one stalking specter of the golf links—unbridled temper.

The temptation is to say to them, "Forget it; you're spoiling your own fun and ours too." But I can say to you from personal knowledge that this will not do; they cannot be driven to forget. They can only master. And if they will pause now and think it all over step by step and make a firm resolution that the next six times the devils of anger begin to prod them they will drive these imps back to their lair, they will be so enlightened by what happens that the mastery of this habit will begin forthwith and automatically. Do you know what happens under the influence of suspended anger? This: The mind and body throw off the shackles of a tortured soul and the faculties function normally. And the application of this result to golf is the removal of one of the most serious obstacles standing in the way of good play.

To the successful outcome of my own struggle with this problem I attribute the good fortune which marked the progress of my pursuit of golf honors the next season. I was then twenty years old and had shifted my allegiance to the Montclair Golf Club when my family took up its residence in New Jersey. But curiously enough, it was my old stamping ground, the Nassau links on Long Island, which was destined to be the scene of my first important engagement that year—the Metropolitan Championship. And it was the battle-scarred hero of the 1898 Amateur Championship, Findlay S. Douglas, whom I faced in the final round. Douglas, the embodiment of old Scotland, with his crackling speech and rare good nature, was the same accomplished golfer I had met three years before at Nassau in a tournament which had first opened my vision to the possibility that some day I might ascend to the pinnacle which he had scaled in the golf world.

Douglas is the breath of golf. When I finished 4 up on him in the morning round, he beamed upon me with a radiance that bared the true inner workings of his mind and said, "Good boy!" And when I continued this same pace in the afternoon and eliminated him by 8 and 7, there was real warmth in the grasp of his hand and sincerity in his voice when he congratulated me on my victory.

That season I won the New Jersey State Championship on the links of the Baltusrol Golf Club by virtue of a 7 and 6 victory over Max Behr, of the home club. A curious fact seems to have associated itself with my golf experiences from that time on. With the exception of a single season, 1911, I never won the Metropolitan or Jersey championship without following it up with victory in the National Amateur. To win either or both the lesser titles seemed like a good omen for what was to come in the more important event. On the one occasion when the charm failed to work I scored in both the Metropolitan and Jersey, but failed in the National Championship when it was held at Apawamis, Rye, New York. That was the year in which Harold H. Hilton, the Englishman, defeated Fred Herreshoff after thirty-seven holes of play in the final round, in as spectacular a contest as our premier event has ever known.

Most aspirants for national golf honors, I fancy, approach the big day in a mood similar to that of a candidate for high political office on the eve of election. The links loom up before his vision as a great polling place where the electorate will soon start casting its ballots; the gathering hosts in the hotel lobbies and about the clubs are like electioneering groups singing the praises of this or that seeker of the stake for which the field has groomed itself through a season of hard campaigning. The element of uncertainty which hovers over the throng—players and sight-seers alike—is fascinating. It is a gay frolic of hopes and fears. The psychology of competitors is an evenly balanced compound of these two ingredients. I have never yet known a player bold enough to predict his own triumph; nor have I known one in whom the possibility of winning did not run high.

The tournament of 1907 was held on the course of the Euclid Club, Cleveland, Ohio. It was the fifth time I had gone after the title. My close friends buoyed me up by stoutly maintaining the outlook was far and away more promising than it had been in any previous year, that my victories in the New Jersey and Metropolitan championships had given me the required steadiness and confidence and that my form was better than it ever had been. I have always suspected that it was their purpose to forestall any feeling of uneasiness over the importance of the occasion by impressing upon me that I had much more than an outside chance of fighting my way to the top. That is the ideal frame of mind in which to enter a grueling battle, provided it isn't overdone. In my case it had a stimulating effect, for certainly I had not been immune to the apprehensions which always loom before those who strive for this elusive prize.

Ten-to-One on a Long Shot

It has been my observance that the little odds and ends which round out the bigger happenings in our lives are often vital in their ultimate influence. This thought comes to mind in connection with an incident which seemed to be exceptionally trivial in its influence on my attitude toward the Euclid tournament. I am not even sure that it had the slightest bearing on the outcome of that contest; but in the light of what happened at Cleveland, as compared with what had happened on my four previous attempts to win the championship, I have sometimes felt that it really had more than passing significance.

Of the absolute sincerity of one of my good friends in believing I was about to gain the most notable honor of my career as a golfer there was no doubt. With Fred Herreshoff it was a positive conviction that I would win, just as it had once been a conviction with Waldo Burton that Walter Travis would run down seemingly impossible putts in the British Championship. A day or so before the qualifying round Fred told me about this notion which had taken such firm root in his mind.

"And, Jerry, while it may seem like a strange thing for a rival player to do, I've made a bet that you're going to be the next national champion. A fellow was offering ten to one against your chances. I couldn't let that opportunity slip. It looked like easy money to me."

I gazed at Fred in the utmost astonishment.

"Why, you poor chump!" I managed to say. "Don't you know that there are exactly one hundred and two players in this tournament and that almost anybody is likely to win it? Ten to one? You ought to have had a good deal more than that for your money."

But Fred insisted he had made a winning bet, no matter how I felt about it. Now the curious part of it is that Fred was not so eager to profit financially as he was to register his protest against the judgment of the man who had offered these odds against my chances of winning. They had had a friendly but rather heated discussion about the relative chances of the various players, and he had been irked that I, his friend, could be regarded so lightly as the odds of ten to one seemed to indicate.

"I don't care what your method of reasoning is, you made a ridiculous bet," I assured him.

A Battle of the Friendly Enemies

But after we had separated I couldn't get it out of my head that he had certainly been mighty sincere about it all. So after I had mulled it over for a short time I marched straight to the man with whom Herreshoff had made his wager.

"What are the odds against me in the championship?" I inquired.

"Ten to one."

"Well, I'd like to take a little flyer on myself," I told him, placing a small bet. And then I promptly assured myself that I was just as big a chump as Fred was.

The point I wish to make about this incident is that I believe it probably had the effect of giving me a bit more confidence when I started off in the Euclid tournament. In any event, I qualified nicely with 153 for the thirty-six holes of medal play, seven strokes more than Travis, the medalist, required; and nine less than Eben M. Byers, the champion, took. But if this part of the journey proved fairly easy, it was no indication of what was to follow. At the outset of match play I began running into snags. W. A. Stickney, of St. Louis, took me on a merry chase over the Euclid course, and it was only by dint of the hardest kind of play that I pulled through by 3 up and 1 to play.

It was Fred Herreshoff himself whom I encountered in the second round. As we started out on our journey, poor old Fred, one of the squarest chaps I have ever known in my life, sidled up alongside of me and began speaking in such a serious tone I scarcely recognized it as the voice of my side partner.

"Look here, Jerry, old sport," he was saying, "I told you I thought you had a great chance to win this tournament. And I made a bet on you to win—at odds of ten to one. But I want you to get something straight in your head, and that is this—I'm going to do my damnedest to put you out of this championship right now. I don't want to rattle you by saying that, but it goes."

It was a man of great wealth with whom we had made our wagers on my winning, but not for all the money this man had would Fred Herreshoff have given me the slightest quarter in our match. There were two reasons why he wouldn't. The first was that this descendant of a fine old American family was too honorable even to consider anything so petty. The second was that transcending any material thought with him was the ambition to win the Amateur Championship. Twice in his life he came as close to it as a player can come without actually winning. As a kid of sixteen he was the runner-up to H. Chandler Egan in 1904, and seven years later he fought his great battle with Harold Hilton at Apawamis.

Herreshoff was one of those golfers for whom the fates seemed to have set aside a special place. He was always a thorn in the side of the best of his time, always hovering around the top division and always a threat in any championship he entered. But it must have been ordained that he was not to win many of the chief laurels the game offers. The Metropolitan Championship fell to him in 1910, when he put me out of the running by 4 and 3, and this was the most important title that ever came his way. In the National Amateur he had the faculty of being nosed out. It was so in the tournament I am now mentioning. I defeated him 3 up and 2 to play after a battle in which he had made good his promise to fight me every inch of the way.

In the third round I had even a closer shave. Here my opponent was Warren K. Wood, of the Homewood Country Club, Flossmor, Illinois, and it was not until my final putt had been sunk on the eighteenth green that the contest was decided in my favor by 1 up. By this time I was beginning to feel some of the optimism Herreshoff and other friends had been displaying for more than a week. Only two players now stood between me and the championship—Byers, the champion, in my own half of the draw; and the winner of the match between Archibald Graham, of the North Jersey Country Club, and W. C. Fownes, Jr., of the Oakmont Country Club, Pennsylvania, in the other division. And when I eliminated Byers 6 and 5, encountering him at a moment when I was at the top of my game and he not at his best, I entered the final of the Amateur Championship for the first time. My opponent was Graham.

With both finalists hailing from the same state, it was in every sense of the word an all-Jersey finish, marking this fight for the country's chief golfing crown on a Mid-Western battleground. Archibald Graham, one of the leading golfers of the day and a tartar in the steadiness of his game, had preceded me as the state champion of New Jersey. I recognized in him a foeman worthy of the most highly tempered steel. If it had been decreed that victory was to swing my way, I knew that my hope for success lay in my ability to take him at his own game and to match the consistency of his play with the same quality of golf, and never to ignore opportunity any time I detected its welcome knocking at the door.

Freakish Happenings in a Game

Our very first shots seemed to be prophetic of how sturdy this struggle was to be. They were both fine drives of about 260 yards, and their length and accuracy drew a murmur of approval from the large gallery which strung itself out over the course. As we started from the tee on the long journey confronting us, I made a hurried analysis of my own nerves in search of any evidence of stage fright, and when I found that they were behaving even better than they had been in some of the earlier matches I was surprised and elated. Often I had drawn a mental picture of what my nervous condition might be in these circumstances. The spectacle had never been reassuring.

We halved the first two holes, but Graham won the third with a 3 to my 4, after I had reached the green, 205 yards away, with a cleek from the tee, only to overrun my approach putt by seven or eight feet. The fourth and fifth were mine, the sixth Graham's, and we set sail for the seventh all even. The distance of that hole was 462 yards. Both of us got home on our second shots, but Graham made a poor approach putt and took a 5 for the hole against my 4. We halved the short eighth in 3, so that I was 1 up going to the ninth.

Here one of those freakish things which make golf such a distinctive game put in an appearance. Graham topped his second shot, but recovered splendidly on the next two and his ball lay only two feet away from the pin for a half in 5. But the man who had fought his way through a field of

(Continued on Page 121)

Ask to hear "DINAH"

A jewel of close harmony by The Revelers

Close your eyes and they seem to be in the room with you.
For sheer beauty, harmony and realism, no record in its class
can be compared with it; but, convince yourself. Hear it!

When these people of the South lift their heads in song, something strangely stirring happens to you. You listen. You laugh at one rhythm and you are unexplainably silent at another. Such weird, wistful, pleading harmonies. What inspired them? Are they new, or are they older than history? . . .
There's a little bit of Dixieland in every man's heart and Dinah touches it.

New Victor

New Victor Records, February 1st

Red Seal

Bohême—Addio! (Farewell) LUCREZIA BORI
Louise—Depuis le jour (Ever Since the Day) LUCREZIA BORI
Lyric soprano arias from modern operas; melodious.
No. 6561, 12-inch, $2.00

Rose in the Bud (Forster) RENÉE CHEMET
One Little Dream of Love (Gordon) - - - - - - - RENÉE CHEMET
Semi-popular love-songs arranged for the violin.
No. 1132, 10-inch, $1.50

Maria, Mari (Russo-Di Capua) BENIAMINO GIGLI
Quanno 'A femmena vo' (Ingenito-De Crescenzo) - - - - BENIAMINO GIGLI
Neapolitan songs for the tenor
No. 1134, 10-inch, $1.50

Messiah—He Shall Feed His Flock MARGARETE MATZENAUER
Elijah—O Rest in the Lord MARGARETE MATZENAUER
Two great oratorio numbers for the contralto voice.
No. 6555, 12-inch, $2.00

Just a Cottage Small (De Sylva-Hanley) JOHN McCORMACK
Through All the Days to Be (Barrie-Hope) JOHN McCORMACK
An American sentimental song and a concert song; tenor
No. 1133, 10-inch, $1.50

Standard Songs and Instrumental

Come to the Fair - - - - ELSIE BAKER
Secret of Mine - - - - - - - ELSIE BAKER
Wholesome English outdoor songs for the contralto
No. 45526, 10-inch, $1.00

Merry Wives of Windsor—Overture, Part I VICTOR SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
Merry Wives of Windsor—Overture, Part II VICTOR SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
A jolly old overture, for a big orchestra.
No. 35764, 12-inch, $1.25

Triumphal March from "Sigurd Jorsalfar" (Grieg) VICTOR SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
Queen of Sheba—Cortége (Gounod) VICTOR SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
A heroic march with an unforgettable melody.
No. 35763, 12-inch, $1.25

A Perfect Day - - - VICTOR SALON TRIO
Mother Machree - - - VICTOR SALON TRIO
World-familiar American songs arranged for violin, 'cello and piano
No. 19874, 10-inch, 75c

Sleepy Time Gal - - - JESSE CRAWFORD
You Forgot to Remember JESSE CRAWFORD
For the pipe organ, by a famous "movie" organist
No. 19906, 10-inch, 75c

Under the Double Eagle—March SOUSA'S BAND
High School Cadets—March SOUSA'S BAND
Two famous marches, magnificently played and recorded
No. 19871, 10-inch, 75c

The Whistler and His Dog ARTHUR PRYOR'S BAND
The Warblers' Serenade ARTHUR PRYOR'S BAND
Happy go-lucky band numbers with whistling effects
No. 19869, 10-inch, 75c

Herd Girl's Dream (Labitzky) NEAPOLITAN TRIO
Happy Days (Strelezki) - NEAPOLITAN TRIO
Pastoral, waltz-like melodies for violin, flute and harp
No. 19872, 10-inch, 75c

Eili, Eili—In Yiddish - - - BELLE BAKER
My Yiddishe Momme—In English BELLE BAKER
Jewish numbers, a traditional lament and a colloquial song.
No. 35762, 12-inch, $1.25

Sacred Selections

Whispering Hope OLIVE KLINE AND ELSIE BAKER
Abide With Me OLIVE KLINE AND ELSIE BAKER
Old favorites, rich and soothing; soprano and contralto
No. 19873, 10-inch, 75c

Good-Night and Good-Morning HOMER RODEHEAVER
I Need Jesus - - - HOMER RODEHEAVER
Religious. Baritone voice, evangelistic style.
No. 19853, 10-inch, 75c

Light Vocal Records

Song of the Vagabonds (from *The Vagabond King*) - - - - - - - - DENNIS KING AND VICTOR LIGHT OPERA COMPANY
Only a Rose (from *The Vagabond King*) CAROLYN THOMSON
From a new light opera, with members of the original cast.
No. 19897, 10-inch, 75c

Gems from "Dearest Enemy" VICTOR LIGHT OPERA COMPANY
Gems from "Princess Flavia" VICTOR LIGHT OPERA COMPANY
From successful light operas, soloists and chorus
No. 35766, 12-inch, $1.25

I'm Tired of Everything But You TOM WARING
Let's Forget (and be Sweethearts Again) TOM WARING
Popular sentimental songs in delicate style.
No. 19904, 10-inch, 75c

I "Wanna" Go Where You Go, Then I'll Be Happy - - - JACK SMITH
Are You Sorry? - - - - - JACK SMITH
The "Whispering Baritone" in "whispering" songs
No. 19856, 10-inch, 75c

D'ye Love Me? GLADYS RICE AND BILLY MURRAY
A Cup of Coffee, a Sandwich and You HELEN CLARK AND FRANKLYN BAUR
Pleasing duets in "honey" manner
No. 19903, 10-inch, 75c

I Wonder Where My Baby is To-night HENRY BURR AND BILLY MURRAY
I Never Knew - - - - - GENE AUSTIN
A serio-comic feature duet and a sentimental ditty.
No. 19864, 10-inch, 75c

That Certain Party - - THE HAPPINESS BOYS
Why Aren't Yez Eatin' More Oranges? THE HAPPINESS BOYS
Favorite radio numbers by favorite radio artists.
No. 19865, 10-inch, 75c

Zeb Turney's Gal - - VERNON DALHART
Naomi Wise - - - - VERNON DALHART
Tragic mountaineers' ballads, with whistlings, fiddlings, banjo
No. 19867, 10-inch, 75c

When I'm Gone You'll Soon Forget PEERLESS QUARTET
Weeping Willow Lane HENRY BURR AND FRANK CROXTON
Heart-songs, one for male quartet, one for tenor and bass.
No. 19870, 10-inch, 75c

Save Your Sorrow - - - GENE AUSTIN
Cross My Heart, Mother - - HENRY BURR
A "whispering song" and a fox trot song, popular style.
No. 19857, 10-inch, 75c

Sleepy Time Gal - - - - GENE AUSTIN
Five Foot Two, Eyes of Blue GENE AUSTIN
Fox trot or "honey-sotsy" songs to the piano.
No. 19899, 10-inch, 75c

No Man's Mamma - - - AILEEN STANLEY
Mighty Blue - - - - - AILEEN STANLEY
Clever topical songs; one indignant, one weepy. Comedienne.
No. 19863, 10-inch, 75c

Dance Records

Hymn to the Sun—Fox Trot PAUL WHITEMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA
Caprice Viennois—Waltz PAUL WHITEMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA
Amazing Whitemanian dances based on brief "classics."
No. 19862, 10-inch, 75c

I Wonder Where My Baby is To-night—Fox Trot PAUL WHITEMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA
Lo-Nah—Fox Trot PAUL WHITEMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA
Many-colored fox trots, played by a master-orchestra.
No. 19902, 10-inch, 75c

Song of the Vagabonds—Fox Trot INTERNATIONAL NOVELTY ORCHESTRA
Only a Rose—Fox Trot INTERNATIONAL NOVELTY ORCHESTRA
"The Vagabond King" yields these melodious fox trots
No. 19901, 10-inch, 75c

When I Dream of the Last Waltz With You—Waltz - - - THE TROUBADOURS
Kosher Kitty Kelly—Waltz THE TROUBADOURS
A sentimental waltz and an East-Side Waltz.
No. 19900, 10-inch, 75c

Beside a Silv'ry Stream—Fox Trot HERBERT BERGER'S CORONADO HOTEL ORCHESTRA
Good-Night—Fox Trot HERBERT BERGER'S CORONADO HOTEL ORCHESTRA
Fine Victor records by this organization, plenty of rhythm and color.
No. 19898, 10-inch, 75c

I Love My Baby—Fox Trot WARING'S PENNSYLVANIANS
Collegiate Blues—Fox Trot WARING'S PENNSYLVANIANS
Fox trots by masters of the "collegiate."
No. 19905, 10-inch, 75c

Miami—Fox Trot GEORGE OLSEN AND HIS MUSIC
Here in My Arms—Medley Fox Trot JACK SHILKRET'S ORCHESTRA
Fox trots in contrasting instrumental styles.
No. 19868, 10-inch, 75c

Down and Out Blues—Fox Trot ROGER WOLFE KAHN AND HIS HOTEL BILTMORE ORCHESTRA
Swamp Blues—Fox Trot ART LANDRY AND HIS ORCHESTRA
An energetic fox trot and a weird, ghostly one.
No. 19866, 10-inch, 75c

A Little Bungalow—Fox Trot ROGER WOLFE KAHN AND HIS HOTEL BILTMORE ORCHESTRA
Lucky Boy—Fox Trot ROGER WOLFE KAHN AND HIS HOTEL BILTMORE ORCHESTRA
Charming and melodious fox trots from "The Cocoanuts."
No. 19860, 10-inch, 75c

Clap Hands! Here Comes Charley!—Fox Trot - - JACK SHILKRET'S ORCHESTRA
Sugar Plum—Fox Trot GEORGE OLSEN AND HIS MUSIC
A good humorous fox trot and a rather stately one.
No. 19859, 10-inch, 75c

The Camel Walk—Fox Trot ART LANDRY AND HIS ORCHESTRA
Everybody Stomp—Fox Trot ART LANDRY AND HIS ORCHESTRA
Many freak instrumental effects and syncopations.
No. 19858, 10-inch, 75c

Fond of You—Medley Fox Trot (from *Captain Jinks*) - - GEORGE OLSEN AND HIS MUSIC
Journey's End—Fox Trot (from *The Cat's Chop*) GEORGE OLSEN AND HIS MUSIC
Fox trots from recent musical stage successes.
No. 19896, 10-inch, 75c

Records

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO. CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.

Not only the Richness of Black and Gold but the Life-long Smoothness of

Parker Duofold

WITH THE 25-YEAR POINT

The same, save for color, as the Black-tipped Lacquer-red

RICH Black and Gold like this, or Black-tipped Lacquer-red—either way a fresh brand of Confidence comes to the hand that clasps a Parker Duofold.

Thus out into open daylight—from the point of this classic writer—there emerges the best of the ideas your brain can create.

For here is a pen with a swing so balanced, a feed so sure, a point so super-smooth, that it leaves your mind unfettered to focus on your subject.

A pen whose "feel" so inspires the hand that 8 men out of 10, blindfolded in a writing test, picked the Parker Duofold, sight unseen, from 11 new pens of different makes.

A point guaranteed if not misused for 25 years' wear. A point that yields to any writing style, to any hand, yet retains its original shape regardless.

Hand-size Grip, Over-size Ink Capacity—a pen 5 times inspected and writing tested by experts. Hence virtually a product hand-picked for you.

See this pen in Black and Gold—an effect of rare elegance—also in Black-tipped Lacquer-red, the color so handsome to carry, and hard to mislay.

Good pen counters wouldn't be without them. Stop at the nearest and choose your point—Extra-Fine, Fine, Medium, Broad, Stub or Oblique.

While there—see its team-mate—the Parker Duofold Pencil. A perfect match—Hand-size Grip and all.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY · JANESVILLE WISCONSIN

NEW YORK · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO · THE PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN CO., LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA · THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, LIMITED, BUSH HOUSE, STRAND, LONDON, W. C.

(Continued from Page 117)

the foremost players of the country missed that puny putt as ingloriously as would the acknowledged duffer. It is almost inconceivable that this should have happened. But that is golf. It had happened before then, has since, and will continue happening to the end of time. I made the turn 2 up on my opponent.

I shall not burden you with a full description of the progress of that match. Let it suffice to say that the unrelenting Graham squared it at the twelfth and that it was only by reason of two sliced shots to the woods, which he made on the seventeenth and eighteenth, that I was able to finish the morning round with a lead of two holes. In the afternoon round I managed to strike such a fast pace that at the twelfth hole I found myself 5 up with only 6 to go. If I could win one of those remaining holes or halve two of them, it meant that I had won the National Championship.

The Longest Putt of All

Here I stood on the brink of an ambition which had been gathering force almost from the first day I had swung my brother's mid-iron on my homemade course at our Oyster Bay home. Let me tell you the realization was appalling. For the first time since the tournament had started I felt my nerves undergoing a complete collapse. Not even when Graham hooked his brassie and I found myself on the thirteenth green with the advantage of a stroke did I regain my composure. Graham had made his fourth shot, my ball lay four feet away from the cup in 3. If I ran it down I would win the hole, the match and the championship.

"If I sink that ball it's going to be the longest putt I ever made in my life," I remarked to Graham, who had a perfect understanding of how a fellow might feel in such circumstances.

"Forget it," my opponent replied. "You couldn't miss that putt with your eyes closed."

There must have been close on to 3000 persons following the match, of whom more than 1000 were gathered around the green with their eyes riveted upon me as I stepped up to the ball. And I'll wager that out of all that number there was only one who doubted that the ball would ever find its way into the cup in a single stroke. That was the player making the shot.

When it rolled straight for the hole and clucked in for the winning 4, I was too astonished to understand how it had happened. I was still more interested in trying to fathom this mystery than I was in the fact that I had won the Amateur Championship, when Graham's cheery voice brought me back to earth.

"Congratulations—and, say, what did I tell you about that putt?"

From the standpoint of spectacular effects, my most interesting golf match was in the thirty-six-hole final round of the Metropolitan Championship of 1908. I had won that title for two years consecutively and was national champion at the time by virtue of my Euclid victory. The tournament was held on the difficult Baltusrol links, my opponent in the final was Charles H. Seely, of the Wee Burn Club, Noroton, Connecticut, and I was a strong favorite to carry off the honor for the third successive season.

Charlie Seely was quite a character in golf circles—a big, happy-go-lucky type of chap who thought it was detrimental to one's health to take life too seriously. He was a natural and accomplished golfer, whose ability was undoubtedly enhanced by the fact that he apparently got more joy out of playing the game and its congenial associations than from any honors it might bring. He reveled in the atmosphere of the golf links, not alone because he was fond of the game but more particularly because it furnished him the medium for the companionship he craved. In the spring, summer and autumn you could always depend upon finding Charlie Seely where golf was; in the winter you would look for him where golfers were.

On the morning we met in the Metropolitan final Charlie was in poor physical shape. In his personal appearance and in the uncertainty of his game he reflected this condition. The morning round ended with me 6 up and going stronger than ever, while Charlie was completely fagged and on the verge of a collapse. It was really deplorable to see this normally robust chap making such a sorrowful showing.

"Take my tip, Charlie, and rest up before we start out this afternoon," I urged him, as we walked toward the clubhouse after finishing the first round.

"I'm going to, Jerry; my nerves are in rotten shape. I want to get something to settle them."

The result of this decision was electrifying. When Charlie Seely stepped out on the course a couple of hours later he had undergone an astounding transformation. The nerves which had been so ragged earlier in the day were now calm and steady. There was decisiveness in the way he swung his clubs, accuracy to his shots and a crispness to his style of play which reminded everyone of the Charlie Seely we knew in his best golfing form. Even the haggard look had disappeared from his countenance.

And yet there was something about his manner that was mystifying. In some way or other he suggested to me a man who might be performing a delicate piece of work with technical precision, but utterly free of the strain which such a task should impose. It seemed to me as though he had performed the miracle of dulling his senses and at the same time intensifying the machinelike action of his muscles. I felt as though the match had suddenly resolved itself into a contest between myself and a golf machine.

This impression became stronger after we had gone a few holes and Seely kept asking me how many strokes he had taken for each. After making a perfect pitch to the green or running a long putt down, he would casually ask on the way to the next tee, "Who won that, Jerry?" Ordinarily I would have to tell him that he had won it, for he was beginning to cut my morning lead down at an alarming rate. He was giving one of the most remarkable exhibitions of golf I have ever seen.

On the ninth hole of the afternoon round Charlie's tee shot was considerably off the line and headed toward the woods. There it apparently struck against a tree branch and bounded back toward the course, landing high up on the side of a steep bank which surrounded the green. It left him with an exceptionally difficult shot to get close to the hole.

"If he ever lays that one dead he'll be doing mighty well," I remarked to Fred Herreshoff, who was acting as my caddie.

The Tearing of the Green

Seely went about the task with the same calm precision he had displayed from the outset of the round. He surveyed the roll of the ground carefully, gave the ball a delicate tap and did something much better than placing the ball within sure striking distance of the hole. He placed it in the hole itself, for as fancy a 2 as the most ambitious golfer could ask.

In spite of this inspired display of golfing form on the part of my adversary, I came to the thirty-fifth tee 1 up and 2 to go. My morning lead of 6 had withered away gradually under the force of his deadly playing, but I still held the position of advantage and needed only one win or two halves to clinch the match.

The ground was soft and soggy from a heavy rain which had fallen on the two preceding days. On my approach to the thirty-fifth green the ball embedded itself in the turf about fifteen feet from the pin. We could just barely see the top of it when we reached the green. It had dug its own grave in thoroughgoing fashion.

Under the rules of play then in force a player was not permitted to lift his ball on

Wherever men discuss shaving they agree that Williams lather stays moist longer

This SATURATED lather drenches each bristle . . . *beard cuts without pull*

This makes the beard soften and its soothing effect on the skin

LET'S get down to facts on this shaving cream question—we'll cut out the frills and use plain, simple words.

Shaving lather has two jobs to do before the razor comes into play. Here's how Williams does them:—

First it lifts the waterproof oil film from the beard.

Then the tremendous moisture of this quick, bulky lather seeps into each bristle—softening the beard for smooth, easy cutting.

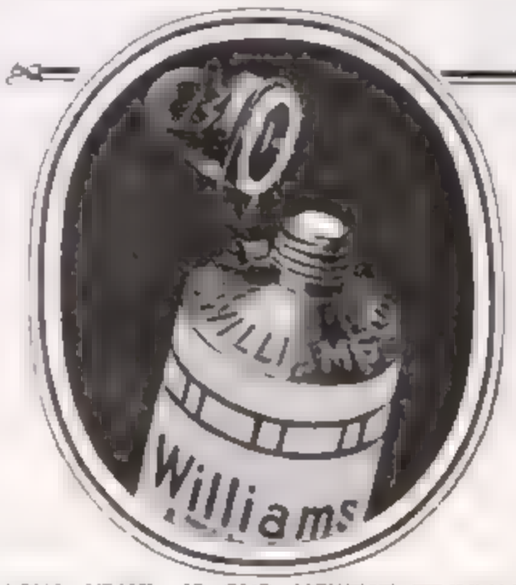
That's why blades seem sharper, why there's no pulling, why the skin thoroughly enjoys a Williams Cream shave.

It won't take you more than a week to prove this and we will gladly send you a week's trial tube of Williams Shaving Cream free.

This pure, white cream is absolutely free from coloring matter. Its lather is *shaving* lather. It is the result of three generations of specializing in shaving soaps.

Send the coupon—or a post card—today. Your free tube will be sent immediately. The large-size tube is 35c. The double-size sells for 50c and contains twice as much.

The tube with the unloosable hinge-cap



FREE—Mail this coupon NOW!

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Dept. 42-A, Glastonbury, Conn.

If you live in Canada, address The J. B. Williams Co. (Canada), Ltd., St. Patrick St., Montreal.

Please send me free trial tube of Williams Shaving Cream. (Trial Size has no Hinge Cap.)

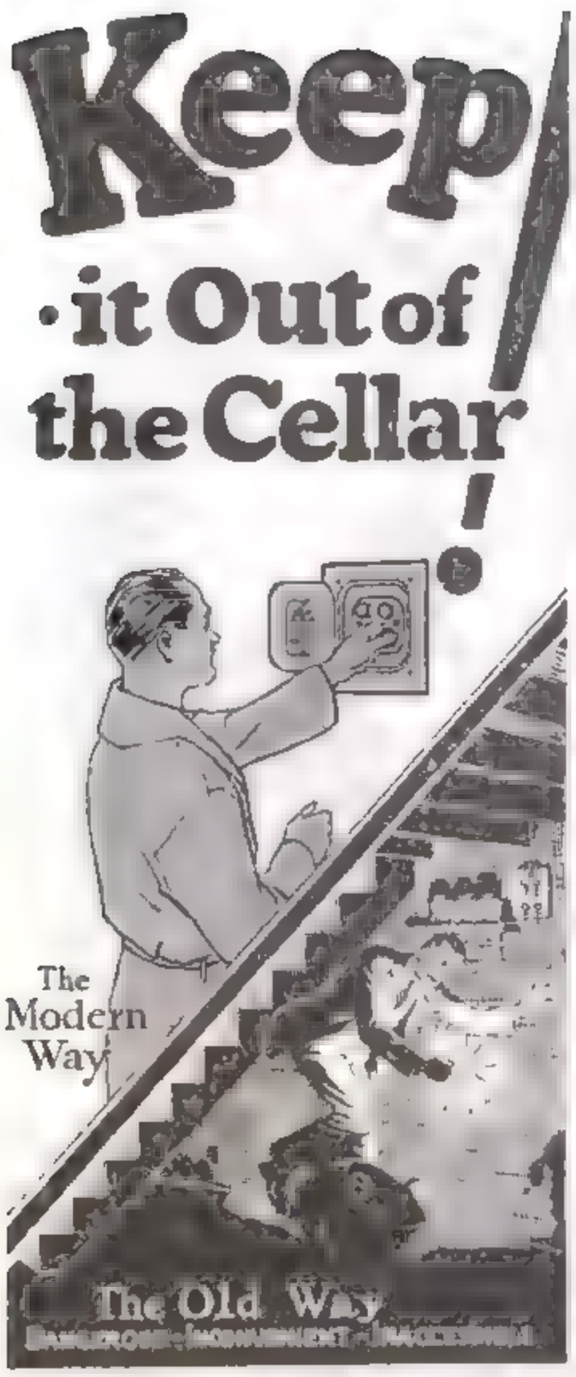
Name

Address

City.....State..

S. E. P. 2-6-26

AQUA VELVA IS OUR NEWEST TRIUMPH—A *SCIENTIFIC* AFTER-SHAVING PREPARATION. WE WILL SEND A 150-DROP TEST BOTTLE FREE. WRITE DEPT. 42-A.



Insist on Bull Dog Safety Fusenters

Any modern builder or electrical contractor will install BULL DOG Safety FUSENTERS upstairs where you can replace fuses as easily and safely as you put in an electric light bulb. Then you will not have to stumble down dark cellar stairs or fumble in dark closets to replace blown-out fuses.

BULL DOG Safety FUSENTERS are an ornament as well as a convenience and safety feature. You can place them in any room or hallway—and they cost you less than the old-time fuse boxes and panel boards.

Handled by dealers and installed by electrical contractors everywhere. *Listed as standard by Underwriters' Laboratories.*

BULL DOG Safety Switches and other products have long been stand ard in the electrical industry.

Architects; Contractors; Dealers—Write for Complete Information.

MUTUAL ELECTRIC & MACHINE CO.
DETROIT, MICHIGAN U. S. A.

the putting green or to remove earth from it, as he now is. No matter how unplayable the lie might be or how much mud clung to the ball, he was required to regard the situation as a rub of the green and to work out his own salvation as best he could. And I shall confess quite frankly that I was not overly pleased that this unfortunate break of the game had bobbed up at a moment when I was fighting to repel an opponent who was playing with the skill of one possessed. It took only an instant for me to decide upon a course of action, the decision no doubt being hastened by a flash of chagrin that I had been a victim of this scurvy trick of circumstance.

"Let me have the niblick, Fred," I directed Herreshoff.

He looked at me in a bewildered way.

"The niblick? The niblick? Why, Jerry, you'll tear the green to pieces!" he exclaimed.

"It's not my green, and I didn't make it soggy. Give me the niblick." My voice was low but petulant.

A Golf Ball With the Mumps

The humor of the situation dawned on Fred. To extricate myself from this trouble I was going to commit golf sacrilege—I was going to sink the keen edge of the niblick into the sacred turf of the putting green and scoop up a section of it right in the presence of the Baltusrol officials themselves. That was too much for Fred Herreshoff's golf risibilities. He was grinning all over as he pulled the niblick from the bag and gave it a few extra flourishes so that everybody in the gallery might see the club I was about to use. The effect was what he had anticipated. From the gallery rose a chorus of exclamations resembling the protesting voice of a theater audience when the villain in the melodrama is about to slip over a low one on the hero.

A spirit of devilish glee caused me to exercise extreme deliberation in tantalizing the crowd, and in torturing the club officials who stood there powerless to intervene in the impending defilement of their carefully nurtured, tenderly pampered putting green. I spread out the agony as long as I could, affecting to make a minute study of just how far I would have to cut into the soil to loosen my entombed ball from its muddy dilemma. Then I took my stance, moved the club head upward in a sweeping back swing and swooped it down again.

The thud of the blade penetrating the rain-soaked turf was simultaneous with the gasp from the spectators. The point of contact was an inch or so back of my ball. Up came a clod of turf the size of a saucer, as clean a divot as I have ever seen and the largest I have ever known to be dished from a putting green. And with this jumble of grass and top soil came the ball, a sorry-looking sight in its miry coat which made it more than twice its normal size. Under the impact of the blow it had moved a foot or so nearer the pin, where it lay with just a bare speck of white peering through its swollen, mump-like exterior.

The tension of the crowd broke. From the circle of humanity fringing the green came a roar of hearty laughter at my effrontery in openly perpetrating so shocking a sin. I took it to mean that the villain, though triumphant, had been forgiven. And furthermore the melodrama had really been turned into a farce-comedy by reason of the ludicrous appearance of that ball and the new difficulties which confronted me.

"What club now, Jerry?" asked Fred, with a wicked twinkle in his eye.

I did not deign to notice the flippancy of that question, but went methodically about the job of studying this unusual putting situation. In truth, my own tension had given way and I was no longer irritated over what had happened, but if it was possible to salvage anything out of the wreckage I wanted to do it. After all, we were playing for one of the leading championships of the country, and this was a ticklish stage of the struggle. But Fred was irrepressible.

"I really think, Jerry, you ought to make that shot with a shovel," he reflected; adding as an afterthought, "Or will a spade mashie do just as well?"

The club I actually used was a mid-iron, lofting the ball slightly in the hope that some of the mud would be shaken off when it struck the green again. That shot is one of the oddest I have ever been called upon to make in a championship match. In the long hours I had spent at practice I had been under the impression that I had anticipated every possible kind of shot. But here was one new to me—putting a ball incased in a thick layer of mud some twelve or fourteen feet. There was no precedent for gauging the force of the stroke and certainly none for telling what direction a lop-sided ball is going to take. It was as bad as trying to putt an egg.

I did manage, however, to get it close to the hole and to sink it, mud and all, on the next shot. But I had used three strokes on the green against Seely's two and this gave him the hole and squared the match. There was now not the slightest trace of the tremendous edge I had held over him at the completion of the morning round. He had destroyed my early advantage under an avalanche of dazzling shots from the tee, through the fairway and on the putting green.

The weird things happening in this match never ceased. On the thirty-sixth hole I hooked my shot so sharply that when I got up to where it had fallen I found myself almost hopelessly stymied by some trees about 165 yards from the green. I had this alternative: I could chip out to the fairway and then try for the green on my third stroke or I could attempt the freak play of standing with my back almost to the green and striving to give sufficient pull to the ball so that it would curve around the obstacles. In other words, now that I had hooked myself into this predicament, did I want to try to hook myself out of it? Seely's ball lay squarely in the center of the fairway and the chances were that he would reach home on his second for a sure 4. A chip-out looked like sure defeat, so I decided on the other course.

Using a mashie and standing in such a position that the green was entirely obscured from my vision, I made the shot. I barely saw the ball as it flew away from the face of the club and skimmed past the fringe of trees. And I hadn't the slightest idea what had happened to it until I heard a great shout go up from the gallery. The ball had taken the curving route I had planned for it and now lay nicely on the green for a possible 3 and an almost certain 4. Seely planted his shot not far away from mine and we both dropped into the cup on our second putt.

Seely's Great Recovery

We now set forth on our journey of extra holes, where this long-drawn battle would go to the player who won the first of these. On the thirty-seventh tee the mechanical precision of Seely's shot-making wavered momentarily and he topped his drive so badly that the ball rolled out not more than forty or fifty yards. My shot was long and low, good for at least 200 yards more than the distance covered by my opponent's ball. Though this is a long hole and a player has the opportunity to recover from a badly played shot, my advantage seemed too great to permit Charlie to overtake me. But, as I have said before, there is a destiny which follows golf shots. When we got up to my ball we found it buried deep in the soft ground. I was compelled to use a niblick to release it, and that extra shot squared the advantage I had gained from the tee. We halved the hole in 6.

The end came on the second extra hole. Both of us lay on the green on our second, Seely's ball about thirty-five feet from the pin, and mine closer. It seemed to me that my adversary had barely taken time to measure the distance and gauge the undulation of the green before he swung the putter and his ball was spinning on its way. It was a great shot. It took the roll beautifully and sped straight for the cup as though drawn there by magnetic control And through the medium of this birdie 3, coming as a climax to a round which had been nerve-racking through the final stages, Charlie Seely won the match and the Metropolitan Championship. It was a well-earned victory for him, a splendid exhibition of fighting spirit in the face of a task which had appeared all but insurmountable at the time we started our afternoon round.

The chain of unusual incidents characterizing this match did not end for Fred Herreshoff and me when Seely dropped that thirty-five-footer for his sensational win. When we reached the clubhouse the steward handed Fred an envelope, with the remark that it had been left there for him by William Carnegie, a friend of ours. Fred tore it open and found a $100 bill inclosed—nothing else.

"When did Mr. Carnegie leave this?" asked Fred.

"After the morning round," the steward informed him.

"Did he leave any message with it—did he say anything?"

"Yes, sir; he told me he had lost a bet to you and that he wanted to leave the money. I think he said something about Mr. Travers being 6 up after the morning round and that he thought the match was all over."

Fred had been decidedly crestfallen on our way back to the clubhouse. Now he was jubilant.

"Can you beat that, Jerry?" he exclaimed. "You lose the championship and I lose a bet. But when I get here I find that I haven't lost it at all, but won it That's what I call a rare piece of luck."

You Never Can Tell in Golf

The bet had been made the night before as the outcome of a discussion between Herreshoff and Carnegie on what the relative chances of Seely and myself were. Fred, with his usual implicit faith in my ability as a match player, had declared that Charlie had not more than one chance in five of winning. Whereupon Billy Carnegie offered to bet him $100 against Fred's $400 that I would lose, and the wager was recorded.

Billy himself was a well-known character about the golf courses. A nephew of Andrew Carnegie and a man of independent means, he was usually to be found in the throng of regulars who flocked to the more important tournaments. His devotion to the game seemed to find a particular outlet in the pleasure he gained from watching the principal matches and joining in the endless comment which always precedes and follows them.

"The joke's on Billy Carnegie," announced Fred. "If he'd rather lose a bet than win it, that's distinctly up to him. Come on, Jerry, we're going to New York and spend Billy's money."

That evening we bought seats at Hammerstein's old vaudeville theater at Forty-second Street and Seventh Avenue. We had scarcely taken our seats before I felt a violent nudge in the ribs and heard a heavy stage whisper from Fred.

"Good Lord, look who's sitting in front of us!"

I looked. It was Billy Carnegie. Fred leaned over and spoke to him.

"You poor boob, haven't you sense enough to know when you've won a bet?"

"Oh, hello there, Fred!" exclaimed Billy. "How in the name of heaven did Jerry ever manage to lose that match?"

"That's not the point," Fred retorted. "The point of the whole thing is, how in the name of heaven did you ever manage to lose your bet?"

Billy grinned. He knew the $500 would be forthcoming when Fred saw fit to carry the jest no farther.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr Travers and Mr Crowell The next will appear in an early issue.

Libby's 100 Foods

Year in and year out, it never varies —that rare goodness which has made these foods so famous

Ask for LIBBY'S *when you buy the following foods*

Fruits, Vegetables
Sliced Pineapple
Crushed Pineapple
Peaches, Pears
Apricots
Cherries, Royal Anne
Cherries, Maraschino
Fruits for Salad
Plums, Apples
Apple Butter
Jellies, Jams
Strawberries
Raspberries
Loganberries
Blackberries
Prunes, Figs
Asparagus
Spinach
Pork and Beans
Tomatoes
Sweet Potatoes
Sauer Kraut
Tomato Soup

Pickles, Condiments
Catchup
Chili Sauce
Mustard
Queen Olives (Spanish)
Stuffed Olives (Spanish)
Olive Oil (Spanish)
Ripe Olives (California)
Sweet Pickles
Sour Pickles
Sweet Mixed Pickles
Sweet Mustard Pickles
Dill Pickles
Sweet Relish
Sweet Cauliflower
Sweet Onions
Chow Chow

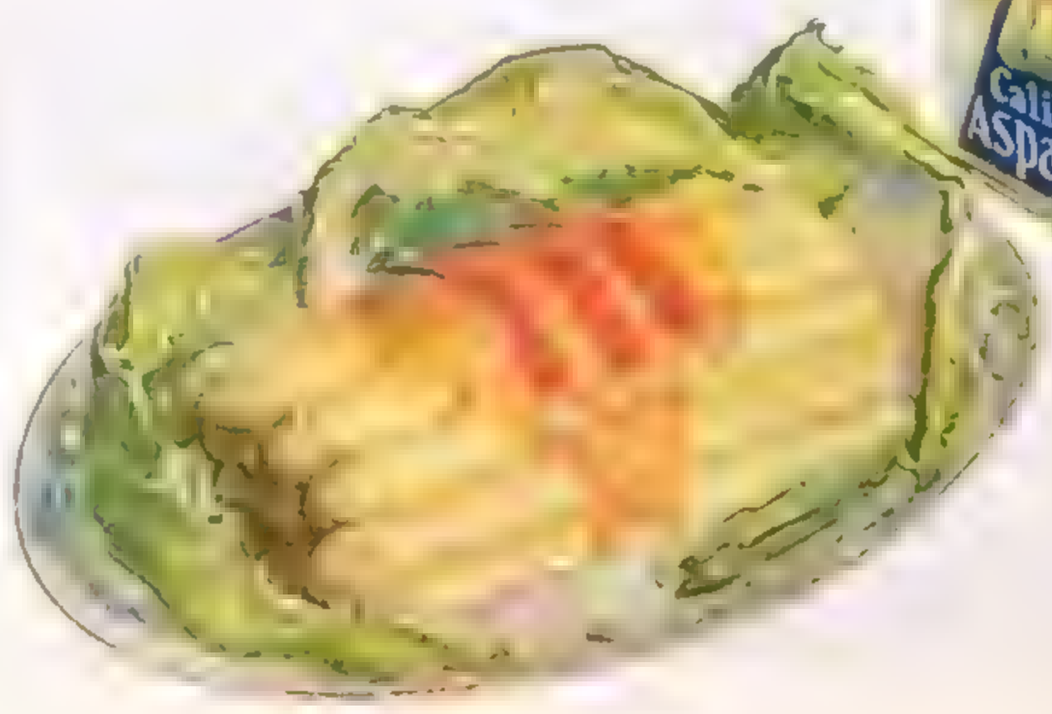
Milk
Evaporated Milk
Condensed Milk

Salmon
Red Alaska Salmon

Canned Meats
Cooked Corned Beef
Roast Beef
Vienna Sausage
Beef Steak and Onions
Hamburger Steak
Veal Loaf
Chili Con Carne
Corned Beef Hash
Lunch Tongue
Ox Tongue
Genuine Deviled Ham
Potted Meat
Boneless Chicken
Potted Chicken
Sliced Dried Beef
Sliced Bacon
Mince Meat
Plum Pudding
Mexican Tamales
Bouillon Cubes
Beef Extract

Write for a new recipe booklet called "Tasty Touches." And if you wish personal help on your recipes, menus, entertaining, just address Mary Hale Martin, Cooking Correspondent, Dept. 502, Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

An asparagus bed twelve miles around—in the rich delta lands of the Sacramento River! In this sunlit valley of California, Libby grows the tender, luscious asparagus that has become so famous. The silvery white stalks are cut just when they have reached their full delicate flavor. And on that same day, before the sun has set, they are packed—with all their fresh goodness at its best



FOR REVENUE ONLY

(Continued from Page 13)

conservative odds. Even money on Ireson's not riding out the sixth round looked just as good.

Honest Pat Constantine was picked for referee. That was enough by itself to convince folks at large that the fight would be square. In spite of his Honest nickname Pat Constantine was the honestest referee in the business; and he was one of the most competent too.

The fight was to be on a Saturday night at the Cestus Athletic Club. That last day Gaites put his man on the lightest work with no boxing. He took him out of the gym a little after noon and made him eat a careful lunch at three o'clock. While Ireson ate, Gaites gave him his ring instructions all over again for maybe the fifteenth time; while Mary listened just as eagerly as she had listened the first time she heard them given.

Gaites watched Ireson while he handed out those instructions. He was trying to find how nervous the boy was. But Miles went on with his cowlike munching, as if there wasn't even a mah-jongg game at stake that night. It wasn't bluff either. The New England lad's nerves were as cool and as calm as a snow field. He had a big job ahead of him. He knew that. Likewise he knew he was in the pink of condition for it. He hadn't the imagination that has queered so many better fighters—the imagination to see himself lugged into his corner feet forward, or battered gradually to a pulp by the champ. He had a quiet notion that maybe he could beat Foley and win the championship on his merits, instead of getting it as an unauthorized gift. Gaites had told him so a few days earlier, in the gym, and Gaites knew everything. So Miles ate with a relish, and his heart still ticked at seventy-two. He might have been a phlegmatic child looking forward to Christmas.

"You'll set around on the porch for half an hour after lunch," Gaites was saying. "Then you'll go up to your own room and you'll lay down and see can you get a nice long nap. Don't think about the fight, just think about resting. Sleep till you wake up natural. I'll be back here by then and take charge of you. I've told Mary to see there's no noise around the house to wake you up, and to muffle the bell."

Ireson grinned to show he understood. But he didn't answer because his mouth was full. One of the ninety things Mary had taught this lad, in her volunteer job of housebreaking him, was not to talk when his mouth was full. This was the easiest of all his lessons for him to remember, for he wasn't given overmuch to talking anyhow.

"And if you've got to do any thinking at all," goes on Gaites, "just keep thinking of this: You're to go light with him for the first seven rounds. Let him make the pace. Keep right with him and make it lively-like, but don't force it. He is easiest wore down that way, and you'll spare yourself for what's coming. After the seventh you're to cut loose like I showed you. But not till then. Don't be fooled into rushing him. And most of all, remember what I said about being careful not to land heavy on his nose."

"That seems so funny," says Mary.

"It's dead wise," snaps Gaites, sort of ruffled. "I've got it straight from a pal of mine in his camp. He says a heavy punch on the nose sends Foley wild and starts him to murdering the guy who lands it on him. He doesn't go blind mad, but he gets to fighting dirty and fighting for all he has in him. That's right. Now, if he is let alone, likely he'll be willing to let the bout go to ten or eleven rounds of the fifteen, for the sake of the fans and for his rake-off on the pictures. That's what I'm banking on—on your tiring him so much before he gets ready to finish you that you can ride out the limit or maybe even stop him. That's your one chance. It's a whale of a big chance if you obey orders. But if you get him homicidal by starting his nose to bleeding, he may tear into you for a goal while he's still fresh. So steer as clear of his nose as you can. Besides, a nose punch don't get a fighter anywhere once in a blue moon. Keep remembering his nose, most of all."

"That sounds silly to me," observed Mary again.

Ireson looked at her in amazed rebuke. To him it was only a little scant of sacrilege for any dictum of the omniscient Billy Gaites to be called silly. If it had been anyone but Mary —— Sometimes he had found himself wondering sorrowfully if Mary quite appreciated this godlike elder brother of hers. He sighed and went on with his meal.

He was sitting obediently on the porch and Mary was clattering away with the luncheon dishes in the kitchen when Gaites clumped off to keep an appointment in town. Ireson looked adoringly after the spruce back of his manager. Then he went upstairs for his nap. He was lulled by the quiet of the house and by the still heat of the afternoon. Presently he fell asleep. His nap was bovinely dreamless, like all his slumbers. But, by and by, through his sleep, he seemed to hear a series of little gaspy sounds from somewhere. Gradually they pierced through the drowse mists. They annoyed him because they took on the sound of someone crying—a woman or a child. He never could bear to hear a child or a woman cry, and the annoyance made him open his eyes. The alarm clock on his bureau showed him he must have slept more than an hour.

The gaspy sounds didn't stop with his waking. He listened, and he recognized them as someone sobbing on the floor below. His room door was ajar. The sound came up to him clearly, stifled as it was. Gaites was not due back from town for another hour. There was nobody, then, in that part of the bungalow but himself and possibly Mary. Mary! Miles swung to his feet and started downstairs. He had taken off only his coat and collar and shoes when he went to sleep. His stockinged feet were quiet on the steps.

On the couch in the hall below lay Mary, face downward. She was crying into a pudgy couch pillow, and trying to do it without any noise. She was a pitiful little squinched-up figure crumpled there in the corner of the big couch. Something stuck in Miles' throat as he bent down awkward-like and patted her shoulder. The touch made her jump up and pull away from him, and try to hide her face in her hands. Her face was small, but her hands were so much smaller that she didn't make much of a success of it.

"What the blue blazes is the matter, girl?" he babbles, as worried and helpless as a dog whose master is unhappy. "Tell me, won't you? Not feeling sick, are you? I ——"

"Yes," she sobs, all hysterical and shaky. "Yes, I am. Sicker than I ever thought I could be. I wish I was dead. Oh, I wanted so to wake you and tell you! And ——"

"Why didn't you, then?" he asks, scared stiff, as he starts for the front door. "Lay down again, and I'll have a doctor for you in two minutes if I have to tote him here between my teeth. Don't you go worrying. You'll be all right. Cramps, most likely, from that muskmelon you was eating. I'll ——"

She runs after him and grabs him at the door.

"Come back!" she orders. "I'm not sick that way. It's only the heart of me that's sick to the death, Miles. Oh, I'm so ashamed—so ——"

"If anybody's been getting fresh with you ——" he begins, his voice getting a queer dog growl in it.

"Oh, you don't understand!" she cuts him short. "Nobody has been saying anything to offend me. It isn't that. It's—it's—oh, I used to scold myself for not trusting him and for feeling the way I did about him! Something kept telling me I was right, but I told myself I was all mistaken. And now ——"

"Maybe you're a wee peckle delirious in your head," suggests Miles helpfully; for her scrambled words sure sound a heap like that to his .22 caliber perceptions. "If you'd just let me get Doc ——"

"Listen to me," she interrupts, choking back her sobs all of a sudden, and steadying those ripped nerves of hers. "Listen to me, Miles. You've got to know this. And I'd rather cut my tongue out than tell you. He's the only relation I've got in the world, you know. But I can't let you go on being tricked this way."

Her talk still don't add up to much more than delirium, so far as Ireson is concerned. He looks at her all puzzled and wild. That seemed to steady her some more. Presently she goes on; speaking firm and jerky and connected.

"Your precious sparring partner, Mush Scully, was in here half an hour ago," she said. "Billy sent him back for a bag or something that he'd forgotten. While he was looking in Billy's room for it I kept an eye on him. He is the kind of man one keeps an eye on, if one doesn't want to miss valuables. He ——"

"That's all nonsense, Mary," said Ireson. "You misjudge him wrong. Scully's square, I guess. He wouldn't ——"

"He wouldn't do a crooked thing. I know that. Unless it was worth his while. And the crooked thing he got to babbling about was very much worth his while. So much so that he couldn't keep from crowing about it. He thought, of course, that I was in on the beautiful secret, since Billy was. It seems you and I are almost the only people in your training camp or in Foley's who aren't in on it. Scully thought I must know as much about it as he did. I can't tell, even yet, what made me keep from saying right off that I hadn't an idea what he was talking about. I didn't know I had so much hypocrisy and diplomacy and all that nasty stuff, till I got just a clew of what he meant and began to pump him."

She shudders, as if she had put her hand on a fuzzy caterpillar; then she goes on:

"He doesn't know, even yet, that I turned him inside out and that all the things he told me were just horrible revelations to me. I feel so disgusted with myself, Miles, for making him tell it to me. And I'm so ashamed about Billy! But it wasn't for myself I made the man talk. Honestly, it wasn't, Miles. You've got to believe that. Then when I got rid of him at last, I—I went all to pieces. And now I've got to tell you. I hate to. For I know what you think of Billy. But I've got to."

Miles is still staring goggle-eyed and puzzled at her. He hasn't the least notion what she's so worked up over. But he listens. And he has a-plenty to listen to, at that. Here's a boil-down of the story she had wormed out of Mush Scully and that she passes on to him—there were some gaps in it, but she was able to fill in most of them without Ireson knowing they'd been any gaps at all. She knew her sainted brother pretty well, and she had picked up from Brother Billy a goodly swad of information about some phases of the modern fight game.

Tim Russ had worked out that plan of his to the queen's taste—his plan for retiring Foley in a cloudburst of hundred-dollar bills. This was his layout:

First he bought Billy Gaites. At least, he rented him for the job. He had enough sense, or enough knowledge of Gaites, to make most of Billy's end of the purse contingent on the success of the scheme. Gaites was to challenge Foley in Ireson's name. Russ was to accept and he was to attend to the fattening of the public for the killing. Likewise, he and Gaites, and the one or two others in the know, put up everything they had or didn't have in betting on Ireson to win and on the fight going over six rounds, specially on him to win.

No, they didn't frame a measly lay-down for Foley. That would be too raw and, besides, it would cut their profits in two. Russ had something better than that. The fight was to go brisk and spectacular, but with no heavy damage in it—just lively enough to keep the crowd sweetly fooled—up to the end of the seventh round. Till then Foley was to have more'n a shade the best of it and he was to seem to be saving himself for a whirlwind finish after he'd worn down the youngster. Folks was to think he had the fight safe in his own hands, but that he wasn't taking any rash chances with such a rugged boy as Ireson. Gaites was to fix it so Ireson would lay off'n Foley's temperamental nose.

Well, twice as he was going back to his corner after rounds Foley was to slip a little on the floor; as if maybe there was something greasy on the canvas of that corner. He was to catch himself easy, and his seconds was to look around the floor for trace of the greasiness that wasn't there. At the end of the seventh round he was to dance to his corner, to show how husky he still was and to make-believe try to impress Ireson. Bob Fitzsimmons and Kid McCoy both used to try that stunt sometimes, as you'll maybe remember. It always goes big with the crowd. Just as he was pretty near his corner Foley was to slip again on that greaseless grease spot nobody else could find.

His heels was to go up and his head was to come down in the heroic spread-eagle stage fall he had been rehearsing so hard in the gym. His forehead was to slam against the edge of the stool his seconds had just set for him. It wasn't really to be much of a rap, just enough to raise a racket and a convincing lump. That part was rehearsed real careful. But he was to lay there dead as a doornail, as if the whack against the wooden edge of the stool had stove in his skull. The handlers was to lift him onto his stool and he was to slide off again, plumb lifeless. They was to work over him all the whole minute of rest. When the bell would ring for the eighth round he'd still be unconscious, and the referee would have to count him out. When he was out, he'd be carried to his dressing room. There, just as the club doctor'd begin to examine him, he'd open his eyes, stupidlike, and start to get his senses back again. It'd be a case of concussion of the brain, and any club doctor could testify to it as such. If a man is coached in shamming concussion it's next door to impossible for a doctor to prove he's shamming, if he begins to come to as soon as the doc starts examining him.

Do you get the swing of it? No? Well, there's no boxing rules to cover such an accident as that. There was none to cover it when it happened out West some twenty years ago, when a guy really did get knocked cold by stumbling and swatting his skull against his stool. That gave Russ the plan.

Very good, then. Foley wouldn't be able to come up at the beginning of the eighth round.

There wouldn't be anything for the referee to do but count him out. He'd be senseless in his corner from injuries received while he was in the ring. There's nothing in the rules to give a referee any option but to count out the unlucky chap and give the fight to his opponent.

The crowd would be crazy wild of course, but that's all the good it would do them. Rules are rules. And they'd have seen the accident themselves. They'd have seen it was happening while Foley was on the road to winning. They'd have no suspicion, let alone any kick.

The fight and the championship would go to Ireson. But the champion end of the purse would go to Foley and Russ. That

(Continued on Page 129)

Oil is more than oil — *it is power*

POWER

HAVOLINE
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
— the power oil
INDIAN REFINING COMPANY, *Incorporated*

More power—all your engine is capable of. From ten to thirty per cent more power is a commonplace experience if you use Havoline.

The unknown, unbranded oils sold today do not let your engine develop full power.

Why get along with less power, with power slipping away past your pistons?

Havoline was proved to be the "power oil" in tests on the Wasson Motor Check on over 60,000 cars.

THE PRICE OF POWER is a crank-case filling of Havoline. The quart-at-a-time habit is a power-losing habit. Keep your oil level up, but drain and refill at regular intervals. Use the right grade of oil for your car.

Havoline is sold from bulk by leading dealers everywhere. Also furnished in one or five gallon cans or in thirty or fifty gallon drums. If you cannot get Havoline conveniently, write for name of nearest dealer.

INDIAN REFINING COMPANY
Incorporated
Lawrenceville, Illinois

Prize Winning Homes you can build

Distinctly different . . . Setting a new standard

NEVER before has a competition in home designing produced such important results. Hundreds of America's leading architects entered the nation-wide Lehigh Home Competition to design the modern small home.

Twenty-eight plans were awarded prizes by a jury of eminent architects, as the best designs in concrete masonry homes, embodying these five features, long sought for, but never before so successfully combined in any one home.

THIS [illegible] design by Angus McD. McSweeney, San Francisco, Calif., was awarded first prize. This home, with 27 other prize-winning plans, is [illegible] in the book "28 Better Homes" [illegible]

(1) **Moderate Cost**
without sacrificing any detail.

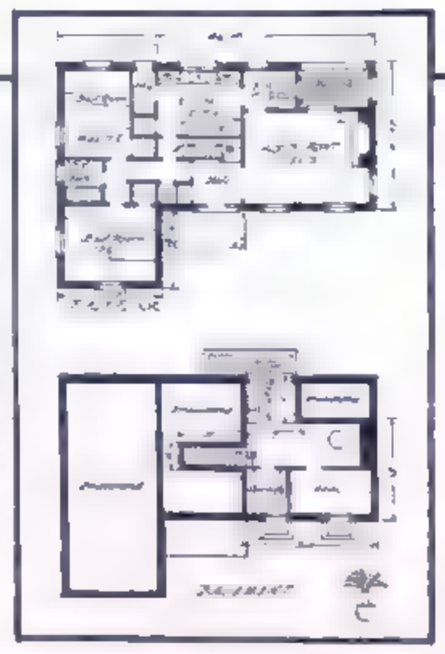
(2) **Attractive Design**
by the country's leading architects.

(3) **Skilful Planning**
most convenient use of space.

(4) **Permanence**
concrete reduces repair bills.

(5) **Fire Safety**
concrete minimizes fire hazard.

Each design is an architectural gem. To the quaint and charming beauty of Old World homes have been added the strength and permanence of concrete and the distinctive color effects obtainable only in Portland Cement Stucco.



This bungalow design by John Floyd Yewell & Harry Starr, of New York City, was awarded first prize in the bungalow class.

Lehigh prize homes already under construction

Already Lehigh Prize Homes are being built in the vicinity of New York, Chicago, Birmingham and Kansas City. Each home, as it grows, is proving the beauty of its design—the economy of its construction.

These homes will be open for complete inspection in order that their values may be actually seen and appreciated. Further particulars will be announced later.

If you plan to build, send the coupon for the book, "28 Better Homes." It fully describes the 28 prize winners. In addition it is filled with instructive material not ordinarily given in a book of this kind. It gives information on such subjects as:

1. Protecting your home investment.
2. 60 things to watch during construction.
3. How to read blueprints.
4. Points on relationship with architect.
5. How to secure an able contractor.
6. How to secure, at moderate cost, the charming colored stucco effects so much in vogue.
7. How to insure fire safety.
8. Methods of financing homebuilding.
9. How to secure higher real estate appraisal value.

Make an early start—save money

The question of financing need not delay you. Your bank or building loan association will gladly suggest an easy way to finance the construction of your home. Start now and benefit by:

1. Making financial arrangements before building money is in brisk demand.
2. Having sufficient time to choose an ideal site.
3. Securing competent contractor.
4. Giving the contractor time to secure the best labor, buy materials more advantageously, arrange deliveries to avoid costly delays of the rush season.
5. Giving the building supply dealer time to arrange in advance for the contractor's needs.

In this way, an early start insures building economies, resulting in Permanent Satisfaction.

How to get PERMANENT SATISFACTION *—whatever you build*

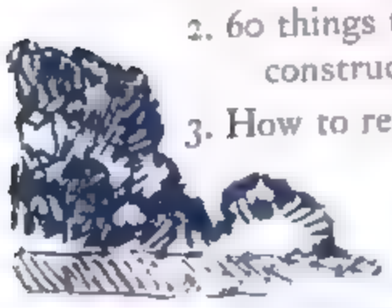
1—The first essential, when you build, is to get Dependable Materials. Precautions should be taken. The dealer who insists on carrying Lehigh Cement for you, often does so in the face of constant pressure to offer you the "just as good" brand. Is it not reasonable to expect such a dealer to protect your interests in other ways by handling a line of thoroughly Dependable Materials?

Let the Blue-and-White Lehigh Sign guide you to a reliable dealer.

2—Make sure to secure Competent Workmanship. A good contractor will save you money through skilful building economies. He will put quality both where it can be seen at the start and where it will be noticed for its low repair expenses in the years to come.

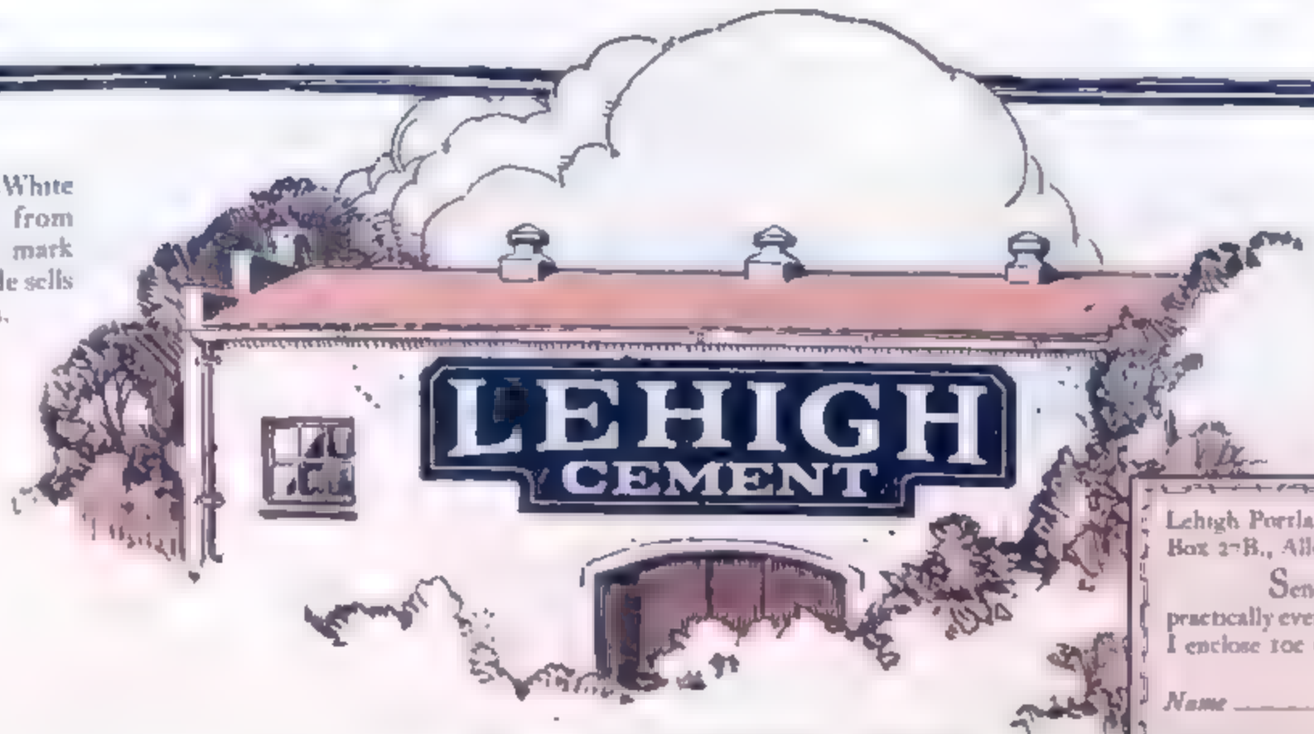
A point to remember in choosing a contractor: The contractor who insists on Dependable Materials is more likely to hire competent help and to put skill and dependability into all that he builds.

Lehigh Portland Cement Company. Allentown, Pa., Birmingham, Ala., Chicago, Ill., Spokane, Wash. District offices in other principal cities.



LEHIGH PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY

Look for the Blue-and-White *Lehigh* Sign, known from Coast to Coast,—the mark of the reliable dealer. He sells Permanent Satisfaction.



SEND this coupon for the BOOK . . . "28 Better Homes"

Lehigh Portland Cement Company,
Box 27-B., Allentown, Pa.

Send me the book, "28 Better Homes," which answers practically every problem that confronts the prospective home builder. I enclose 10c to cover forwarding costs.

Name _____

Address _____

20 MILLS FROM COAST TO COAST

HICKOK

BELTS BUCKLES BELTOGRAMS

STYLE for style—quality for qual ity;—price for price, there is no wearing apparel that can surpass a belt, buckle or beltogram that has the name HICKOK stamped on

enabled HICKOK to give you this assurance. For your guid

HICKOK is on your next Belt, Buckle and Beltogram

HICKOK MANUFACTURING COMPANY

(Continued from Page 124)

was arranged for in the articles of agreement anyhow. So would a gosh-awful swad of bet money go to them. It would be a wholesale clean-up.

But that wasn't to be the half of it.

The public would be up in the air, because the new champ hadn't won his title by a real victory or even had it handed over to him as a gift. They'd still be sure Foley could knock the daylights out of the young sprig. Likewise, under Russ' loving guidance, they'd clamor for him to do it and to retire unbeaten.

For a while Foley would hold off—while he filled a vaudeville engagement and worked in a picture he was booked for. Then, real graceful and reluctant, he'd yield to the frenzied demands of his dear public, and he'd challenge Ireson to a return match. You can figure for yourself what a mob there'd be to see that return battle, and how the betting would all be on him, and how much more coin Russ and Foley and Gaites was due to claw down than they had gotten from the first fight. Those two scraps were due to net them more money than six ordinary battles ever had. It was genius. That's what it was—genius.

For the second fight there would be better odds on Foley than the first time. Partly because of sympathy, but mostly because he had had the best of it all through the seven rounds of the first bout. It was to be a massacre of the innocents, that second-fight betting. And in the eighth round of the second fight Foley was to be knocked out by what looked to be a chance blow, after he'd been getting the best of it right along. He was to grow overconfident and walk into an awkward punch that'd stop him.

So he would retire with most of the sporting world still thinking he was the best man. Russ would have a brand new champion to handle through Gaites as a figurehead. And he could reap a harvest from him till Ireson had the bad luck to lose a fight. He had faith in the boy lasting a good long time, at that, under the right kind of training.

Gaites had no money and he was in debt. He fell for the scheme without any very terrible urging. He knew Ireson was so straight that he bent backward. It would wreck the whole thing to let him in on it beforehand. He'd never stand for a set-up like that or for anything that his Puritan ancestors wouldn't have O. K'd. So Gaites was sending the lad into it in good faith; only just warning him to let Foley's nose alone all he could. Gaites hadn't told Mary, either. He knew she was too much like Ireson and liked Ireson too much to stand for it or to keep her mouth shut.

Yes, Gaites had no money. And Russ was such a cautious spendthrift that he tried to send a night letter during the eclipse a year or two ago. One of them was broke and the other was a tightwad. So they saved coin, in training, by picking out sparring partners that they knew was close-mouthed and letting them in on the deal, for small pay, on a percentage of the bet winnings. Of course nobody but Russ and Gaites knew about Foley's nose. There wasn't any need to let others in on a secret like that. The rest thought it was just an ordinary frame-up.

Mush Scully had worked for Russ, off and on, for years; and he could be counted on to keep his mouth shut for the sake of the winnings he'd get by doing it. Russ turned him over to Gaites with instructions in the way he wanted Ireson trained. Gaites never let any of his gym force loaf around his own bungalow; and Mary wasn't allowed in the gym. So there didn't seem any chance that Scully would talk.

Besides, Gaites knew he had had his shut-up orders from Russ. It never occurred to him that Scully would think, of course, Mary knew all about it, or that he'd have any talk with her. For Scully was dead bashful and woman shy—when he was sober. Only it happened he had stopped for half an hour at a speak-easy on the way to Gaites' that afternoon, and it had warmed up his tongue. That's the funny thing about so many crook schemes. Nine of the ten doors to detection are double locked. The tenth is left wide open with a Welcome! sign hanging from it. Ask the police if you don't believe that's true. There seems to be a sort of fate about it.

Well, Mary spilled all this choice yarn to Miles Ireson as he stood in the stuffy hallway, gawping down at her. She didn't tell it all in its right order and she went over some parts of it two or three times, like excited folks are apt to do when they're telling a story that means a lot to them. But she got the main facts of it across with a bump that knocked its way clear in through Ireson's thick skull. She made him understand, and what's more, she made him believe. That girl could have made him believe anything she wanted to.

The first kick he got out of it was the realizing that Billy Gaites wasn't the noblest work of God. It's a rotten bitter thing when anyone finds out that his idol—man or woman—is just molded out of mud; dirty mud, at that. For a while it doesn't leave much space in the mind for any other thoughts. Billy Gaites was a crook. Billy Gaites was playing him for a sucker. That was all Ireson had time to think about, as the story went on. It left him dizzy and numb. The rest of the foul business didn't seem to be important at all just then.

At last Mary had finished, and she waited for him to say something. Instead, he turns away with his shoulders all droopy and sagged. He starts for the stairs and she asks him what he's going to do.

"I'm going up to pack my trunk," he says, with his big voice all flat, "and then I'm going to get out. I don't know where I'm going to, but it'll be as far away from Billy Gaites as I can get; and I'll look for a job as different from this petty larceny fight game as I can find. I'm through."

It was one of the longest speeches Mary had ever heard him make. But it gets her blazing mad.

"And I thought you were a man!" she sizzles, slipping between him and the stairs and glaring at him like an angry Persian kitten. "I thought you were a man!"

"If Billy Gaites is a man, then I'm not, thank God," he grunts, trying to push past her. "I'm just a plain dub that has no better sense than to be decent."

"And you call it 'decent' to walk out like this?" she asks him. "To leave them to find some other fall guy for Foley? To let the abominable trick be played on the public by someone else? Why, Miles, you're the only one who can block it! Don't you see that? And you're quitting! Are you a man or a mouse? Are ——"

"What are you getting at?" he cuts in, stopping his clumsy tries to shove past her to the stairs.

She sees his face is losing its bone-white color and turning brick red with purple trimmings. Likewise she sees his mouth has stopped hanging ajar and that there's a hot little glow behind the eyes that have been staring so blank at nothing. Ireson was snapping out of his daze. What's more, he was getting good and mad clear through. It was what Mary had been working for.

"That's better," she says. "I was waiting for that. But it was slow in coming. Now then, we'll talk sense, you and I. First off, can you lick Foley or can't you?"

"I don't know," growls Miles, his voice thick and ugly. "But I'd give both legs to be able to smash him to a jelly and then finish off on your Judas brother and Russ. I wish ——"

"It doesn't matter to anyone what you wish," she takes him up, short and decisive. "The point is, what are you going to do? Just now you were going to quit cold. You're not going to do that. But what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to hunt up Billy Gaites and I'm going to tell him ——"

"You're going to tell him you know all about it, among other things?" she guys him. "And then Foley will have some sort of an accident on the way to the clubhouse tonight, and the fight will be postponed and then declared off; and in a month or two another sucker will be found to carry out the same program. That will be grand, won't it?"

"Then what do you want me to do?" he snarls at her, forgetting she's the pedestal girl he's been adoring and scared of all these weeks. "What else is there to do? Tell me that. If ——"

"You are going to stay here," she orders, speaking very slow, partly to get her new-hatched campaign plan in workable shape and partly to bang it into the mind of the boob she's talking to. "You'll stay here. When Billy comes home, you won't let on to him that you've found out anything. Understand that? He won't expect you to say much, because you never do. Just keep quiet and don't glare at him. Keep him from finding out what you have heard. He ——"

"But why should I do that?" he wants to know. "He's ——"

"Because I tell you to!" she says, sharp and hard. "That's the first part of what you're to do. Then you're to go on with this fight tonight and ——"

"And play their game? Not on ——"

"No. Play your own game. Start in from the ring of the gong. Go at him for all you've got in you. Never mind any instructions of Billy's about going easy at first. Never mind any other instructions he may give you. All you've got to remember is that you're facing a man who is trying to make a cat's-paw of you and to rob the public—a man who is using the public's faith in him to fleece them—a man who is trying to make you help him defraud them. Keep remembering that and nothing else. Fight him for all you're worth. If you're a good enough man to beat him, so much the better—a billion times the better. But if you aren't, he'll have to fight back, anyway, won't he, at his very best, to keep you from knocking him out. Certainly he will. There'll be no chance for the light going that Mush Scully spoke about. He'll be up against a good fighter who is straining every nerve and muscle to down him, from the beginning of the very first round. If you force the fighting like that, I don't see how it can go dawdling along for seven whole rounds. Do you? Sooner than that, one or the other of you will probably win, won't you?"

"I don't know," he mumbles, with his upper lip twisting back far enough to show the tip of one of his white eye teeth. "But you're dead right about its being the only thing for me to do. I don't figure on being able to get him in seven rounds. But he's due to know before then that he isn't in a frame-up, and either he'll have to put me out or be put out himself. If I can't win I'll make him land a knock-out on me before that round. I'll bust up Russ' show if it croaks me."

"That's a good, good boy!" she croons at him, like a mother might who has scolded her kid into doing what he didn't want to. "It's fine of you, Miles. I'm proud of you. I'll be every bit as proud of you if he beats you; as long as the fight is fair. And even if he does win, you've got plenty of chances to win other fights and to get the championship later on, and ——"

"Like blue blazes I have!" he snorts, busting loose in his temper all at once. "D'you think I'm going to stick on in a game that's as dirty as this? If I'd had any notion this was the way any fights are run off, I'd never have let Billy sign me for my first prelim. No, sir; after tonight I'm through. I'll start out tomorrow looking for a clean job somewhereas."

"Good!"

"When I get it I'm coming back here to tell Billy Gaites what I think of him and to tell Billy Gaites' kid sister what I think of her. If she thinks the same way about me, I'll be better off than all the champions that ever champed. You asked me am I a man or a mouse. Well, after tonight, you

(Continued on Page 131)

Drink Tea TAO TEA BALL Way

The Finest Tea You Ever Tasted

Blended from the tasty bud leaves off the plants of the finest gardens of Ceylon, India and Java. Three generations have labored to produce for you this "supreme" Flowery Orange Pekoe Blend. Tao Tea never becomes bitter, no matter how long it brews.

A MODERN CONVENIENCE

The Tao Tea Ball Way is the modern *safe* way of packing tea and serving it. Eliminates *guess* and *waste*. Each Tao Tea Ball makes 4 to 5 cups of delicious tea—and makes every cup of uniform strength and quality. No strainers to fuss with, no guess-work measuring, and no messy tea leaves to clean up

A DEMONSTRATED ECONOMY

Tao Tea Balls are scientifically measured by special machines. A Ten ball Tin will make 40 to 50 cups—enough for the average family for 10 days. The Caddy, Fifty ball Tin will make 200 to 250 cups or more—enough for the average family for a most two months. Compare this with the number of palatable cups you average per dollar with ordinary loose tea—no matter what grade of tea you buy

HAVE YOU TRIED TAO TEA BALLS?

If you have not had an opportunity to try Tao Tea Balls, send us 3c in stamps and your dealer's name for liberal free sample

TAO TEA CO., INC
103 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y

Tao Tea Balls are packed as follows:

10-BALL TIN — 20-BALL TIN
50-BALL CADDY — 50-BALL CADDY REFILL
20-BALL JUNIOR TIN
(2 cup size Tao Tea Balls)
HOTEL SPECIAL INDIVIDUALS
(For sale through 600 wholesalers in U. S.)

Stop Wasting Tea USE TAO TEA BALLS

HEINZ KETCHUP IMPROVES THE BEST

This is why Heinz Tomato Ketchup goes so well with food in general, and cold cuts in particular—

It is the full-bodied, boiled-down essence of Heinz-grown tomatoes, combined with granulated sugar and the finest spices bought by Heinz where they actually grow. The Heinz recipe for this world-known Ketchup calls for long thorough cooking in which the tomatoes are boiled down and the water steamed away, leaving a thick, rich, undiluted ketchup which pours slowly and pleases quickly. You *know* it is *all* ketchup.

For Tomato Ketchup at its best, order Heinz.

WHEN IN PITTSBURGH BE SURE TO VISIT THE HEINZ KITCHENS · H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

(Continued from Page 129)

won't have to offer me a lump of cheese to find out."

With that he stamped off to his room to finish his nap. He'd done more talking in ten minutes than he'd done in a month. And he was madder'n he'd ever been. He was so mad that it didn't even occur to him he had just told Mary Gaites he was going to propose to her as soon as he could support her. He had said that and all the rest of his tirade like he was a dog that someone was trying to take a bone away from. It sure was one growly love scene.

Then, when he lay down, he was real surprised to find he couldn't drop off to sleep again. So he started to map out his line of action for the fight. He had to do all that for himself, you see. He couldn't go any longer by Billy Gaites' orders. He would have to be his own trainer and manager and everything else, all through the bout. It called for some headwork beforehand. But his bust of temper had oiled up his creaky mind, amazing; that and Mary.

There was a whopping crowd at the Cestus Athletic Club that night, before ever Ireson and his handlers got there. The preliminary bouts were tame enough to feed out of your hand. But the audience didn't care. They had come for the championship fight. They didn't much care what might happen or not happen before ten o'clock. It was pretty near a record gate for the Cestus. Russ decided they'd have to have a bigger arena for the return match.

Gaites was some disappointed in Miles Ireson. He had always bragged that the big boy didn't have a shaky nerve in his body; and that he went into a tough fight as calm inside as if he was going to the movies. But the minute Billy had set eyes on him late that afternoon he had noticed there was a queer change. Ireson was grumpy. He'd hardly answer when Gaites spoke to him. He didn't seem to be listening to instructions or to anything else. He looked at his manager as if he'd like to strangle him. There couldn't be but one explanation of all this, according to Gaites. Ireson was getting jumpy nerves at last, right on the eve of his first important fight. That was the way ring ague had hit him.

It didn't matter much this time, because everything was cut and dried. If Miles could stay on his feet for seven rounds, no matter what a holy show he might make of himself, the trick could be turned. But it might be inconvenient in later battles. Yes, Gaites was disappointed in his paragon of chilled-steel nerves. Tomorrow he must call him down for it. Tonight the lad must be tolled along and made to do the best he could.

Foley was to come into the ring last; as he had a right to. There was only a crawl of tepid applause for Ireson's entrance, as he climbed up between the ropes with Gaites and Scully and the others of his tiny retinue. He sat down in his corner and waited. He had never felt cooler in his life. That blaze of anger of his had changed into an ice-calm determination. He knew what he had to do, and he was going to try his level best to do it.

There was a ragged roar of applause, and Mack Foley vaulted the ropes. Mack bowed all around and gave the Chinese handshake to the crowd. He grinned friendlily across to the lad who was slated to help him win such a nice big stake. But Ireson didn't even look at him.

Foley went to his own corner. As he got there his foot slipped a little. He looked down at the floor to see what had made him do that. A handler scattered an extra handful of resin on the canvas. It was good acting. Gaites was whispering over again to Miles:

"Just like I said, now, remember. Keep your nerve and keep your head. Let him force the going till I tell you different. Lively, you know, but spare yourself. Don't mix it any more'n you can help. Let him wear himself down. And steer wide of that nose of his, remember."

Ireson didn't seem to hear. The men were called to mid-ring for referee instructions. They went back to their corners for stripping. Then, after a million-year pause, the gong sounded and the fight was on.

Mack Foley came out with a swagger. He started the fight as if he meant to finish it in short order. He was to take the aggressive and to land noisily harmless blows whose smack would fool the spectators into thinking they were the real thing. He knew Miles had been coached to stay on the defensive and to avoid punching the champ's vulnerable nose. Foley went for the challenger with a spectacular rush that looked pretty, but that a first-year boxer could have blocked. But Ireson didn't even bother to block it. At sound of the gong he rushed Foley with all his force and speed. He jumped for the champion like a wildcat. Mad as he was, his ice rage didn't make him lose his head. He was fighting at his best plus the above form of cold wrath.

He met Foley's pretty attack and he tore into him. From the first quarter minute he was at the champion for blood. He didn't show any of the caution of a man whose future is at stake or any of the crafty respect due such a mighty adversary. He fought with a reckless fury that brought the house hopping to its feet.

The men came together with a thud, Foley's left glancing off the side of Miles' face and both Ireson's fists greedily at work in a flurry of short-arm tattoos at Mack's meridian. Foley clinched, and Ireson flung him off, rushing in again with that hailstorm of body blows.

Miles went on the theory that the champion might not have trained overhard for a fight that he thought was fixed. He knew lack of training affects a man's stomach sooner than any other part of him. So he played for heart and wind; mostly for the wind. And he might as well have been banging a barn wall. For Foley had stomach-wall muscles like a corrugated-iron roof. Besides, he was in tiptop training. Russ had been much too wise to invite suspicion from the reporters and sporting editors by slacking up on that. Foley was trained to the minute. He hadn't grudged it. That sort of ordeal would soon be over for good; and then he could take on a mountain of fat by living as he wanted to live.

Just the same, Mack was more and more perplexed every moment. So were Gaites and Russ and Scully and the rest who knew. The challenger wasn't following orders. He was mixing it up, crazily; forcing Mack to fight his hardest and best. Ring ague seemed to have taken the form of insanity.

So the first round hammered itself through. Half a dozen times Mack Foley saw wide openings for landing a knock-out punch; and he itched to do it. But he never let fun interfere with profits. Ireson was attacking him with delirious recklessness and causing him no little bother. But Foley dared not take advantage of the recklessness and lose the double fortune that was waiting for him at the end of the two fights. It was all he could do to keep the audience from seeing these openings too; and from starting to wondering why he let them go past him.

So he allowed himself to be pounded unmercifully wherever and whenever Miles could get past his clever guard; and he relied on Gaites to talk sense to the young fool between rounds. He pulled his own punches all he dared; for fear one of them would land hard enough to stop the plunging Ireson.

When Miles came back to his corner at the end of the first round, Billy Gaites poured a sizzling volley of abuse and directions into him. Ireson didn't hear. He had watched Mack go to his own corner and he had seen the champ's artistic slip on the imaginary grease spot. The sight set Ireson abuzz with fresh anger.

The second round was a copy of the first; Miles assailing the wind and heart with a hurricane of short-arm punches every time he could bore close enough in, and during the start of every clinch. He took some jarringly stiff jabs in return; enough to give him a notion of what Foley could do if he wasn't holding back.

After the round he was deaf again to Gaites' frantic oration. While the handlers worked over him, he watched Mack. He saw his body swats had raised pink blotches on Foley's white skin, but that they hadn't slowed him down or seemed to distress him at all. He saw he had been mistaken in that line of assault. To wear down such a fighter as Foley in seven rounds by playing for heart and wind was more than he or anyone else could do. And he had only till the end of the seventh round to finish the fight one way or the other.

Ireson wiped from his mind, then and there, any plan of campaign. He was going to fight as impulse tells a furiously angry man to fight. He would keep within rules, but that was all. For the rest, he would try wild-beast tactics; which meant no tactics at all, except to damage the champ anywhere or anyhow he could without being disqualified. The ice-chill wrath surged back into the afternoon's boiling fury.

He came out of his corner in hurricane fashion; charging bull-like for the giant that crouched to meet him.

Now here is a funny thing—a thing I've seen proved more'n once: The most terrible opponent in the world is the guy who doesn't take any thought of protecting himself, but who is eager and willing to be killed, so long as he can do some killing on his own account. That is why a Malay who fills up on bhang and then runs amuck with his creese, does such a mort of damage before he can be downed. That was why Miles Ireson was able to do such murderous things, thenceforth, to Foley.

Miles didn't have any desire to defend himself or to ride out the bout. All he wanted was to punish, as hard as he could, the man who had helped fool him, and to keep Foley and the others from carrying out their scheme to milk the public by his help. If he could knock out Mack or be knocked out by Mack before the seventh round, it was all he asked. He didn't care which it might be. And that made him dangerous.

Foley met that first bull rush of Miles', in the third round, by as stiff a left to the throat as he dared to send in. It made Ireson sick and it stung him all down his spine. For he was running full into it before Foley could pull it far enough not to damage him. It nauseated Ireson, but it didn't check his rush. As Foley stuck out that left, Miles countered with a straight lead for the jaw. It was a blow Foley could have blocked, if he hadn't had his own left at Miles' Adam's apple and his right ready for the clinch that Ireson seemed to be running into. Miles' glove missed the elusively tucked-in jaw. It went high and landed most smashingly against the bridge of Foley's nose.

As the men banged into a clinch, Ireson could see the champ wince and see his eyes grow dull with pain or fright. Now, a swat on the nose doesn't have that effect on most seasoned fighters. Miles couldn't see why it bothered Foley so. But there couldn't be any doubt it did. With true fighter instinct, Miles took all advantage of that wince. If the champion flinched at nose punches he should have a double handful of them to flinch at.

As they came out of the clinch, and before they had fairly broken, Ireson whipped a short-arm uppercut past the tucked-in jaw with its armor muscles and drove his fist crashing into Foley's nose from below; throwing everything he had into the punch. The referee cautioned him, roughly, against hitting before a clinch was fairly broken. But as the blow had only landed on the nose, Constantine didn't make much of a point of it. He knew Ireson was a green fighter, and he made allowances for the lad's crazy excitement.

4-Room ALADDIN $375 NOT PORTABLE

WE PAY THE FREIGHT

You can buy all of the materials for a complete home direct from the manufacturer at big savings, on the lumber, millwork, hardware and labor.

5-Room ALADDIN $478

Nine different floor plan arrangements of this house are shown in catalog 2 and 3 bedroom designs—grade and inside cellar entrances.

6-Room ALADDIN $618

Living room, dining room, 2 bedrooms, kitchen, bath. 3 other plans in catalog. Very high grade lumber throughout.

Story and Half ALADDIN $789

Story and a half semi-bungalow with second floor available for 2 bedrooms. Two floor plan arrangements. Any handy man can erect these houses.

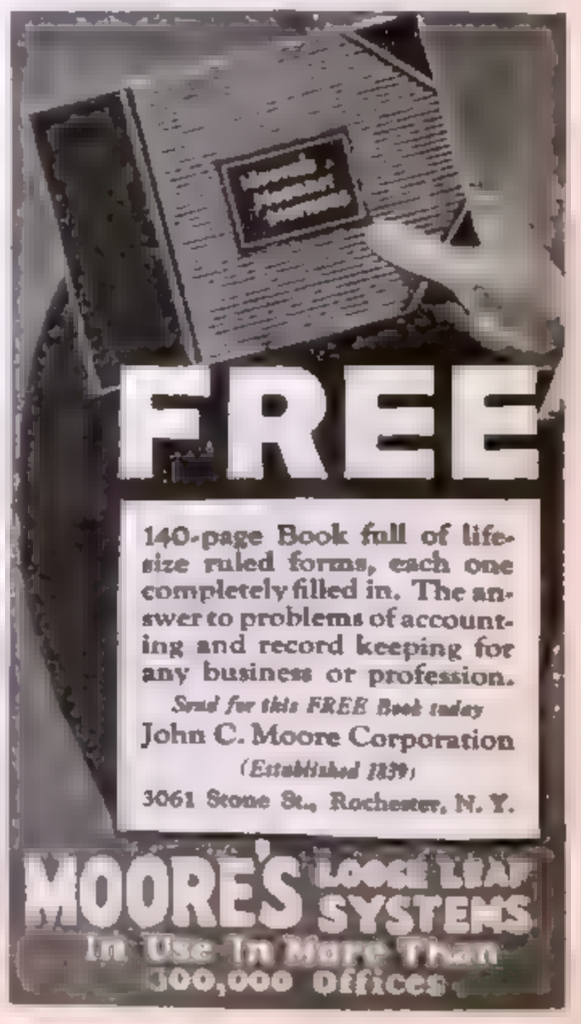
7-Room ALADDIN $956

Large living room with circle-tread open stairway, dining room, kitchen, 3 bedrooms, each with closet. Bath on second floor.

Price includes all lumber cut to fit; highest grade interior woodwork, siding, flooring, windows, doors, glass, paint, hardware, nails, lath, roofing, with complete instructions and drawings. Exterior porches extra. **Freight paid** to your station. Permanent Homes NOT PORTABLE. Many styles of year 'round dwellings, summer cottages and garages to choose from. **Write nearest mill today for FREE Money-Saving Catalog No. 1589.**

The ALADDIN Co., BAY CITY, MICHIGAN

Wilmington, North Carolina; Portland, Ore.; Toronto, Ont.


FREE
140-page Book full of life-size ruled forms, each one completely filled in. The answer to problems of accounting and record keeping for any business or profession.
Send for this FREE Book today
John C. Moore Corporation
(Established 1839)
3061 Stone St., Rochester, N. Y.
MOORE'S LOOSE LEAF SYSTEMS
In Use In More Than 300,000 Offices

But the damage was done. Twice Mack Foley's glass nose had been hammered with all the strength and snap and weight Miles could put into his swats. The second smash had been much worse than the first. The tortured nose went out of business. It began to swell, inside, high up among the breathing tubes. The throat glands began to swell too in sympathy; just as my friend, the doc, said they would.

The men were at it, shovel and tongs, ding-donging all over the ring. Miles was playing for that poor nose and for anything else he could reach. Foley was trying to fend him off and to make as good a showing as he could without knocking Ireson out and knocking himself out of a fortune. Already it was hard and harder for him to breathe. In another few minutes the swelling would be at its height. Miles reached the nose again, grazingly this time, but painfully enough; and the men clinched.

"Hit my nose again and I'll kill you, you mangy swine!" whispers Foley in Miles' ear as they come together.

"Your rotten game's up," snarls Miles back to him, as the referee starts to pry them free. "One of us isn't going to last the seven rounds, not if I have to quit cold before then. Yes, Mr. Referee, it was him that was holding on, not me."

And he was at Foley again, tiger fashion; ripping into him and trying to amputate his nose with one soaked glove after the other. Before he had landed more than two good hearty bumps on it, after that, the third round came to an end.

Ireson strode back to his corner; Gaites and Scully scowling at him like he was the man who invented the income tax.

"You pin-headed, iv'ry-brained mongrel!" froths Gaites. "I told you a million times to lay off'n his nose. Now you've——"

"Your game's up," grunts Ireson, through the sponge that Scully is dowsing his hot face with. "This fight isn't going no seven rounds; not if I've got to drop dead in the sixth."

Then he shuts up to save his breath; and Gaites looks at him like Ireson had looked at Mary when she was telling him about the frame-up. Gaites looks across to Foley's corner, all cowed like and hopeless. They're working over Foley as if he was drowned. They're trying to massage his throat and do things to his battered nose.

Ireson watches them doing it, and he begins to understand. He doesn't know yet just what it is he understands, but he knows he didn't make any misplay in leading so often for Foley's beak.

"He's on," Foley is muttering to Tim Russ. "The boob's on. What'll I do? I can't fight four more rounds. I'll be choking before then."

"You gotta!" Russ tells him, real sympathetic. "You gotta, whether it chokes you or not. You can't do your fall till after the seventh. D'you want us both to go broke?"

"It's getting worse all the time," puffs Foley.

"Stick it out!" orders Russ, as the gong sounds for the fourth.

I guess that round must have hurt Foley pretty near as much as the thought of losing his wad. Ireson kept on tearing into him; taking anything Mack cared to give him for the sake of getting one in on the nose. He got in more than one—good old ripsnorters too. The swelling nose began to look more like an environment than a nose.

But Foley wasn't thinking just then how it looked. He was using up all his thoughts in trying to figure out how to keep on breathing. At best, after four fast rounds, a man wants all the use of his lungs and their outlets if he's going on. Even with his mouth half open and sucking in all the air he could swallow, Foley was having hard work of it. Every smash from Ireson seemed to make the swellings bigger.

But what was the champ to do? If he quit then and there, he and Russ would lose the fat bets they'd made on the fight lasting more than six rounds and other fancy side wagers of the same sort. If he knocked Ireson out—supposing he was able to, in the next round or so, which he was beginning to doubt—they'd lose the whole stake. And Ireson certainly wasn't making it any easier by forcing the pace so terrifically.

The house was having a lovely time. They were seeing a dandy fight. The young feller was doing grand. He even seemed to be having a shade the best of it so far. Not one fight fan in fifty knows any more about the finer points of a bout than the average folks in the horseshoe and the orchestra seats at the opera know about the scientific theory of harmonics.

It happened all of a sudden, near the last of the fifth round. By that time Foley was breathing in big sobs when he was breathing at all. He was slowing down right pitiful. He didn't need to pull his punches any more. Their speed and their zip was gone. Ireson was all over him. The massacre had begun.

Ireson's left went whizzing for the nose as usual; and the tortured Foley threw his own right up to protect it, while he stuck out his left in a counter for the face. Ireson shifted his own head, just far enough to miss Foley's slow face counter. He stepped in as he did it, and he set himself. Then he whipped across his right. He put all his weight and strength and all his science into that hook. It didn't travel far, but it traveled terrible strong. It landed just under Foley's guarding right glove and an inch to the left of the point of Foley's chin. I don't believe there was a novice in the house that didn't guess it was a knock-out, even before Foley hit the floor.

Ireson told me afterward that he got his own magnificent idea when the bell rang, just as the referee had counted as far as seven over the sprawling champion. When an idea is good enough to work its way in through a head like Miles Ireson's, it's apt to be a reg'lar ol' he one.

Foley was saved by the bell. But anyone could see he wouldn't be able to come up again for the sixth round. He was finished. He and the others would lose their big bets about the fight going beyond the seventh. But they were due to clean up a much fatter harvest from those six-to-one wagers on Foley's losing. That had seeped through Ireson's brain as the referee stood counting. The idea seeped through with it as the bell clanged.

The house was in a bedlam uproar. Ireson went back to his corner and grabbed the wet sponge peevishly out of Scully's hands and began to mop his own bruised face with it. Gaites just chattered and mowed to himself, all slumped down.

The bell rang for the sixth round. Foley was lying back on his stool, dead to the world. The referee started toward him. Tim Russ picked up a towel and flung it into the ring. At the same instant a big wet sponge hit the referee in the back of the neck. Constantine spun around to see what had slapped him. The sponge sogged to the canvas floor alongside the towel.

"I did that, Mr. Referee!" sung out Ireson from his corner. "I threw up the sponge. I can't go on. I'm feeling kind of tired."

The referee just stood there, gawping from the grinning Ireson to the knocked-out Foley; and then at the towel and the sponge that lay at his feet. Both sides had surrendered the fight and both at the very same instant. It was a matter for the boxing commission, of course, and for all sorts of other governing bodies.

But for the referee there was nothing to do, under the rules, except to declare the fight a draw. That meant all bets on the general result were off. Not bets on the number of rounds up to and including five, but on the general result. Those six-to-one wagers could never be cashed. The even-money bets of Russ and Gaites, that it would last more than six rounds, were lost

And a simple-souled Massachusetts Coast country boy had thought up all that! You can tell me his ancestors were Massachusetts Bay Puritans till you're sore in the throat. But I know blame well that one of them was the man who moved to Connecticut and started the historic wooden-nutmeg foundry. It wasn't cleverness. Miles didn't have any. It was only just sheer genius—a throwback.

What happened after that, says you? Why, nothing at all happened. What was there left to happen? Everything happenable had happened, hadn't it? Next, you'll be complaining because the Bible didn't tell what happened to the lions after Daniel got out of their den, or to the whale after he jettisoned Jonah.

Why, yes, come to think of it, there's a man named Ireson who is hauling down real money out of that big steam laundry in Sutton Street. He and a girl he married bought out the girl's brother's interest in it on easy payments; and they've built it up and made a good thing of it. But I can't see how that has anything to do with the fight I've been telling you about.

MILLIONS

(Continued from Page 33)

other things, I would do good"—meaning that he would relieve poverty, aid the ambitious, diminish suffering, assist the weak, and so on. It is honorable to human nature that such an answer is the commonest one, but among the many newspaper accounts of sudden wealth, by inheritance or otherwise, how many tell of givings?

A friend of mine in the Midwest complained rather bitterly of a cousin. They were poor boys together. Like other poor boys they held long talks about what they would do if either became rich. The cousin—call him Smith—long years afterward actually did become rich, but he did not communicate with his boyhood friend. When they at last met, Smith showed his cousin through his beautiful house, sparing no detail of grandeur, then sat him in the library and told long stories of what he was doing as chairman of the greens committee of the local golf club, a post that appeared to be to him the summit of earthly desire.

A Rich Man and a Poor Steak

It was a character transformation, my friend said. The old Smith had disappeared in spirit. Only the bodily frame remained to identify him. The narrator could not be made to understand that poor Smith should not be blamed. He hadn't got the money—the money had got him.

Mr. Gates, his family and I were on an automobile trip in the mountains. Toward evening we arrived at a celebrated hotel and registered, a large suite being taken for the party. Seated at the dinner table, all hungry, Mr. Gates gave the waiter particular instructions to bring a club steak, impressing the matter of thickness of the slab upon him with great earnestness. Ages passed. The steak was brought. But it was thin. It was just a steak, not a club steak. Gates picked up the platter and took it to the main desk, finding only the cashier on duty. To her he raved. Nothing happened. The steak did not swell up to a two-inch thickness. No cringing proprietor appeared to grovel and apologize. Our millions were working no magic at all. Gates canceled his reservations, all our things were repacked in the suitcases and we reëmbarked, hungry, in the automobile.

The hotel is still there and did not go into bankruptcy. Perhaps some hireling was discharged from the kitchen or the dining-room staff after we left. That is one respect in which your millions are singularly potent. They cannot produce the two-inch steak, but they can get a scapegoat put out of his job.

I never could see, in fact, that the millions gave us particularly better grub, a thing popularly associated with riches. A mutton chop is a mutton chop. No Elysian brand of potatoes grows for millionaires; spuds seem to be spuds. I could leave the Gates table and, after a suitable number of hours, drop in at a restaurant well within my modest means and get as good a meal.

The expensive lunches we had were on silverware, porcelain and fine linen. But as for actual toothsomeness, I would as lief have had my mother warm up some corned-beef hash and serve it on the end of the kitchen table at home with her own tomato catchup—a sauce that no chef here or abroad ever equaled, by the way.

I saw Gates whenever he turned up in Paris while I was there as foreign statistician for his wire company. I remember one supper we had at the Café Anglais—now extinct. This was one of the ultracostly places that never lowered its dignity by printing prices on the menu. The bill, when it came, was so large that Gates showed it to us to enhance our pleasure.

One of Fortune's Victims

We had Napoleon brandy at the end. I was, and am, no connoisseur. It tasted pretty good, but if it had been served across a London bar as Hennessy Three Star, at half a crown, few would have detected the difference.

Mrs. Gates was unduly insistent about some matter he and she had been discussing intermittently for an hour. Suddenly he said to her, "If you say another word on that subject I'll get up and leave the table." Silence fell. Even the Napoleon brandy didn't go down well after that. We got up glumly by and by and separated.

The next day Gates showed me a platinum powder box he was buying as a present for his wife, decorated with an amethyst so large it could hardly have been concealed in a closed hand. I wonder if it healed her hurt. If so, score one for money.

It was a rare meal when one or more telegrams were not brought in by a footman and opened by Gates then and there. A long-distance call, imperative as fate itself, was not unknown as interruption to the digestive process. A man of affairs must expect, and not try to evade, these demands. But if you have to get up between the soup and the salad because of such intrusions, do you command your fortune or does it command you?

When Charley Gates, the millionaire's only child, was about eighteen he smoked. Nobody could stop him. Uncle Ike Ellwood, one of the wire-fencing magnates, a close friend of the family, offered Charley $25,000 if he would give up tobacco until his twenty-first birthday. Charley kept right on smoking. If he had been a poor boy surely such a bribe would have been effectual. Unfortunately he was rich.

When he was twenty-one his father was not in Chicago to celebrate the joyful day with him. He had to be in New York that day because he had many irons in the fire. So he sent a telegram of congratulation plus the spiritual admonition so usual in such messages. This was it: "Remember that nothing succeeds like success."

After his father died Charley was freer than ever to do as he pleased. He pleased to have a perpetual good time. Not many years past thirty, he dropped dead in a railroad station out West. Charley Gates was as certainly killed by money as two and two make four.

(Continued on Page 137)

The REALIZATION of an IDEAL

THAT which neither the power nor the wealth of a monarch of bygone years could command is easily available to *every* electrically wired home of today.

A refrigerating device that maintains constant clear, dry cold—practically preventing food decay and the development of menacing bacteria—providing an abundance of sparkling ice cubes frozen from pure drinking water—making easy the preparation of numberless frozen delicacies and delightful desserts.

A device accomplishing *all* these things, *automatically—without attention—without effort*—day and night—summer and winter—faithfully guarding the health of you and yours!

Such a device is SERVEL.

The *total* first cost is surprisingly small, and the operating expense is lower than the cost of the less perfect methods of the past.

Yes! SERVEL *is*—

"The Realization of an Ideal!"

THE SERVEL CORPORATION

NEW YORK

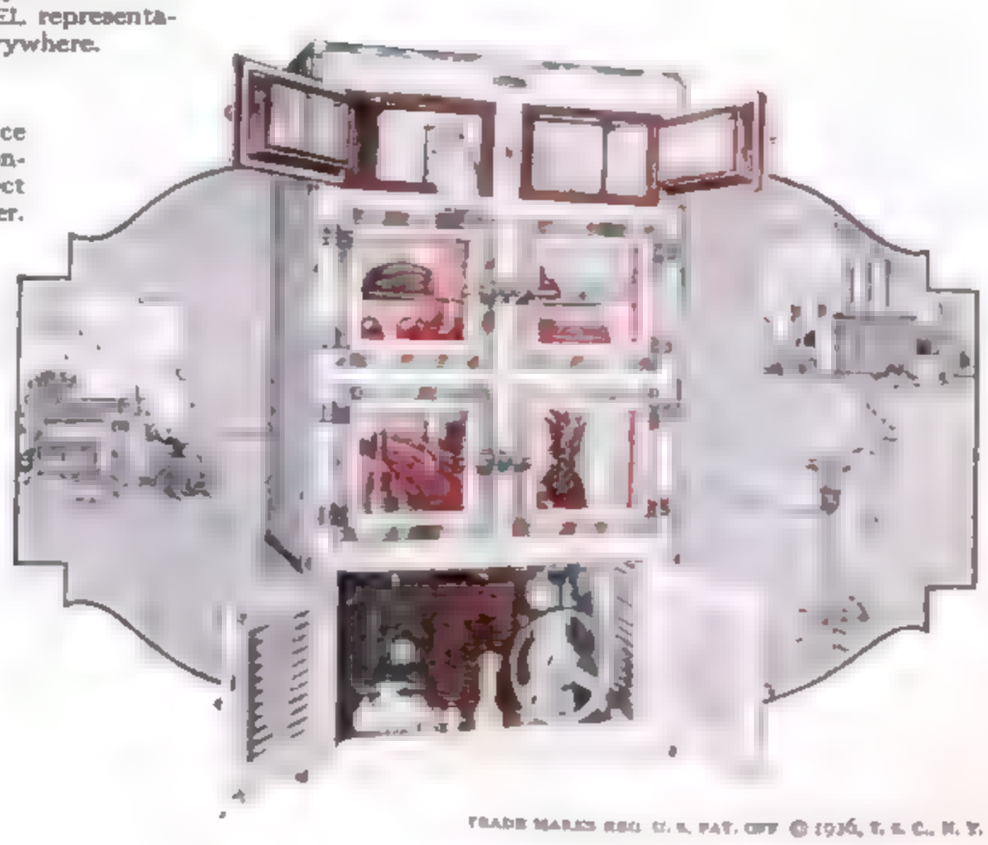
CHICAGO · BOSTON · SAN FRANCISCO · LOS ANGELES · MINNEAPOLIS · ST. LOUIS · DENVER · ATLANTA · DALLAS

Factories: Evansville, Ind. Carteret, N.J. Newburgh, N.Y.

Send for illustrated booklet descriptive of complete line of Domestic Models—sold on exceptionally liberal terms by SERVEL representatives everywhere.

SERVEL

Your Electric Service Company will demonstrate SERVEL or direct you to the nearest dealer.



Servel

Ideal Electric Refrigeration

TRADE MARKS REG. U. S. PAT. OFF © 1926, T. S. C., N. Y.

Berkey & Gay furniture is made by real craftsman Dirk Berrendamm, pictured here, has been a Berkey & Gay carver for forty-two years.

A Craft Shop

ACRES OF CRAFT SHOPS! That is the charming impression carried away by every lover of quality furniture who visits the interesting plant of Berkey & Gay at Grand Rapids.

One is most impressed at first by its sheer magnitude (the steady growth of sixty years) and by its ordered efficiency.

There is evidence on every hand that Berkey & Gay prices are what they now are because modern economy methods have replaced the simple but costly makeshifts of other days, and because all buying—even of the rarest woods—is now a quantity transaction.

Yet passing from floor to floor and shop to shop, another and more significant impression persists—that here the old craft spirit still inspires every operation.

Skillful and seasoned carvers ply their knives at quaint benches.

Berkey & Gay

BERKEY & GAY FURNITURE COMPANY · GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

THIS shop mark is inset in every Berkey & Gay production. It is the customer's protection when buying and his pride ever after. Look for it in the upper right hand drawer of all cabinet pieces; on beds, back of headboards; and the underside of tables and chairs

BERKEY & GAY FURNITURE — TRADE — MARK — REG US PAT OFF

that covers many acres

Cabinet makers who apprenticed their trades in Holland and France peer up from their expert tasks as you pass.

Designers whose names command respect wherever fine furniture is made, occupy themselves at the draughting board or study the construction and beauty of ancient models.

The fragrance of rare woods is in the air—the painstaking pride of fastidious workmanship is everywhere in evidence.

You begin to understand why the Berkey & Gay Shop Mark is recognized by lovers of fine things everywhere as the very mark and seal of perfection in furniturecraft.

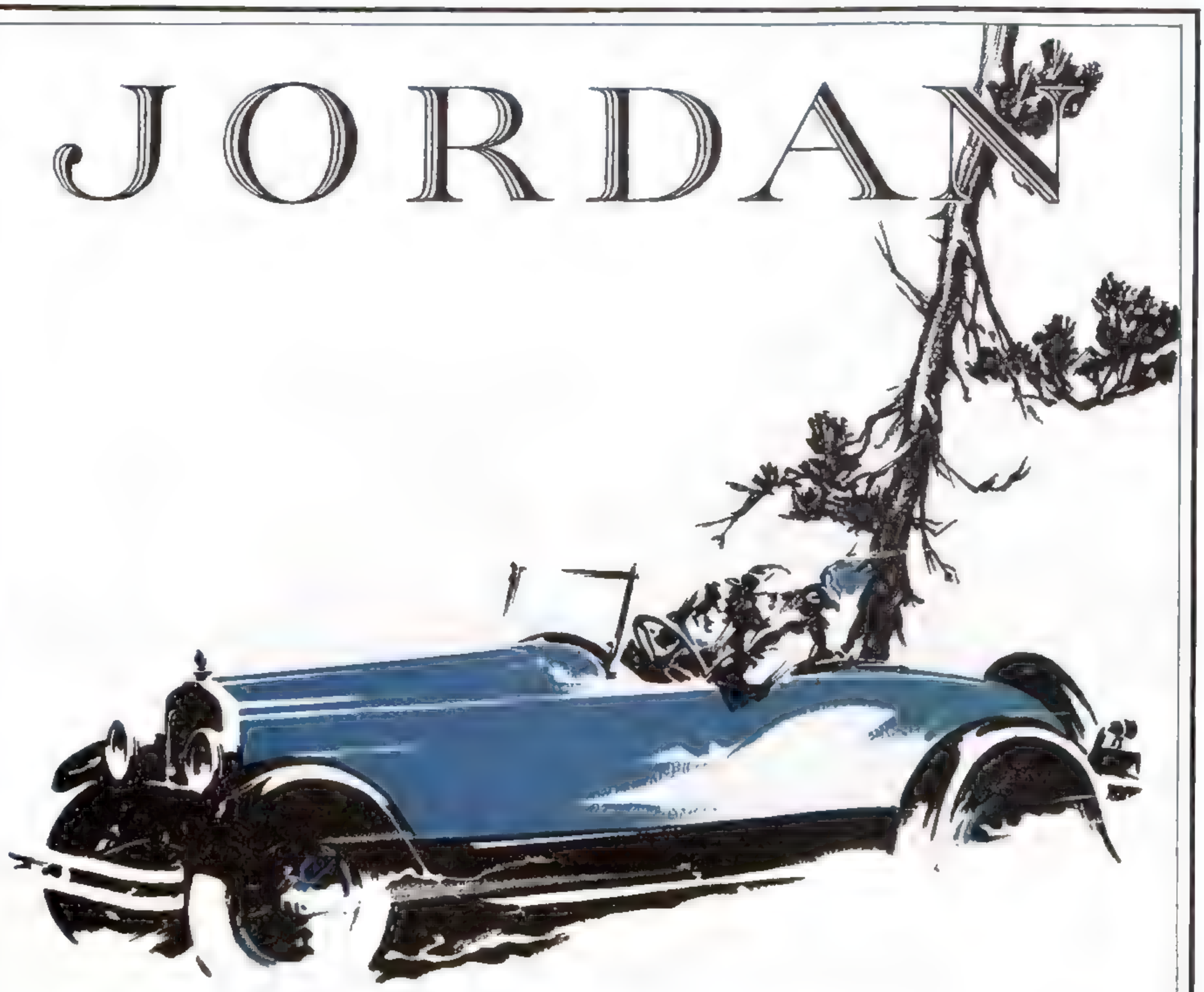
And you marvel at this spectacle of modern methods and ancient ideals so perfectly harmonized that finer and finer quality is daily being produced at lower and lower cost.

Be sure and see representative selections of these striking new Berkey & Gay Dining Room and Bedroom suites now on display by leading furniture dealers everywhere. More than one hundred distinguished styles and periods to choose from—available at Berkey & Gay dealer terms—at prices ranging from $300 *to* $6000!

Furniture

NEW YORK WHOLESALE SHOWROOMS • 115 WEST 40TH STREET

JORDAN



Happiness at $1695

WELL—I still want that Playboy! You can talk all you want to about the comforts of the closed car—but give me the air.

I'm not old enough yet to talk about how old I am.

I want a Playboy—that's the truth. If it's gray I want red wheels—if it's red you can make them red, too.

I want to go somewhere—somewhere I'd like to be.

If there are a couple of pals hanging around who want to go with me they can sit in the swanky seat—just as long as they don't talk to the motorman.

Now, I can get a Jordan Playboy for $1695—and it's an Eight of course.

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Inc.*, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Price f. o. b. Cleveland.

A skating lesson—now popular among the better classes. A wind flung scarf—a dash of youthful color—a thrilling whirl—but we were speaking of skating.

(Continued from Page 132)

When her husband and her son were both gone Mrs. Gates undertook the management of the enterprises and properties that Gates himself had more or less felt the weight of for years. I saw her in the offices of the Gates Estate in the Whitehall Building, New York, whither she had summoned me to give some information about a railroad he had once been interested in.

She sat there at Gates' own immense mahogany desk, in his swivel chair, her feet not touching the floor. It was a peculiarity of most people about Gates that they imitated him, and she was no exception. Resting easily and debonairly in the big chair, eyes twinkling à la Gates himself, she needed only a cigar in the hand to recall our departed chief very strongly. Poor creature and good woman! The problems she loaded upon herself were too many. She died of apoplexy on Thanksgiving Day, 1918, the certain victim of too much cash.

Money itself is harmless if honestly come by. Millions are dangerous, come by honestly or otherwise. Money is like any other necessity. You can't live without some of it. More of it, up to a certain point, is good. Beyond that point—after you pass the seven-figure fortune and your "worth," as Messrs. Dun and Bradstreet call it with unconscious irony, requires eight digits for expression—beyond that point money becomes uncontrollable and does strange things to its possessor. Too much money may not injure so promptly and manifestly as does too much sleep, too much exercise, too much salt or coffee or too much work; but I will ask any multimillionaire to say frankly whether he could detect any real increment of good with each succeeding million after the ninth.

Gates was one of the strongest men I ever knew, physically and mentally. He radiated power. But though he flourished up to the ten-million point, he began to seem like a hunted man from that to the fifty million, and the hundred-million point saw him vanquished. Of course the money did not directly do this. Of course other men of like wealth are alive. But they are busy fighting their excess wealth and its consequences.

Gates and his family were traveling at one time through lower Florida in their private car. At some town where they stopped a specimen of particularly fine homemade headcheese was brought aboard and shown them. They bought and partook. Gates and Charley became deathly ill. Years afterward, in London, Gates found himself attacked again by some of the symptoms he felt then. An expert was called in from the school of tropical diseases maintained in London. He pronounced the ailment a form of tropical dysentery. His prognosis was not reassuring.

The Death of Gates

"They have given me three weeks to live," Gates told me in his London hotel. He said this coolly, yet with a certain grimness that showed him not jesting. He did not die in three weeks. He lived some years more.

I finished my foreign engagement, came back to the United States to other tasks, and three years afterward found myself working again for my old boss at Port Arthur, Texas, the Southern home to which he retired in his last years. I was in charge of the local civic association.

One of the association's efforts was a grand civic banquet, held in Port Arthur at the Plaza Hotel, which had been built partly with Gates money and for the behoof of his visiting friends from New York. The lights burned late in Gates' office that night. He was toiling over his papers long after lesser men had shut up shop. He arrived at the banquet at last.

He made the speech of the evening, but in it he uttered a mysterious phrase. Speaking of the improvements then under way he said, "I may not be able to assist you in the completion of these enterprises." What could he mean? we asked one another anxiously afterward. Was he going to drop Port Arthur? That would be indeed a catastrophe. We understood months later. Gates had seen his doctor. He and his family went to Europe presently for a vacation and a rest. By and by dispatches appeared in the newspapers that he was very ill in the Ritz Hotel at Paris. He died.

Unrest developed in Port Arthur. The townsmen feared that Mrs. Gates and Charley Gates, with the one gone who had liked the town best, might remove altogether from our midst, crippling many enterprises in which local capital was invested. I cabled them at Paris to this effect. Charley promptly wired back that he and his mother planned to remain with us and to continue support of the Gates enterprises. The presses of our local daily paper were stopped to insert this cheering intelligence.

Millions and the Man

Across the ocean came all that was left of John W. Gates. The casket lay in the Plaza Hotel, New York, which he owned. A dozen or so of us arrived simultaneously from Port Arthur to attend the funeral. Mrs. Gates was in full charge of all details, attending to everybody and everything. A minister from Port Arthur, of our party, delivered the funeral sermon in a ballroom of the hotel, for the moment converted into a funeral chapel. But before doing so, he, Mrs. Gates and I sat down on a sofa in a retired corner while she told us how Gates died.

"He fought bravely," she said. We knew he would have. He was brave always. "At one time he came out of the coma and asked the nurse to give him a cigar. She was frightened. She came to me. 'What shall I do? He wants a cigar. It might kill him.' The doctor was not in the hotel at the moment. 'Let him have it,' I said. 'Let him have his pleasure if he asks for it.' She gave him one of his favorite big black cigars. I lighted it for him. He took one or two puffs. Pretty soon it slipped out of his hand and he did not notice the difference. Two days passed. I think he woke up a little once or twice. He muttered 'Charley,Charley' the last day."

The minister and I hardly knew how to take Mrs. Gates on this occasion. A widow at such times is secluded, leaving all practical details to friends, emerging only at the last minute from her privacy. But Mrs. Gates had been bustling about, giving orders capably: "Yes, Sam, put the table over there"; "Minnie, show them where to leave their wraps"; "Somebody go and have that hammering stopped"; "Everybody must be ready at twelve-thirty," and so on.

And now she sat here, in an unemployed half hour, telling us all these things about Gates' last moments. But there was strain underneath it all and we were able to see she was making a deliberate effort to control her feelings by talking and working. When we intruders were gone she could let go. She did not cry during the funeral ceremonies. Neither did her son, who sat as one frozen.

The wreaths, bouquets, crosses of flowers were enormous and almost innumerable. There were wagonloads of them. Every friend of Gates had done what money could do. A strange funeral. Twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of flowers and not a tear. But not so strange. We were burying not so much a man as a hundred million dollars. "I am the resurrection and the life" rang oddly in the ballroom over that casket, with whispers going around, not of grief or praise, but "I wonder who gets the oil stock," and "Part of the money is trusteed," and so on.

The man was done till Judgment Day, but the hundred millions would rise again just as soon as the will was probated. Was it surprising that, with every mind busy on the millions, the man was temporarily forgotten?

Gates' was one of the cases where the millions possess the man. There are many of these, and there are many where the man possesses the millions. Perhaps "multis" could be divided into two groups on this basis.

A million dollars is like a powerful stallion. You may bridle, saddle and break it, so that it carries you well and is a satisfaction. You may capture another million, or stallion, and ride it too; then perhaps another and another. But the animal, or the treasure, though you own and in a measure control it, has a life of its own. It is not entirely submissive to your bidding. It creates problems. After your stable or your safety-deposit vault harbors nine or ten of these entities you wake up and find that you are losing mastery and becoming the servant of your chattels. Then, if you are wise, you begin to enfranchise yourself. You don't wait for death and your last will and testament. You start right in. At that point you are a man again. You are possessor, not possessed. You become a member of the more sensible group of rich men.

Carnegie was one of these. In his prime, when he could have gone on and piled up more money had he so elected, he accepted $250,000,000 in 5 per cent bonds from the United States Steel Corporation and put his career as money-maker behind him.

"My resolve was made in youth," he said, "to retire before old age. I cannot doubt the wisdom of this course. I have always felt that old age should be spent not, as the Scotch say, in 'making mickle mair,' but in making good use of what I have acquired."

There was something sublime in the simplicity and calmness of his quitting the arena where he was a world's champion. With twenty-five times the sized fortune that enslaves most men, he was so far from being twenty-five times a slave that he discarded, as a man flips away a walnut shell, the additional wealth that could surely have been his had he chosen to stick to the old routine. Nor would he have had to break his promise to the new steel hierarchy had he done so. It was a condition of his selling out that he was to keep away from steel thereafter. But who doubts that Andrew Carnegie had the ability to enter other spheres of manufacture or finance and double his fortune in fifteen years?

Carnegie's Love of Books

It is an instance of Carnegie's many-sidedness that he endowed science, education, peace, internationalism, labor and technology, and not in one land but indifferently here and abroad, as became the citizen of the world he was.

When Carnegie was a youth in Pittsburgh he and a few other ambitious boys gained the friendship of one Colonel Anderson, who had a small library of 400 books. Saturdays, when young Andy had some hours to himself, he browsed at will among the Anderson books and learned a great deal that was useful and helpful to his career.

All the world knows the story. The Carnegie libraries, scattered by hundreds and indeed thousands all over the civilized world, are the fruit of Colonel Anderson's kindness to a boy. The wonderful stripling, marked even then by his elders as one who would go far, never forgot what a few books did for him. He felt that books, dispersed over the globe, might here and there come into the hands of some such genius as himself. Even one special brain, so nourished at the right time, might by its later service to man repay all the millions lavished upon the entire chain of libraries. In what land this future prodigy might live, what his race, his parentage, his peculiar bent, Carnegie did not know. He only felt sure that the unborn Columbus, Lavater, Hume, Darwin would be poor. So he spread his book net world-wide to catch him.

I don't say that Andrew Carnegie at any time formally expressed this intention. The given, and accepted, purpose was to place good reading within reach of many. It is doing so. But who can doubt that a plan originating in the knowledge of the help it gave to one highly exceptional intellect was

When a radiator won't get HOT

TRY THIS

AIRID Air Valves make cold radiators *hot*. Attach easily to any steam radiator without tools—need no adjusting—never leak—make no noise. Sold at heating and plumbing stores. Only $1 60.

AIRID
AIR VALVES
make cold radiators HOT

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY
1816 Elmwood Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
Send me a trial Airid (one only). Guaranteed 5 years. (This will be mailed C. O. D., or enclose check or money order for $1 60.)
Name
Address

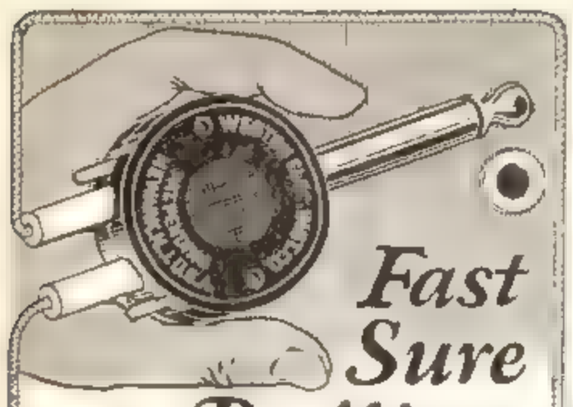
Corns

Lift Right Off

Drop a little "Freezone" on a touchy corn or callus for a few nights. Instantly it stops aching, then shortly you lift it right off. Doesn't hurt a bit.

You can lift off every hard corn, soft corn, corn between the toes, and the "hard-skin" calluses on bottom of feet. Just get a bottle of "Freezone" at any drug store, anywhere.

Edward Wesley and Co., Cincinnati, O.



Fast
Sure
Positive
WESTON
Radio Plug

Something marvelous on the air and you'll never hear it again! Perhaps it's a speech that makes history or maybe it's thrilling, elusive melody—make the fastest change from head-set to loud speaker, get a positive, clear-cut connection with the WESTON RADIO PLUG. This is the pioneer and the leader in automatic plugs. Now only 60c.

Made by the makers of electrical and scientific precision instruments this plug of moulded Bakelite is as handsome and durable a radio device as you will find.

Ask to see it at your dealer's, or write us for the free booklet, "Weston Radio Instruments."

WESTON ELECTRICAL INSTRUMENT CORPORATION
Weston Avenue, Newark, N. J.

STANDARD THE WORLD OVER
WESTON

"Indestructible"
OXHYDE FIBRE
Suit Cases

350 lbs. will not break it

"OXHYDE FIBRE" is extremely durable. This case is absolutely safe to check as luggage. Dupont Duco Finish makes it waterproof and stainless; ideal for motoring. It is for every man or woman who wants luggage of correct appearance that is sturdily built inside and out. 24-in. case weighs only 6 lbs.; sizes from 16 in. to 30 in.; colors, brown or black, $4 to $12. Long-service guarantee goes with every Oxhyde Fibre Suitcase. If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct giving dealer's name.

Dealers Write!

Finished with DUCO

No bag sells as easily; it's advertised, made by us exclusively in the United States; quick turnover. We manufacture a complete line of Maidrite trunks and luggage.

6 Betty Street Everett, Mass.

NEW ENGLAND TRUNK CO

Sell Tailoring
Earn $100 Weekly

Sell Gibson fine made-to-order all wool suits at $21.50, direct to wearer. Biggest values. Over 100 6x9 cloth samples, all one price, furnished to ambitious men who want to earn $100 weekly. Write today.

W. Z. Gibson, Inc., 161 W. Harrison St., Dept. P-585, Chicago

secretly meant to do exactly the same thing again?

Please notice that Carnegie did these things while he was living, with other deeds of the same kind. I am not taking any account of what bequests his death revealed. My purpose is to show what a glorious time a "multi" can have when he stops grubbing.

There are two men—Tom L. Johnson of Cleveland and Cecil Rhodes of Africa—who are never and were never coupled in popular thought, yet somewhat parallel each other in being passionate servants of the common good and unique political figures, while at the same time rolling up millions as an incident to their dreams. Each was a man of such innate talent that when the importance of having money crossed his mind, mainly intent on statesmanlike ends, one hand absent-mindedly reached out and got the money, so to speak. You simply can't think of either man as giving his whole brain to money getting.

Rhodes could be seen sitting in his shirt sleeves, supervising the washing of the diamonds from their muck, in his early days, and occasionally doing some of it himself, while in one hand he held a textbook whose study was to help him get his degree at Oxford. Thoroughly typical. He once said to General Gordon, "It is no use having big ideas if one has not the money to carry them out."

He was wrong there if he meant immense sums; but anyhow he struggled for money as a means, not an end.

"This is my dream," he once told somebody, drawing his hand across the map of Africa, "all that red."

Rhodes, Master of His Wealth

He wanted the continent under British sway, believing that so human betterment might be fostered. Was he right? Was he mistaken? Who knows? However it be, Cecil Rhodes was master of his immense wealth and lived a most interesting life because he wielded such power as it gave him, for ends ultimately uncommercial.

He spent only three thousand dollars a year on himself. He dressed cheaply and carelessly. When he was prime minister of Cape Colony his hat was reputed to be the wretchedest piece of headgear in the whole House of Assembly.

When he rose to make a certain speech at a meeting in London there was a lady in the audience who had long admired his talents but had never seen him in the flesh. She exclaimed, "That Cecil Rhodes? Why, my gardener dresses better than he!"

When he dined with Queen Victoria, and rode in the Row with Lord Kitchener, it was his ideas, not his money, that made him welcome. The man who conceived and pushed the Cape to Cairo railway was the honored guest, not the conqueror of Barney Barnato in the gamble for craters full of diamonds.

Millionaire Careerists

He was an imperialist—in that respect of a different stripe politically from our Tom Johnson, who was interested in the base of the civil structure, not its top. But Johnson was just like him in a fierce desire to put the world right and in a belief that cash was of great importance to the work. Like him also, it might be added, in having proved by many an unfulfilled dream that cash means relatively little in such efforts, but his very brother in being a vivid instance of the full life lived by him who uses his money as an alpenstock.

Perhaps it is not fair to the common, or garden, variety of multimillionaire to hold up as examples such rounded and regal natures as these. The man who has passed his ninth million as a wholesale grocer or trolley magnate may have put all of himself into that job. There may be nothing left of the real man except hardened arteries and a mild interest in golf. If in his youth he never sat in meditation upon any topic outside of sugar, canned goods, ten-day discounts, or city franchises, split switches and transfers, then of course "he knows ye not, ye heavenly powers," and he automatically qualifies in his latter days as one of the class owned by but not owning millions.

He just can't help himself. He can only unyoke in a half-hearted way by endowing fresh-water colleges and subscribing heavily to art galleries—if his prospective heirs let him.

Men like Rhodes and Tom Johnson are, it must be admitted, unusual. They belong in the category with Robert Morris, remembered not for his money but because he financed the American Revolution; or George Eastman, friend of music and anonymous giver to technology.

Or take Thomas Edison. Who cares about his wealth?

What a friend said of Johnson could be applied with suitable modifications to many another of his ilk: "Tom might easily have been a Morgan of finance had he chosen to pursue this field of exploit. He might have been one of our greatest inventors, one of the most famous electrical experts. He was a wonderful mathematician, a great manager of men, a political philosopher with something of the intuition of Jefferson. He knew the street-railway business as motorman, conductor, superintendent, electrician, financier. He had been all these. He mastered the iron-and-steel business in the same exhaustive way. He was an orator of great power."

This many-sidedness is notable among men of wealth plus other achievement, or those who may be called millionaire careerists. One sees it in the elder Rockefeller. He retired from active business at fifty-five, putting gain behind him as calmly as Carnegie did. His gifts, though they surpass those of any other member of the race, are not so fine on that score as for the reason that they show a rare and acute understanding of the importance of scientific research.

But he has also lived a stainless private life, distinguished for its religion. The great companies he founded serve the public well. It may remain for another generation to say definitively whether they were upbuilt by methods necessarily or unnecessarily unfair.

One Unpurchasable Gift

A supremely beautiful thing John D. has done is raising, training and endowing a son who seems to be not only all that a father's love could wish but all that he should be as the inheritor of power mighty for either good or evil.

I believe it can be said with accuracy that John D. has met all the problems that life presents to a man—fatherhood, personal purity, finance, duty to posterity, longevity, religion—and answered every one with brilliant finality. It is simply stupid to think of such a man first and last as only a maestro among the go-getters of trade.

And I think the spectacle of John D., faithfully driving and putting among the Pocantico Hills because only so is he permitted to remain on the surface of this green and interesting globe, is the best comment on what millions can and cannot do.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 34)

orange at seven A.M. and shout, 'Have you got your rubbers?' And that's all I see of Phyllis till the next day.

"Of course, there's Buster, too; but Buster is only a child. However, I find they're seldom home after they reach eleven or twelve. Buster goes in strong for manual training. He can make the cutest diamond-shaped cookie cutter you ever saw.

"They say the man that teaches cookie-cutter making in the high school here gets three thousand a year; and the basket-weaving woman gets twenty-eight hundred. We've got grand schools. Buster can do wonders with a piece of tin; that is, for a boy who can't read or write. They're developing his hand, mind and character now, and later they'll teach him to spell.

"Buster's just joined the Boy Scouts and begun to take an interest in public affairs. He just leaves his other pants on a chair occasionally for me to mend, but if I want to talk to him I usually have to call up the Chamber of Commerce and get him at a Save-Our-Boys Committee meeting.

"I've done everything I can to save the home and make it inviting to young folks. But when Buster telephoned tonight from school and said he was leaving for Peoria right away to address a Please-My-Pal convention and would I send a suitcase to the station, I resigned.

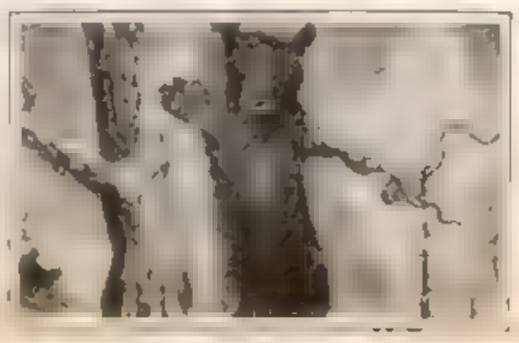
"I just grabbed the evening paper to see what film is on at the New Paradise Theater. And after the movie I'm going to drop in at the New Crystal ballroom and find out what this Charleston is I've been hearing about." —*McCready Huston.*

The House My Jack Built

I BUILT myself a lordly bungalow
Wherein at ease for aye to dwell;
I said, "These crooked architects can go
And kiss themselves farewell."

The builder made objections to the plan
That my o'er-vaulting heart had dreamed;
I said, "I am a hard, determined man,
A man who won't be reamed;

"So build my bungalow the way I said,
I am a man who has his way!



You'll get a hod of mortar on your head
If you do not obey!"

The builder did not argue any more,
He built the dwelling as designed,
With eight fireplaces on the lower floor.
To hold them up, I find,

He had to fill the cellar with concrete,
And though the hearths' effect is good,
They are quite useless for producing heat—
I have no place for wood.

And as it seems I left no little hole
Opening to the cellar's gloom,
The coal man has to carry in the coal
Right through the drawing-room.

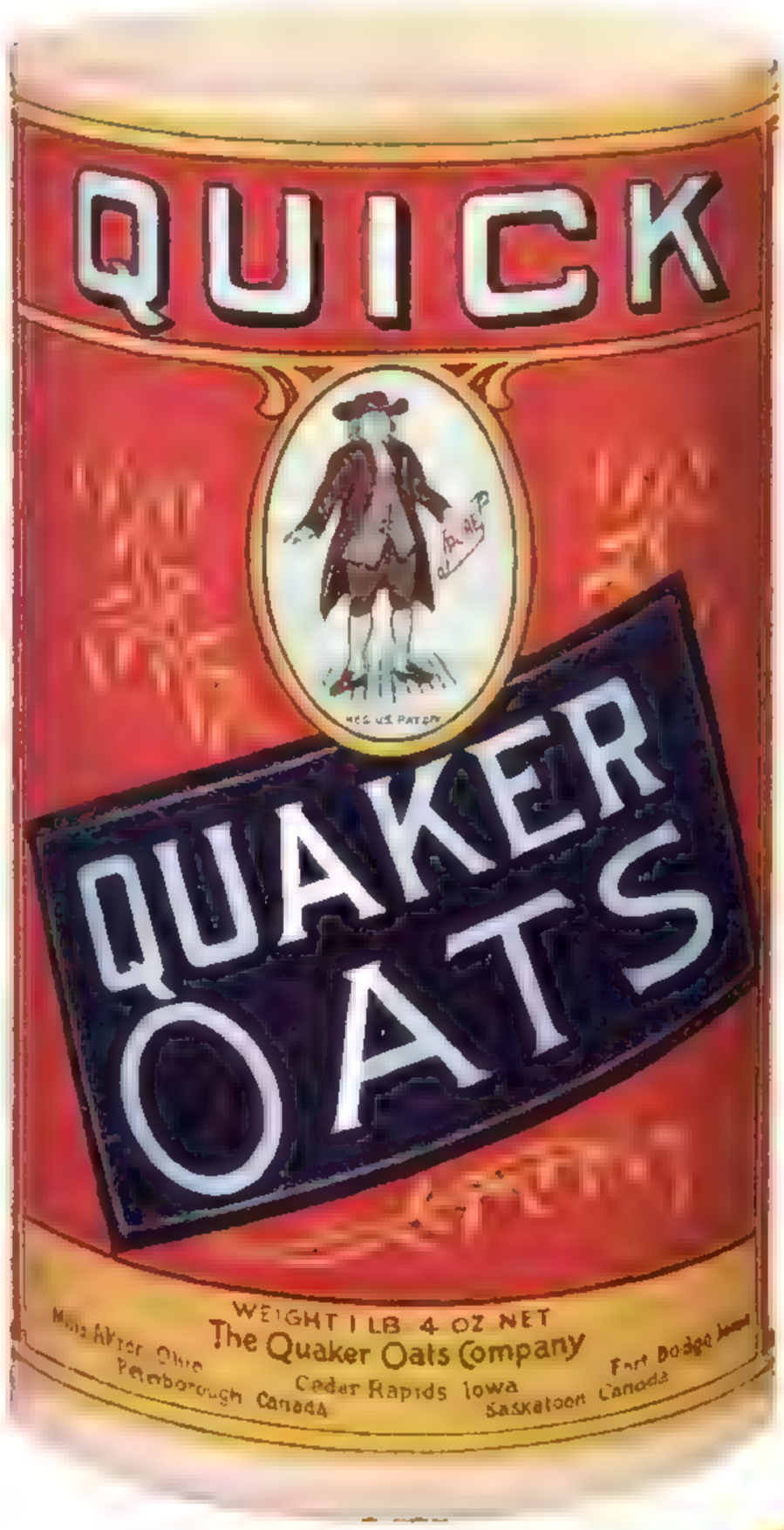
I made a cubby-hole expressly for
The ice box; it is too precise;
There is no room to ope the ice-box door;
Well, we will save on ice.

Doors clash together when they stand ajar,
The coal trucks cross my garden plot,
My closet space would amply hold my car,
But my garage will not.

But what care I though one must needs go through
The bath to find the telephone?
It is the house I dreamed and planned and drew!
I love it! It's my own!

—*Morris Bishop.*

The Quaker



on the label
means the finest oats
that grow—
oats with the famous
"Quaker Oats flavor"
that you want

The Word Quick

means they cook in 3 to 5 minutes

—the *balanced* breakfast ration of protein, carbohydrates, minerals, vitamines and roughage, which doctors urge as food that "stands by" you through the morning; hot, nourishing and delicious; now as quickly prepared as plain toast!

Start every day with Quick Quaker—make every day an active, energetic day

HER HUSBAND'S SHOES

Continued from Page 19

of us knew—what was to come." The rabbit face of Evans was twitching. He seemed to be utterly at a loss for words, not to know what to say. "God knows," said the soft voice of the woman, "I'd give anything to get out of all this now, to forget it absolutely. But for Will's sake and for the state, I thought I ought at least tell some of you what he wished."

"Of course," replied Evans, as if his mind had been far afield, "there's the woman vote. And ——"

He stopped and looked at Mrs. Butler curiously, as if he had never seen her before, and she seemed to draw herself up to his scrutiny, her handsome, secret face meeting his glance strongly.

"It's an extraordinary thing," said Evans, "that it didn't occur to us! Of course," he qualified quickly, "I don't know exactly how the idea would take. But I'm just going to feel a few people out."

She sat down wearledly, with a tired smile.

"And you won't bother me with it any more just now, will you?" she asked. "Because the days are very hard and long and lonely."

"Of course not. I know how hard it is ——"

"If by any chance such a thing as we're discussing should happen, I could count on help from all of you?"

"Oh, to the death!" he said with enthusiasm; and then realizing that his remark was not quite tactful, colored and tried to cough it off.

He left her shortly and went off, shot with excitement, jigging about on the back seat of the taxi he took downtown. But what Mrs. Butler thought no one could have told. She went to her room and said to a maid that she must lie down for an hour or two and try to rest. The maid lowered the shades and shut the door leading to the right wing of the house, for, with it open, one could hear the sound of a high voice singing a popular song.

It was not a convincingly gay song and its flippant measures seem to droop as they romped through hushed corridors and found no encouragement. Rosalie gave it up at length. She sat before her dressing table and idly rouged her lips, painting a smile where no smile had been. The haunted loneliness in her eyes stared back at her out of the mirror. She looked at her father's picture and shivered, thinking again of the agony of seeing that cold fissure in the earth where they had placed him. It drove her up and down the room, her hands twisting together in an instinctive gesture of misery. She was like a throb of violent pain in the great controlled house where the maids went quietly about their work and the widow lay in her own room, bearing up so bravely. And finally Rosalie tucked her hat on again, its green-velours softness pulled smartly low over her suffering eyes, and called up Peter Capet and told him that she'd changed her mind and would come to dinner with him after all, adding that he might make it snappy, for this place was driving her cuckoo.

The 9:30 calls of clubwomen were weighty with comment a few days later and nearly all of them held to one subject. The news had been presaged in the press the day before and formally given to the world this morning that Mrs. Wilfred Butler would be a candidate for governor to succeed her husband.

Jean Lane, senator from Bass County, read the newspaper comment that this was a great recognition of women in politics and looked astonished. She was staying in town a few days after the close of the special session of the legislature in order to make a digest of some prison reports, and she ran into Senator Evans coming out of the lieutenant governor's room. Evans was senator from the district which included the city, and a certain semblance of power was vested in him. But Jean knew how shadowy the power was, after a term in the legislature.

"Good morning, Miss Lane," he said cordially, eying her from the fine wind-whipped color in her cheeks to her interestingly short skirt. "Well, I suppose you ladies are feeling pretty much on the crest of the wave today."

Jean hated to be called "you ladies." Her denial was tinged with question.

"Why, you've seen the news about the governor's wife, haven't you?" he asked her.

"Oh, that!" said Jean dryly. "Yes, I saw that."

"We want to hold all the governor's votes for Mrs. Butler, Miss Lane. You can do a lot for her out your way."

"Should I?"

"Why, she's the governor's widow," said Evans; "you know what that means."

"It doesn't mean anything at all to me," said Jean, "except that she married him once upon a time. So did somebody else, first."

"But you know what the governor stood for."

"What he stood for isn't catching," said Jean, "as far as I know. I'll have to know more about this lady before I support her."

"Surely you've met her?"

"Oh, yes; I've been at the house on official occasions. I've seen her dedicate a thing or two. But I've never seen any particular or marked sign that she could govern a state. What put it into her head that she could?"

"Why," said Evans, clinging to his point with touching sentiment, "she's a very noble woman—very noble. Bore up like a Trojan after her husband's death. It was his last wish that she should carry on his work."

"Yes, I read that in the paper," Jean told him with little or no enthusiasm. "But men wander at the end sometimes. The governor had too much sense to want a perfectly untrained person to take his place. It's such a pity," she added in a warmer tone, "that of all men, Governor Butler had to go. He did such a lot to clean things up after the mess Murchison made of them."

"Butler was all right. A little pig-headed sometimes."

"He stood on his own feet," said Jean, "and he did work like a slave. It's too bad. You're not really thinking seriously of supporting Mrs. Butler, are you? The men aren't really back of her?"

"Certainly they are," said Evans a little testily, "and all the women will be too. A high type of woman like that—brainy—makes a good appearance—perfect wife and mother ——"

"Stepmother," said Jean; "and she doesn't seem to have made a notable success of that, from what one hears of the child. However, if she's going to run, she's going to run. Only, I don't see how you can count on unqualified support from the women just because she's a woman and relict. She'll have to come out and say where she stands."

"She stands exactly where the governor did—I can tell you that now."

"I wonder," said Jean, "whether you can or not. The thing I liked about Butler was that he had an open mind for new situations and reasoned things out. How do you know her mind will be like his when it comes to new issues?"

Evans refused to go too deeply into the matter. He took refuge in an old and wise play.

"I tell you what you do," he said. "Why don't you drop in and have a little talk with her yourself? You'd find her very pleasant and willing to listen to suggestions. I tell you," he said, relaxing into compliment, "we've got so used to good-looking women in politics we just can't get along without them, Miss Lane."

Jean Lane let it rest on that note. She knew that Evans disliked her and that he knew she knew it, and yet this threadbare gallantry was the invariable mask, not only for Evans but for other men who felt the same way.

She went to her committee room to look over her mail, and her mind was grave with meditation. For no one was more fully aware than Jean Lane of how mazy and difficult the labyrinth of politics was, and how hard it was to do even a small job honestly and efficiently. And she thought of the tall blond poised woman whom she knew as the governor's widow, and her astonishing candidacy.

She ran through her letters quickly, disposing of them as if her mind was already made up on many issues. Over an almost illegible one she hesitated, puzzling it out, then sighed and placed it on top of three or four others, one on lavender-colored, scented paper, one on heavily monogrammed stationery and one on the official letter paper of some small business firm.

"Miss Johnson," she said to the stenographer, "I gave you a letter yesterday in regard to this Minnie Gober pardon business. Send the same letter to these people, and sign it for me. Isn't it fearful to think of the attention that case gets? Here is some clubwoman, another woman who obviously is well educated, this one who can hardly write her own name and says she has six children of her own, and a schoolgirl—all writing me to see if I can't get Minnie Gober pardoned. It makes my flesh creep. And they must know the decision doesn't rest with me at all. It's just asking me to use influence—and influence as a woman. How strange people are!"

"Did you see Minnie Gober's interview in the paper saying that if she were pardoned she would undoubtedly accept a vaudeville offer?" asked Miss Johnson.

Jean shuddered.

"She did just that the first time. She never should have been let off after that first cold-blooded shooting. But this crime—this dreadful, hardened, malignant killing of those two girls in such a hideous way—you'd think every mother in the world would be shuddering as long as Minnie Gober was in it. But no—flocks of letters—and from women. Well, send them that letter. That will show them how I stand on the Gober killing. There have been too many of these cold depraved crimes lately. She'll never get off."

She turned to answer the ringing telephone.

"Yes, this is Miss Lane. . . . Good morning. . . . No, I haven't any comment to make. . . . Oh, I'd much prefer not to be quoted. . . . Why, I haven't looked into the matter yet. . . . Gratifying to have a woman governor? I'm sorry but I'm not ready to give out any statement. It will have to wait." She hung up the receiver and plunged into her work.

It was when she was going to lunch that she ran into a group of men evidently adjourning from some conference and still deep in discussion. Evans was among them, and Jean wondered at his change in attitude from the urbanity of the morning. He was red with some emotion and his absorption indicated that it was not pleasant. She heard just a word or two as she passed.

"It's in the noon extra. Can't stop it."

"Amateur trick just the same."

She bought the noon extra to see what concerned the gentleman so greatly and had no difficulty in finding the disturbing piece of news. And as she read it she saw that the fat was in the political fire indeed, sizzling and spitting grease in all directions. For quietly, without warning or consultation with the professed oilers or repairers of the crippled party machine, James Creighton had filed for the Republican nomination for governor—Creighton, who everyone thought was permanently out of politics. He had money enough to be well out of it if he wanted to. He had been state senator, then congressman, and suddenly he had declared he was through and stepped calmly out of all political activities, practicing law and making money. But the strangest thing about it, thought Jean, was that he was a warm personal friend of the late governor. That mixed everything up. The governor's widow was to stand against the governor's friend. The others who had filed, Lowrie and Higbee, would not count at all in the running. But Creighton would. Creighton had influence, though the Evans crowd disliked him. He had prestige throughout the state, publicity still hanging over from war work and from some spectacular work in Congress for the farmers' loan bills. Creighton, thought Jean, is a better successor than one could have hoped for, if Butler had to die. Surely Mrs. Butler would withdraw.

But Jean did not see the governor's widow when she got that news of Creighton's candidacy or she would have known better. She did not see the expression which was so often described in Mrs. Butler's publicity as "magnificent calm and poise" stiffen into determination that was somehow aggressive and threatening. Few people had seen that look. The governor must have known it. Evans may have glimpsed it, he and his colleagues, when they put certain issues up to her that night. And, of course, there was Rosalie.

"I don't want you to go out this morning," said Mrs. Butler to her stepdaughter, not so many days later. She had sought her out in her room, which was unusual, and Rosalie, as was quite usual, had not made her welcome. She was arrested in the act of dressing, and stood like an advertisement for silk bloomers to hear the rest of it.

"I've a date to get my hair cut," she said. "Can't go around like this."

"This is more important than a haircut."

"What is?"

"First, we have to have some photographs taken."

"We?" asked Rosalie. "Why we?"

"They've been asked for," said Mrs. Butler. "Put on a dark dress, Rosalie. That black faille will do. The green trimming will photograph black."

Rosalie's little painted lip curled up.

"Publicity stuff, is it? No, thanks. I don't care to have my picture taken like that—not any more."

"I want you to," the older woman said quietly, but the girl read or heard menace in her tone and swung into an angry tirade.

"Well, I won't. If you think I'm going to pretend things for the sake of a dirty old campaign, you've got another think coming! Picture of mother and daughter in mourning for the late governor! His wife, who is running for governor! It's an insult to my father's memory, all this blah stuff, having faces pulled down when your pictures are taken and all that. I won't do it—and that's that!"

She drew a comb anointed with some stiff hair oil through her short hair and finished with another denunciation.

"Do you think I'd have sat there like that the other day in that open car if I'd known that motion-picture camera was getting us?"

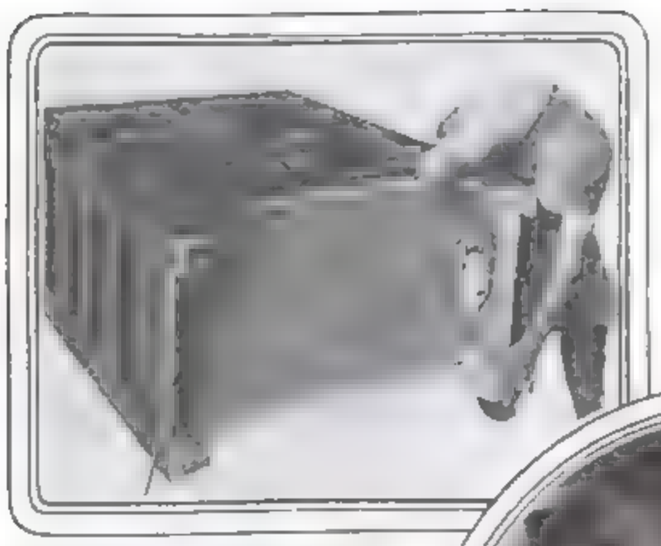
"I didn't know either."

Rosalie looked contemptuous unbelief.

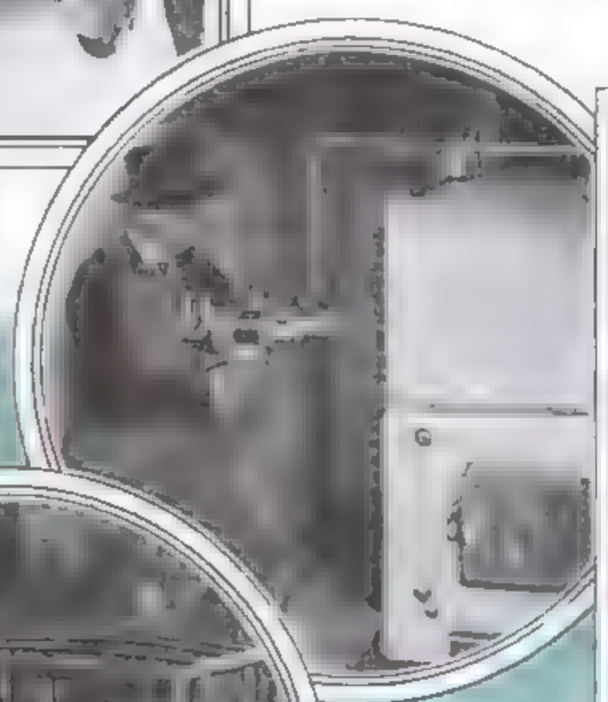
"You had the movie man planted," she said. "You had this whole thing planted. You knew my father was going to die. Why didn't you make him resign last winter when he found out his heart was bad? What did you murder him for, with all that talk of duty stuff? I'll bet you had all this planned, too—this trying to step into his shoes. I should think you'd be ashamed—I should think," cried the girl tempestuously, "that you might be sorrowing for him now instead of running for his office. It's shameful! You know he would want Mr. Creighton to take his place if he were alive.

(Continued on Page 148)

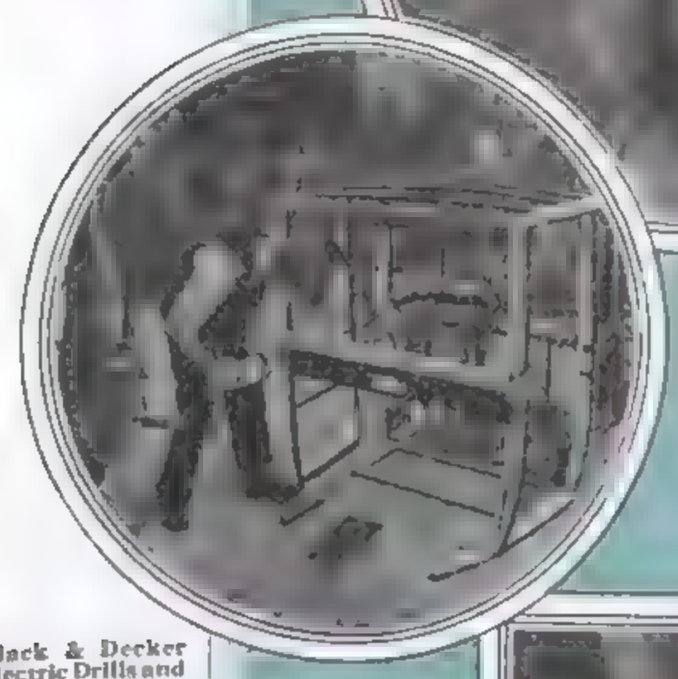
You Can Use These Tools In Your Business



The Black & Decker Electric Screw Driver saves a vast amount of time and labor in the manufacture of refrigerators and in cabinet work of all kinds.



The above illustration shows a Black & Decker Electric Drill being used by a plumber in connection with the installation of a hot water heater



Black & Decker Electric Drills and Electric Screw Drivers play an important part in the manufacture of automobile bodies.

This picture shows a Black & Decker Electric Drill fitted with a Black & Decker Right Angle Drilling Attachment boring through joists for pipes and electric conduit.

Ten years ago a Portable Electric Drill was considered a specialized tool and was used only in specialized work.

We have spent the last ten years in demonstrating that time and effort may be saved by the use of Portable Electric Tools in almost every imaginable kind of work.

In reading through the advertising in this publication it is almost impossible to find a single concern which is not at the present time using Black & Decker Portable Electric Tools in some phase of its work.

Whether you are a mechanic, an executive, or a stockholder, it is more than likely that the business in which you are interested is saving, or can save time, and therefore money, through the use of Black & Decker Portable Electric Tools.

A Black & Decker Electric Drill being used in the erection of jail cells

Black & Decker Electric Drills and Electric Socket Wrenches being used in drilling lead holes and in running up lag screws in the installation of metal railroad crossing plates.

WRITE AND TELL US WHAT BUSINESS YOU ARE INTERESTED IN, AND WE WILL TELL YOU HOW BLACK & DECKER PORTABLE ELECTRIC TOOLS CAN BE USED TO ADVANTAGE IN THAT BUSINESS.

"With the Pistol Grip and Trigger Switch"

BLACK & DECKER

Black & Decker Portable Electric Drills, Electric Screw Drivers, Electric Socket Wrenches, Electric Valve Refacers, Electric Tappers and Electric Grinders are sold by the leading Mill Supply, Machinery, Plumbing, Sheet Metal, Automotive and Electric Supply Houses.

THE BLACK & DECKER MFG. CO.
TOWSON, MD., U. S. A.
Black & Decker Mfg. Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

BRANCH OFFICES WITH SERVICE STATIONS IN

BOSTON	NEW YORK	SAN FRANCISCO	ATLANTA	DETROIT	BALTIMORE	KANSAS CITY
BUFFALO	PHILADELPHIA	ST. LOUIS	DALLAS	CHICAGO	MINNEAPOLIS	CLEVELAND

You will find the true joy of life
—midst the gaiety, the luxury,
the palm-fronded fantasy of

CORAL GABLES

MIAMI, FLORIDA

IN CORAL GABLES you will find that the very air, laden with the scent of flowers, tingles with the spirit of play.

Each day spent there is an episode, perfect in itself. There are long mornings with golf, tennis and a thousand thrilling sports to lure those inclined to games . . . with brilliant sunshine and the cool shade of waving palms to make indolence seem a virtue. There are afternoon hours when the Venetian Pool is thronged and a veritable carnival of color runs riot.

An evening drive with a glorious view, and the sea tinged with the deep rose and violet of the sunset.

At night, a ball at the Miami-Biltmore Country Club, a marvelous spectacle of moving color and brilliancy. Or simply a dance by moonlight, with shadowy couples swaying gently in the dark, velvet softness of the night's caress.

And perhaps, as a glorious climax, a swim at Tahiti Beach, its tropical beauty enhanced by the ghostly silver of the moon.

Racing, polo, hydroplanes, jai alai, yachting, fishing . ... countless pleasures are centered about Coral Gables. Is it any wonder that many of America's most prominent figures in society and sport prefer Coral Gables to any place in the world?

Another reason why over 60,000 Dealers carry Hood Rubber Products

Why the rolled edge on Lastics

The Lastic edge is made to roll up around narrow shoes and flatten out for wider ones. That's why a Lastic fits so many shoes

Judge LASTICS—not in the hand—but on the shoe. It is the *perfect fit* of a LASTIC that gives that well-shod, *smart appearance* to the foot.

LASTICS not only look better on the foot, but *wear better* because they fit!

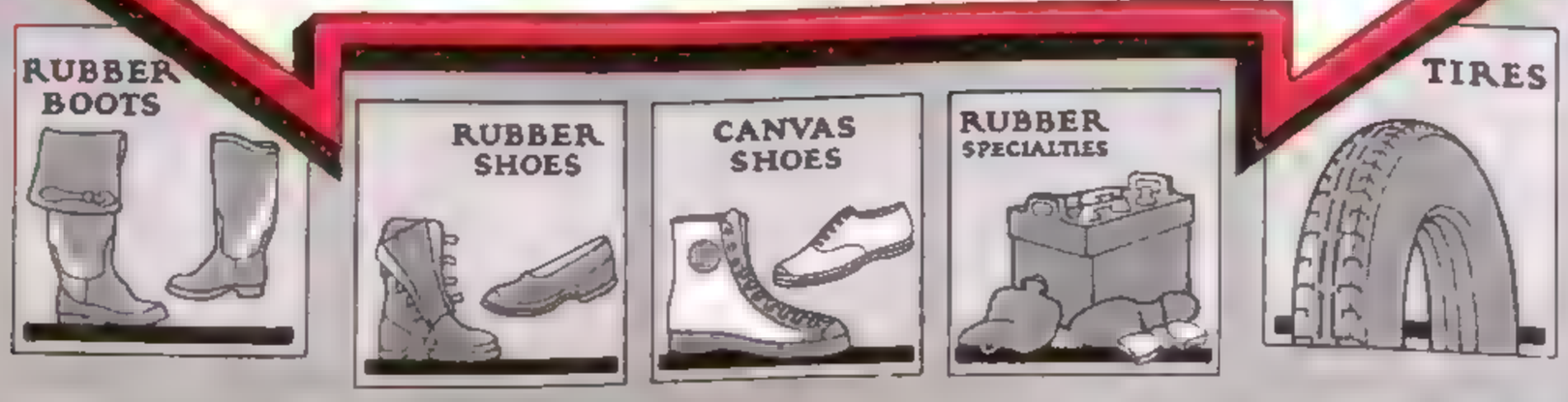
Now you can buy rubbers without fit-risk or inconvenience! No store need ask you to accept a chance fit because *every store* can afford to carry *the small stock* of LASTICS needed to fit every shoe!

Look for the name HOOD LASTICS on the sole!

Mfd. By Hood Rubber Company, Watertown, Mass.
Distributed By Hood Rubber Products Company Inc.
Watertown, Mass.

Look for the Hood Arrow

HOOD



QUALITY • ALWAYS • MAINTAINED

(Continued from Page 140)

He's always been fond of the Creightons; so was my mother!"

If Mrs. Butler was angry she did not show it. Only her knuckles whitened as she held the glass doorknob.

"You have no idea of duty, Rosalie," she said frigidly; "you have very little idea of any proper attitudes. However, I have no time to talk. Don't go out this morning."

"I've got to."

"No," answered Mrs. Butler, "you need not. I am very busy, Rosalie—too busy to argue. After the pictures have been taken, there is another small matter to dispose of. Your father's lawyer is coming here to make you acquainted with the condition of your father's estate. There are things you should know." The tears came swiftly into Rosalie's eyes at the thought of this formality of death. "You know, of course, that your father was not a rich man."

"He was wonderful," said Rosalie.

"Yes; but far from rich. He lived constantly beyond his salary as governor, but such deficits as were incurred I have always made up from my own income, as well as taking care of my own expenses."

"You mean we lived on you?"

"Not—entirely," said Mrs. Butler, spacing the words, very slowly and holding Rosalie at attention. "But from now on, of course, the situation alters."

"I don't believe it," said Rosalie, denying things generally. "My father made lots of money. I know he did. I think it's a put-up job."

"You're very obscure," remarked her stepmother coldly, "and not at all courteous. But that is what I expected. I have no intention of quarreling with you now. We will have the necessary pictures taken and see the lawyer afterward."

She closed the door as she went out without a trace of passion, and Rosalie shivered. With the shiver the shallow defiance of her face seemed to fall away and leave it exposed in all its desolation. After a moment she opened her desk drawer with a key and sat there still in bloomers and silk chemise, with her thin young shoulders hunched, to gaze at the picture of a woman's face lying there.

"After having been married to you," she said aloud, "how could he pick her? Oh, mother, I know I act like the devil, but I can't stand her. I know she let him kill himself with work. She picked his brains. She's picking his bones and reputation now."

But the picture gave her some quiet, so that after she had breakfast she did not go out. At ten o'clock the photographers came and took a great many pictures of Mrs. Butler: grave, unsmiling, beautifully posed pictures, except for the one or two with the reluctant girl, who would scowl every time and spoil the effect.

Then came the lawyer, an absorbed, preoccupied man who was as remote from Rosalie as Olympus. He, too, noted the scowl and a certain ungraciousness of manner which was hardly suited to the circumstances.

"I need hardly say that your"—he paused—"your mother," and he bowed to Mrs. Butler, "has been very generous. Doubtless you know something of the circumstances. She insists on meeting all your father's obligations, even if there is no claim on her."

"He didn't leave enough to pay his debts of his own money?" asked Rosalie. The lawyer had been over it all, but it was hard to get it clear without stating it in her own fashion.

"You have the figures," he reminded her.

"Then I have nothing?"

She looked around her at the room, the furnishings. The lawyer smiled.

"You have an extremely indulgent and kind guardian in Mrs. Butler."

"Nothing of my own?"

"There's the insurance. Your share of that is about five thousand, roughly. But I wouldn't go spending that. You're only just eighteen, young lady. May need it for a trousseau one of these days."

He rose and gathered his papers together, turning to Mrs. Butler.

"We'll get these papers in order and I'll have one of the young men bring them out here for execution. You must be a very busy lady. Wonderful thing your running for governor. I suppose your only real opposition comes from Creighton. I can't see why he filed."

"I went into it because it was Will's last wish," said the widow simply, "to carry out his plans."

"Well, you get our votes."

He moved toward the door, but Rosalie's tense hand on his arm stopped him.

"But," she asked, "about me? What shall I do?"

"Why, there's nothing to do. You're in good kind hands, young lady."

"That insurance money?"

"It will come through in due time. No hurry, no hurry."

He looked back, smiling at the older woman, sharing with her a kind amusement at the girl's excitement, and went out. Rosalie turned to her stepmother and for a moment their glances met in silence, Mrs. Butler's calm, insulting, and the girl's flashing with emotion.

"I didn't know we lived on you," cried Rosalie. "I'll pay you back when I get that insurance."

"Don't count too much on that," said Mrs. Butler. "You'll find you have a number of bills outstanding. Wasn't your new fur coat a thousand? And there are the bills for your summer clothes which haven't been met, and the riding stable hasn't been paid. Of course those personal bills I have left for you."

Rosalie moistened her lips.

"I'm going to go to work of course."

"At what?"

The widow looked the girl up and down contemptuously as if she photographed the slim overwrought body and the restless nervous face.

"I'll find something."

"I think I'd prefer that you let that step wait for a few months."

"Until after election? So you can show the world your kindness to the stepdaughter you have on your hands?" asked Rosalie bitterly.

"You put it rather unfortunately. However, I'm giving you a home, temporarily."

"Home!" cried the girl. "I've never had a home since my father married you. I've always been in the way when I haven't been on the streets."

"You have a natural liking for the streets, possibly. Your reputation ——"

"I know all about my reputation. I'm supposed to be fast and a bad egg and all the rest of it. That's what you tell people with your holy face and your always-in-the-right stuff. That's what you told my father until he lost faith in me. Maybe I am tough; but I'm no hypocrite, anyway, telling people you only went into this election because it was my father's wish. Oh, such a line!"

The widow went up to the girl, who was shaking in excitement, and took her arm. It was such a thin arm that her large capable hand encircled it, cruelly tight.

"Look here, you little fool," she said, "you can't carry on like this. You stay here and behave yourself until this election is over. Then you can do what you please, go where you please. I'm through with you. You can't fight me. If you try it or any of this noisy talk, I shall simply tell people that you are an incorrigible girl who prefers the streets to anything else."

"You've told them that before," said Rosalie, dragging violently at that firm hand.

Mrs. Butler let go her hold.

"That's all."

Rosalie rushed away, and it was not long afterward that her bedroom door slammed defiantly after her. But Mrs. Butler paid no attention. She had work in hand, for her days were an orderly succession of interviews and conferences now. Evans was sending people to see her and he had engaged one of the best and most subtle press agents possible, who was already at work on the concoction of the great popular legend of the governor's widow, a legend which she illustrated with pictures of herself. She saw publicity people this afternoon who were eager for feature stories, and she told them of her deep interest in women, in working-women, in women who stayed home and cared for husbands and children. Her home, she said, had always been her great devotion. But now, with husband gone—and her clear blue eyes seemed to mist for a moment—and with her stepdaughter grown, there was so little left for her. It made a good story.

After the newspaper people were gone she saw a committee of women who wanted to see her in regard to Minnie Gober, the woman criminal who had been condemned to die. They begged her to intervene, and the governor's widow spoke rather sweetly of her love of mercy and how the world and governments needed the mercy of women to temper them. She said she took a great interest in the Gober case, for no woman should ever be required to face the extreme penalty of the law. If by any chance this matter was deferred until after the election, she would give it grave consideration. The committee of women grew a little emotional. They said that a petition of ten thousand names was being prepared in behalf of the condemned woman and that every one of them would know what it would mean to elect the governor's widow.

"Perhaps it might mean," said Mrs. Butler, smiling slowly, "that more leniency might be extended to the unfortunate. But no one is so far gone, I believe, as to be beyond the power of pity and kindness and a sympathetic heart."

One woman went so far as to remark that Mrs. Butler had the face of a saint.

Evans, and several other men even more notable than he, came to see the governor's widow that afternoon. It was officially a visit of condolence, but other things crept into it—the casual discussion of certain bills which might come up in the next session of the legislature. They explained the nature of them, suggesting that in certain cases there would be no question of a veto, but if the bills were differently framed a veto might be effective.

"I quite agree," said Mrs. Butler as casually as they; and then, smiling: "How do you feel about a woman governor in your part of the state, senator?"

"They're going to be keen for it," said Senator Allen.

"I wonder," said the widow, "if it isn't fair to the public to let it be known, just here and there, that Mr. Creighton and my husband were not so intimate as many people thought."

They glanced at one another.

"You should know best how that relation stood."

"I think my husband had reason to be disappointed in Mr. Creighton." The widow smiled ruefully. "Those things happen. But my husband was such a sterling character. He could never bear anything that wasn't quite honorable. You can see why I'd hate to have Mr. Creighton in my husband's shoes."

"She's got brains," said one of the men reflectively as they drove away, "and she's going to play ball too. A lot better than Butler himself. He wouldn't stand without hitching, you know, half the time. We must let that hint of a break between Creighton and Butler slip around confidentially."

"Think there's anything to it?"

The other man grinned.

"She's an awful smart woman," he said evasively.

The legend of the governor's widow passed from mouth to mouth. Far out in the country districts they knew of her, saw her picture flickering on the screen at the movie houses—grave and tall and black-clad—heard the tales of her perfect home life, her kindliness, her mercy, and of that last wish of her husband. Some said that he had made his wife take a solemn oath

(Continued on Page 147)

John Bagley got his *idea* from the *sun*

FLOWERS, wheat, corn, . . . yes, and tobacco . . . get their sweetness and fragrance from the sun. Virginia's famous blender, John Bagley, discovered that Virginia tobacco sun-cured to a certain stage yielded an aroma and fragrance superior to any in the world. From this sun-sweetened leaf he created a marvelous and delightful blend . . . BUCKINGHAM.

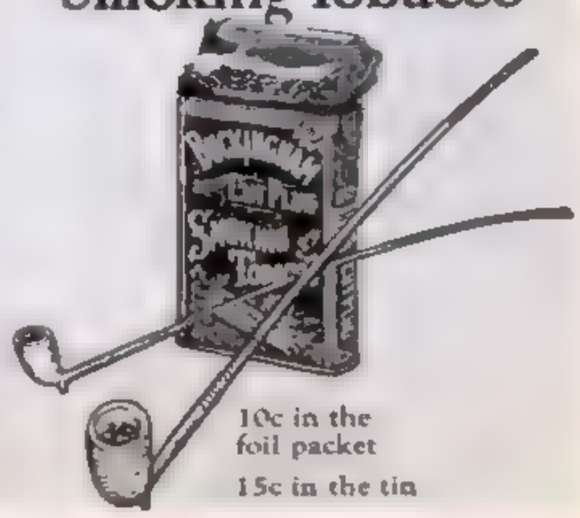
Like to try John Bagley's famous blend . . . BUCKINGHAM? The most fragrant pipe tobacco known? One . . . *totally different!* Step into your dealer's and ask him for a can of BUCKINGHAM . . . sun-cured, blended and aged precisely as John Bagley did it in the Southern days of longago.

Smoke a Pipeful Today . . . in your wife's presence!

If you are unable to obtain Buckingham from your tobacco dealer, just send us his name and 15c—back will come a full-size package

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
New York City

Buckingham
Smoking Tobacco



10c in the foil packet
15c in the tin

KRAFT CHEESE

"The life of the party" may be the luncheon. Kraft Cheese lends its matchless flavor to so many savory dishes that with it your refreshments can be surprisingly new and delightfully pleasing. If you really appreciate good cheese — and most people do — you will demand cheese with the Kraft label.

KRAFT CHEESE COMPANY
NEW YORK — CHICAGO — POCATELLO, IDAHO
KRAFT-WALKER CHEESE CO., LIMITED
MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA
KRAFT-MAC LAREN CHEESE CO., LIMITED
MONTREAL, CANADA
Made and Known in Canada as Kraft Canadian Cheese

Send 10c in coin or stamps for the new and enlarged Recipe Book B2 — "Cheese and Ways to Serve It."
Address, 406 Rush Street, Chicago, Illinois

½ lb. and 1 lb. cartons and 5 lb. loaves

— DECIDEDLY BETTER —

(Continued from Page 145)

that she would succeed him and not let Creighton in. It was romantic, and politics, which loves romance and drama, was savory with it for those first crowded weeks after the governor's widow had filed.

Creighton was not making the headway that he should. It was difficult to fight the kind of publicity that the governor's widow had, difficult to say anything against her or her candidacy. Creighton's managers could only emphasize the record of their own candidate, and that was a sober thing beside the woman's publicity. And the time was short. A couple of months more and the emotionalism which seemed bound to direct the election might have subsided, spent itself. But the untimely death of the beloved governor was fresh in people's minds and the drama of his widow's succession an intriguing one.

Also, the word had gone out by way of many political underground railways that she was the best bet. Yet there were women who were smarting.

"I see red," said Jean Lane to some of the women whom she knew well enough to be frank with; "every line of her publicity is enraging. That Gober stuff she's been pulling in certain circles, for instance. I know for a fact that she gave some of those petitioners a long line of sob stuff about mercy. Then they came to me to get me to sign up and were furious when I refused. Imagine letting a woman in as governor who'd pardon a creature like that Gober woman, or even commute her sentence. It shows what we're up against!"

Mrs. Vancil, one of the most powerful of amateur woman politicians, spoke from beneath the brim of one of her rich, disillusioned hats.

"Governor!" she said. "It's a travesty on everything women have tried to do. I know that Butler woman. I knew her before she married Will Butler. She had nothing but money, and an absolutely inordinate ambition. She used to be in clubs whenever there was a chance to get on some big committee. But she wouldn't soil her hands with suffrage. And she's to be our first woman governor!"

"Well, we're stuck with her, I guess," said Mrs. DuTrott, with her cheerful pessimism. "It's almost impossible to dramatize Creighton, and yet he's the best material we've had for years and we all know it. People ought to be thanking their stars that he'd run, instead of voting for this woman."

"Say that out loud and the men grin and assume you're jealous," remarked Jean; "anyway, most of them will. They talk about woman's inhumanity to woman. I nearly clouted a man yesterday who said something like that to me."

"She'll be controlled hand and foot from the time she gets in," Mrs. DuTrott added.

"And she'll do anything that will get her publicity—any grand-stand play; she always has," said Mrs. Vancil. "This mercy stuff of hers sounds pretty flat when you see her stepdaughter. She used to be a nice child, too, six or seven years ago, when her mother was alive. She was quite a friend of my granddaughter, Helen. But Helen says Rosalie Butler has been going a wild pace for the last year or so, and when Helen says it's wild, it means it is wild indeed. However, the stepdaughter isn't the point. I'm going to arrange a meeting between some of us and Mr. Creighton for tomorrow night at his house if I can. It will be less conspicuous there and we can go over the ground and see what is to be done, if anything."

No, as Mrs. Vancil so logically said, the stepdaughter was not the point. She was not the point of anything, the waif of a girl, who, rather faint from lack of sleep and hollow-eyed under her insolent rouge and powder, left the late governor's house without farewell to anyone. She had a very expensive traveling bag in her hand and the wine-red satin coat she wore had a flaring skirt bordered with strips of seal. When she had worn that coat into a fashionable restaurant for the first time that spring, everyone had remarked upon its clever and extravagant cut rather enviously. But now, on the street, when she was without automobile and chauffeur or destination, it seemed decidedly loud and fantastic and men eyed her, with eyebrows raised, as she walked along. The new fur coat she had left behind her, a flaunting, defiant attempt at payment for the part her stepmother had had in paying her bills in the past. Like most girls who live in wealthy fashion, she had practically no money. She went along afoot, lugging the suitcase, which grew heavier at each step, toward the hotel where she had asked Peter Capet to meet her, when she had called him and told him in her fury that she was leaving the house of her stepmother and would never go back, and that she'd marry him that night if he wanted. She had simply told Peter where to meet her and rung off when her explanation was over.

In the lobby of the hotel, after the first hour, they eyed her curiously. She went into the women's parlor and rearranged her make-up, sitting down again near the door, where she could see everyone who came in. She telephoned the Capet house at length. Mr. Capet had gone out, said the maid who answered. Where? Why, hunting, she believed. He had gone off less than half an hour before with some gentlemen.

The girl, who was not the point, sat down again in the lobby, feeling around in her oddly faint mind for the answer. Peter had ditched her then—ditched her after all his rush, made it as pointed as he could, at that. She laughed a little scornfully and the new maid in charge of the ladies' dressing rooms watched her stonily. She knew these girls who came in to get warm and pick up somebody if they could.

Where the evening papers were being read in homes and in public places, men and women read the political news, with a kind and sad word for the dead governor and much comment on his widow and speculation about the future. But the girl whom the late governor had held in his arms for his last moment of tenderness sat in the lobby of a hotel and had no idea of what to do.

Her head was light and her body weak, and the hotel looked queer and unfamiliar. She thought of her acquaintances with no sense of refuge, and finally her mind swung back in its frantic search for comfort to the time when her mother was alive, to the kindliness of those days.

At last, seeing a man repass the door several times with his eye upon her, and conscious of the contemptuous eye of the maid, Rosalie rose and went to the door, picking up her suitcase again at the porter's desk. The great revolving door of the hotel swung around her whirlpoolwise. The door man eyed her without interest. She no longer looked rich. With fear in her heart and sorrow in her eyes, and alone, she looked only like another waif of the streets, decked in tawdry fashionable clothes that were too thin for the raw night outside.

It was so raw a night that Mr. James Creighton had ordered a log fire made in the library, where he received the committee of ladies interested in his candidacy. There were four or five of them, intelligent and competent women, nonplused at the problem before them, and he confessed that he was as nonplused as they. They spread a map and went over his chances in this and that district, over plans for a speaking campaign throughout the state if necessary. Creighton shook his head.

"Ladies," he told them, "the conventional thing is to claim victory until defeat. But I tell you frankly that the reports I get aren't good. I'm sorry for it. I confess in other circumstances I could put up a better fight. But I've never had to run against a woman before and it's ticklish stuff—especially such a woman."

He spoke without especial rancor, but a kind of smile accompanied the last words, a ruminative smile. For a moment they all hung on that statement of his silently. Then, as someone was about to speak, Mr. Creighton's wife, who had been called from the room, reentered. Her face was disturbed and he glanced at her questioningly.

"I think this is something you should know about—now—Jimmy," said Mrs. Creighton. "Will you come here for a minute?"

Making his apologies, Creighton followed his wife, and the waiting women grew a little restless during the ten minutes of his absence. Then he entered rapidly and they saw at once that the interruption had been important. Creighton looked shaken, but he looked angry and militant too.

"We have met in confidence here tonight," he said briefly, "and something has happened which changes my point of view on this campaign. I am going to tell you what it is, and I am also going to tell other things which I have so far withheld. In the first place I may say now that I entered this campaign at the specific request of the late governor. He wrote me some months before his death, when he was first warned that his condition was serious. He told me of the things he had tried to do, of the state of his health, and did me the honor to say that he hoped, in case anything like this should happen, that I would file as a candidate. He said that, of course, he had no mind to dictate a successor, but that he thought my record would commend me to the people, and other things. It was a great document. In view of the fact that his widow's great claim to election was that her husband urged her to run, I have not wanted to make her seem a liar."

The word came out flatly.

"She was my friend's wife. None the less, I thought it was up to me to file. But tonight I am telling you this because my wife has just taken upstairs the unhappy, somewhat shattered young daughter of the late governor and his first wife, who as far as we can ascertain has been practically turned on the streets by cruelty and unkindness. I had, of course, no idea of this situation. I had imagined the relations of the governor's widow and this child were at least kindly, though I have had grave reason to mistrust her solicitude for her husband's health. But this child—well, by some happy chance she thought in her distraction of taking refuge with us, my wife and me, who were her mother's friends and her father's. She stays here—and the letter written me by the governor goes to the press. Its authenticity is beyond question. I leave it to my friends to do what they can with it. Leave this child out of it. She has had a great deal to bear already. But we will fight Mrs. Butler with her own weapons. She told Rosalie"—his voice hesitated in pity—"that if she left the house before election she would be declared incorrigible. Afterward she might do as she pleased—that to her husband's daughter!"

There was an instant's pause, and then Jean Lane said in the low clear voice that was so like her, "That's the woman who was full of what she called pity for Minnie Gober, a creature with three degenerate murders to her credit. We won't let her be elected, Mr. Creighton. I'm going upstate and fight."

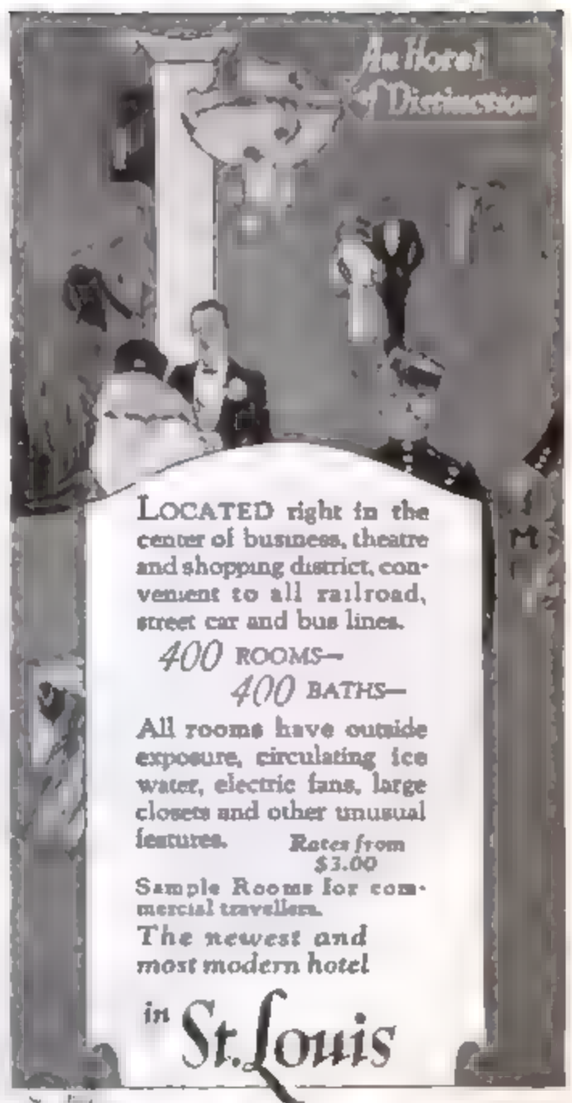
They all rose to go. There seemed little more to be said just then, and the mind of each of them was on that pathetic girl upstairs who seemed to have blown in out of the darkness to shape destiny.

Mrs. Vancil's parting comment was by the way, and made in her own social manner:

"Mrs. Creighton must let me help with the child. I'll send my granddaughter Helen over when Rosalie is feeling better."

Legend was fighting legend for the last ten days of campaigning before the nomination. Evans and his crowd, scenting defeat like rats, had already made plans to cover up the tracks of their advocacy of Mrs. Butler's campaign. Creighton, militant as never before, had taken the stump in his own behalf in a whirlwind campaign through the state. He spoke of his friendship for the late governor, he talked of his own projected policies and he came out with a

(Continued on Page 149



LOCATED right in the center of business, theatre and shopping district, convenient to all railroad, street car and bus lines.

400 ROOMS—
400 BATHS—

All rooms have outside exposure, circulating ice water, electric fans, large closets and other unusual features. *Rates from* $3.00

Sample Rooms for commercial travellers.

The newest and most modern hotel

in St. Louis

The MAYFAIR
Hotel

AGENTS WANTED
The Biggest Money-Maker Ever Offered!
$600 a month

This is Frank De Pries —Read What He Has Done.

"I have been associated with The Fyr-Fyter Company over eight years. I have sold over 14 000 Extinguishers and have [illegible] as much as $7 000 in one year. With the new Model I expect to double my previous record.

WE have many successful workers like De Pries. We need more of them. There are [illegible]

NO CAPITAL REQUIRED

You simply show the full size [illegible] all deliveries and collections [illegible]

THE FYR-FYTER COMPANY
1034 Fyr-Fyter Bldg. Dayton, Ohio

BUNIONS
Quick, safe relief from Bunion pain. Prevent shoe pressure.
At drug and shoe stores everywhere

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone

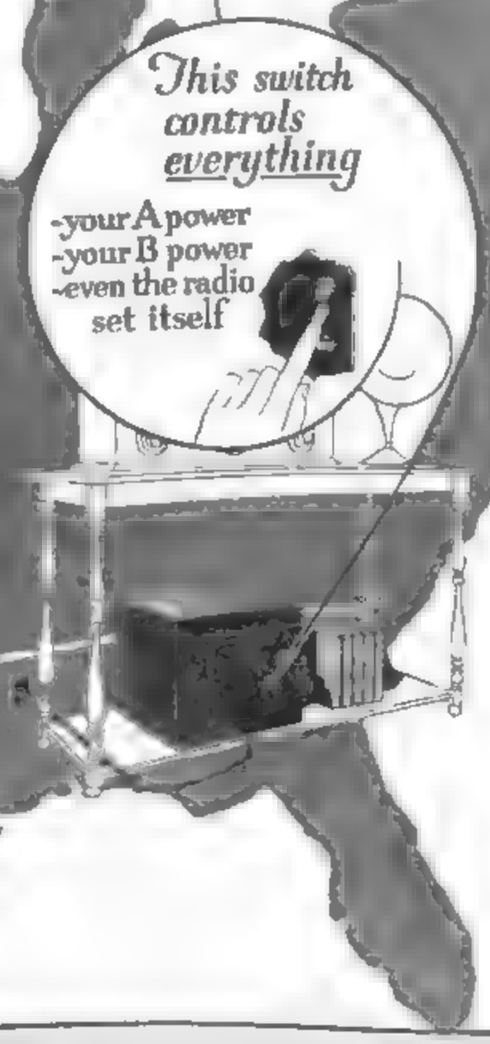
For Free Sample write The Scholl Mfg. Co., Chicago

KINKADE GARDEN TRACTOR
and Power Lawnmower
A Practical, Proven Power Cultivator for [illegible]

American Farm Machine Co.
1000 33rd Av. S. E., Minneapolis, Minn.
Catalog Free

—Then he got his Philco A and B Socket Power

and here's his log for one night
53 stations—*from coast to coast*
at loud speaker volume



"The following log of stations was received by me during the evening of November 18, 1925, on a Radiola Super-Heterodyne Set, 1924 model, equipped with Philco Socket Power "AB". Every section of the country was at loud speaker volume. I credit this fine reception to my Philco Socket Power "AB". Nothing compares with the wonderful way it puts the programs across."

(Signed) J. W. Griffin, *Cedar Rapids, Iowa.*

Time P.M.	Call	City	State	Program
5.50	WOAW	Omaha	Neb.	Story Lady—Miss McLaughlin
6.00	WREO	Lansing	Mich.	Dinner Music—Signing Off
6.00	WOC	Davenport	Iowa	Chimes
6.30	WHO	Des Moines	Iowa	Music
6.32	KYW	Chicago	Ill.	Uncle Bob
6.38	KOIL	Council Bluffs	Iowa	Orchestra—Announcing "Silent after 7 p.m."
6.40	WSAI	Cincinnati	Ohio	Orchestra—"Pal of My Cradle Days"
6.45	WWJ	Detroit	Mich.	Orchestra
6.57	WDOD	Chattanooga	Tenn.	"Stand by until 7 p.m."
6.59	WENR	Chicago	Ill.	"Signing off until 8 p.m."
7.01	KFNF	Shenandoah	Iowa	Piano Solo
7.05	WTAM	Cleveland	Ohio	Organ—"Stars and Stripes"
7.15	WLW	Cincinnati	Ohio	Orchestra—Classical Program
7.18	WQJ	Chicago	Ill.	Songs
7.23	WGX	Detroit	Mich.	Songs from Robin Hood
7.27	WEAF	New York	N. Y.	Hoo Hoo Buddies
7.30	KSD	St. Louis	Mo.	Song—"Because You're Irish"
7.30	WHAS	Louisville	Ky.	Orchestra—"Brown Eyes, Why are You Blue"
[illegible]	KVOO	Tulsa	Okla.	Orchestra—"Pal of My Cradle Days"
[illegible]	WHO	K. C.	Mo.	Songs
[illegible]	WLS	Chicago	Ill.	Time—"Stand by for program from radio show"
[illegible]	WSUI	Iowa City	Iowa	[illegible]
7.50	WBAP	Ft. Worth	Texas	Orchestra
[illegible]	KDKA	E. Pittsburgh	Penn.	Music and Songs
8.20	KFI	Los Angeles	Cal.	Special Road and Auto Trail
8.40	KFAB	[illegible]	Neb.	Talk on Farm Club Work
8.42	WBZ	Springfield	Mass.	Piano Solo from Brunswick Studio, Boston
8.46	KOA	Denver	Col.	Story Man
8.48	WEAO	Columbus	Ohio	Ladies Orchestra
8.50	KFRU	Columbia	Mo.	"Laughing Waters"—Piano
8.50	WCCO	Mpls. St. Paul	Minn.	Farm Talk—Ipana Troubadors
9.15	WTIC	Chicago	Ill.	Orchestra—"Indiana Bound"
9.17	KGEF	Oklahoma City	Okla.	Program from Municipal Auditorium
9.20	WHDI	Minneapolis	Minn.	Orchestra—"Oh Boy! What a Girl"
9.30	WOI	Ames	Iowa	Weather Report
9.30	KMA	Shenandoah	Iowa	Songs by Mr. Cunningham
9.43	WEBH	Chicago	Ill.	Songs
9.45	WDAF	K. C.	Mo.	Orchestra—"Peaceful Valley"
9.53	WOS	Jefferson City	Mo.	Musical Program
9.56	WJJD	Chicago	Ill.	Organ—"Songs My Mother Used to Sing"
10.13	KLZ	Denver	Colo.	Rainbow Lane Orchestra from Shirley-Savoy
10.15	WSMB	N. O.	La.	Cotton Pickers Twins—"Drum"
10.27	WSM	Nashville	Tenn.	Song—"Same Old, Dear Old Place
10.47	KTHS	Hot Springs	Ark.	Orchestra—"Silver Head"
10.51	CNRW	Winnipeg	Man.	"Let us Wake as we say Goodbye"—Song
11.00	WSB	Atlanta	Ga.	Orchestra—"Charleston Back to Charleston"
11.24	WJR	Pontiac	Mich.	Song—"Sleepy Time Gal"
11.37	WMBF	Miami Beach	Fla.	Orchestra—"Smile the While"
11.50	WBCN	Chicago	Ill.	Song—"You Got to Know How"
11.53	KDKC	Houston	Texas	Colored Church Singers
11.58	KPO	San Francisco	Cal.	Silvertown Cord Signs Off
12.55	WEAH	Wichita	Kans.	Song—"Memory Lane"
1.21	KHJ	Los Angeles	Cal.	Orchestra—"Five Foot Two—Eyes of Blue"

Philco "A" and "B" Socket Powers eliminate "B" batteries and all thought about "A" battery recharging. They change your bumpy alternating house current into the smooth, HUM-FREE power necessary for your radio.

Plugged permanently into a lamp or wall socket—snapped "ON" and "OFF" like an electric light.

Philco Socket Power "B" gives FULL-WAVE rectification—therefore HUM-FREE, undistorted reproduction. Has no tubes to burn out—no acid to corrode—no water to add—no high-voltage transformers. Costs only ¼c a day to operate and *can be used on any set.*

For 50-60 cycle 105-125 volt alternating current type..... $47.50

For 25-40 cycle 105-125 volt alternating current type..... $52.50

Philco Socket Power "A" is a complete "A" power unit for 6-volt tube sets. It supplies "A" battery current automatically—without any thought about recharging.

For either 50-60 cycle or 25-40 cycle 105-125 volt alternating current type..... $42.50

Either Socket Power "B" or Socket Power "A" may be used alone, but when used together, one switch controls everything—"A" power, "B" power, even the radio set itself. Snap it "ON" and enjoy your radio. Snap it "OFF" and go to bed.

Philco Socket Power "AB," for 3-volt dry cell tube sets, such as Radiola Super-Heterodyne, has both "A" and "B" power built into one attractive case. Also controlled by only one switch.

For 50-60 cycle 105-125 volt alternating current type $65 00

For 25-40 cycle 105-125 volt alternating current type..... $68.50

(Prices complete—no rectifying tubes to buy)

Philadelphia Storage Battery Company
Philadelphia

Sold and demonstrated by leading radio and music stores and by Philco Diamond Grid Battery dealers.

Philco also builds rechargeable batteries, unique because they may be permanently connected to your radio and safely charged in your living room without changing any wires. Easier than the periodical renewing and rewiring of dry cells.

Philco Standard "B" Battery—a complete Adam brown mahogany-finish replacement for 90 volts of dry cells. Only $19 85!

Philco "A" Batteries in acid-tight glass cases—for dry-cell tubes, $8; 6-volt tubes, $16. Built-in charge indicators.

In rubber cases, subdued mahogany color, $14 85 and up

Philco Radio Batteries are built *Dynamic*—DRY but CHARGED. Their life doesn't start until the dealer pours in the electrolyte. You can't get a stale *Dynamic*. Philco

Buy a Philco Diamond Grid Battery for your automobile

(Continued from Page 147)

ringing denunciation of sentimental pardons for criminals, which caught public morality on its swing back from interest in the Gober case and drove it violently in the other direction. It was Creighton who offered an explanation of Mrs. Butler's candidacy which, more than any other statement, destroyed its inflation as he was quoted throughout the state.

"My friends," he said in that key speech of his, when the tide had begun to turn so strongly in his direction that the great city auditorium was packed with people, "my opponent for this nomination has told the public that her husband asked her to present herself as a candidate, suggested it in the solemn hour of death. I would not impeach the word of the lady, but I knew Governor Butler for many years and I knew this about him: No matter how grave the occasion—he would have his joke!"

He paused and let the wave of laughter sweep over the crowd while the reporters scribbled down his sentence for headlining. His own eyes rested on the girl sitting in the front row with his wife, her thin, pretty face intent upon his words, with intelligence and peace already breaking through its tenseness. Then he went on.

"This state will not ask Mrs. Butler to wear her husband's shoes. They will not fit her. I have no objection to woman governors, nor to woman Presidents if they measure up to their ambitions. But I say this: Let the women come wearing their own shoes, and not those of their husbands!"

After the applause subsided, Jean Lane and Mrs. Vancil found themselves clapping unconsciously on. They looked at each other and laughed.

Still, there were people who heard the election returns with disappointment, especially as they read the lovely statement of the governor's widow given to the press as the news of her defeat rolled in. She had not said much, only that she grieved at having the opportunity for service denied her and her husband's dying wish refused. The reports all stated that she had shown that perfect control and calm which always marked her manner.

THE HORSE THIEF'S SUCCESSOR

(Continued from Page 21)

natural. 'S all right. Say no more about it." With that the stranger and his family dismounted, got into their own car and drove away, the wife smiling wistfully through the rear glass as if to apologize again for a perfectly understandable error.

That rogue was a specialist. Somewhere in the country, likely enough, he is stalking other automobiles, for soon after his arrest he was released on bail and he jumped his bail. But he is only one among a large army; how large may be guessed from the fact that in the files of one agency that is devoted to the apprehension of automobile thieves and the recovery of stolen cars, there are listed the names of more than 6500 of them. This organization, which is subsidized by a number of insurance companies, has the photographs of 1900 thieves who have been convicted. Not only that, but it has card-indexed about 3000 more names of persons who are suspected of being in league with automobile thieves as receivers of stolen cars—fences.

Less than half the 6500 thieves whose records are in the possession of these automobile underwriters are in jail. Presumably the others are industriously engaged in stealing more automobiles. How industrious they have been is indicated by some statistics compiled by the National Automobile Dealers' Association. For example, in New York in 1924 there were stolen 10,064 automobiles; in Detroit, 7187; in Los Angeles, 7326; in San Francisco, 3257; in St. Louis, 3440. In twenty-eight cities where figures were available it was found that a total of 57,331 cars were stolen, while 47,484 were recovered.

Not all the cars recovered in those few cities in which the partial survey was made were found because of skillful detective work. Probably the bulk of them were picked up at the spots where they had been abandoned by those who had stolen them, by which it is not meant that all of them had been taken by prankish boys filled with mischief.

An Epidemic of Holdups

The detectives of one of the largest of American cities were all made to work overtime recently by an epidemic of holdups that occurred nightly between the hours of eight and eleven. Sometimes there were as many as two and three of these robberies in a single evening. Certainly there were at least that many columns of criticism of the administration of the police department in the newspapers after each holdup.

The robberies all conformed to a pattern which suggested to the harassed detectives that the same group of city-dwelling outlaws were responsible for the plague. In every episode the victims told of a sequence of events as orderly in their performance as the mid-season showing of a Broadway success. An automobile would arrive, about half a dozen men would get out, leaving one man at the wheel. The group would crowd into the cigar store or saloon, display automatic pistols, make a few wicked threats and help themselves to the contents of the cash register. Then they would go.

This series of crimes, it was noticed by one of the detectives, synchronized with an epidemic of automobile stealing. Night after night some car was being stolen from the long lines of machines parked in the theatrical district. There was nothing especially significant about that until this detective with the inquiring mind looked a little further into the records and found that every one of the cars so taken had been abandoned a few hours later.

In a city where more than a dozen automobiles are stolen every day, where there is more than a murder a day and only the head of the police department knows how many robberies, the conclusion the detective reached was not quite so obvious as it might seem here. Detectives were posted at each end of the blocks from which most of these cars were being taken. Their orders were to stop any automobile leaving the curb during the period of the various theatrical performances.

Getting a "Deathbed" Confession

In one of these side streets two of the detectives accosted a fifteen-year-old boy, a ragged, dirty street waif of the sort Horatio Alger consistently passed over when he was searching for a hero. His name, let us say, was Tony Malcusi.

"What are you hanging around for?" demanded one of the detectives.

"Aw, I'm watching this car. The owner's gone to a show."

"What'll you get for guarding it?"

"A quarter—maybe fifty cents."

"Get out!" This incredulously from the detective. "You could get more than that snatching hats. Who else is slipping you?"

"You better lay off me or Big Maloney ——"

Big Maloney was a gang leader with rather more political influence in the town than the late Ambassador Bryce ever attributed to such characters in his study of the American Commonwealth.

"Come on, kid, we want to buy you a good supper."

"You better lay off me."

The information they got from that young gangster was not of any great service that night.

Besides, a more important capture was made. It was not exactly a capture, at that. It was a find. One of the hospitals reported to the police the presence of a patient with an unexplained pistol bullet in his thigh. He was a bell boy, and, more important, an ally of Big Maloney.

The detectives went to see him. They did not take flowers or books, as prescribed by the current works on etiquette, but they did take some cigarettes and a sympathetic manner.

"How did it happen?" they asked him.

"I was held up on my way home from work."

The detectives burst into laughter.

"You're all right," declared one jovially.

"We knew you'd say that," added the other, "but we found out all about it before we came here. We talked to young Tony Malcusi. He told us a mighty interesting story."

As a strict matter of fact, Tony had merely told them to go to hell.

"Yes," continued the detective, before the wounded bell boy could take the time to question their statement, "and we have been talking to the doctor here too. He says he's afraid you won't be able to stand the shock of having that leg cut off. 'S uh tough break you're getting."

There was an exclamation of dismay from the victim in the hospital bed.

"Excuse me," apologized one of the detectives, "I want to go see the doctor a minute and see what you can have to eat."

Outside the door, he encountered an interne spotless in white duck.

"What shape's this bird in, doc?" He pointed over his shoulder with a thumb.

"Him?" snorted the interne. "He'll be out looking up some more deviltry in three or four days."

The detective explained a theory he had and asked the young doctor if he thought he could keep the bell boy in bed for about a week.

"Just let me take his temperature," boasted the interne, "and I'll have him persuaded he is about to pass out. I'm a pretty good actor."

Half an hour later that bedridden gangster, with nothing more serious than an antiseptic hole the size of a lead pencil in his leg, had made what he believed was a deathbed statement, explaining that he had been shot by a fellow gangster in a quarrel over the division of the spoils of a series of holdups.

All the robberies, he explained, had been accomplished in good automobiles "borrowed" from the lines parked in the theatrical district.

"We were always sure that way," he told them, "of being at work in a car that hadn't been rapped at headquarters. We knew there was no alarm out for it, because its owner was at a show and couldn't know it was stolen. That's why we always worked between eight and eleven."

The address he gave them as the headquarters of his associates was that of a frame tenement built in what had been intended as the back yard of yet another tenement, one of a myriad of solid-brick structures that formed fortress-like quadrangles on block after block of the city's streets.

"There have been enough detectives killed this year," ruled the chief of the men assigned to capture this gang. "We'll wait until they are asleep."

Clearing Out an Arsenal

At four o'clock in the morning, with policemen armed with rifles posted on the roof and on the street corners of that block, four members of the auto squad tiptoed through a dark hallway and approached the frame building that had grown as a toadstool in the back yard. At a signal they hurled themselves against a door and plunged into a room that they made brilliant immediately with the silvery cones from their flashlights. Their cocked pistols were centered on three thoroughly fear-stricken people—a man, his wife and their child, huddled in one bed. The detectives had made a mistake. Any of them would admit that they felt goose pimples rising on their skin at that moment. They knew they had a desperate gang to deal with and they believed their noise must have put them on their guard.

"You fellows got a nerve," complained the man in bed—for once in a position where he could talk back to a cop. "Why'n't you get after those bums next door?"

"You show us," ordered the detective, "and don't raise your voice."

That time they crashed through the right door and plunged into a room where five men were stretched out in unbecoming slumber. Within the space of five minutes they were handcuffed and whining because they had not been given a decent opportunity to put on their shoes and trousers. They spoke portentously of Big Maloney, and since they were all unarmed, the detectives suffered a painful embarrassment as they thought of all the blue-coated helpers they had brought into the neighborhood

One detective saw a framed picture, an old brewery advertisement, hanging a trifle askew on one of the walls. He looked behind it and saw a wire that disappeared in an old flue hole. Pulling on it, he fished out all the evidence necessary to complete the case. At the end of the wire were four loaded .38-caliber pistols, a dirk and a pair of brass knuckles, the armament of this robber band. Four of that group went to prison for terms of ten to twenty years. The fifth was shot and killed by a policeman who caught him in the act of robbing another cigar store while he was out on bail. As he died, the motor of an automobile he had stolen in order to make his escape was throbbing at the curb.

The Locks on Your Car

There is no form of accountancy by which it is possible to divide the responsibility for such crimes between those who commit them and those whose carelessness supplies the robbers with an unfailing eight-cylinder magic carpet. Nevertheless, one large automobile agency in New York undertook a few months ago to find out what percentage of motorists were scrupulous about locking all the protective devices on their machines.

One hundred cars were examined. Thirty were found to be locked in a fashion that would satisfy even an insurance adjuster. The others were either unguarded by any lock, or else they were merely secured by the ignition lock.

Ignition locks are good things, but they are only insignificant barriers to determined automobile thieves. An inspector of the New Jersey Department of Motor Vehicles was challenged when he asserted before a gathering of automobile men that he could provide himself in an hour's time with a key for the ignition lock of any car they pointed out.

Fortunately for him, they did not indicate one of the makes of cars which do not have the weakness which he was preparing to demonstrate. They indicated a big sedan that drew up to the curb when they went out to make the test. When the driver left it, this inspector strolled over, made a seemingly casual examination of the instrument board. Then he got into his automobile and drove away. In twenty-five minutes he was back and he had a key which fitted the ignition lock of the test car almost as smoothly as did that of the astonished owner, who returned in the middle of the demonstration. To explain how the New Jersey inspector got that key would serve no good purpose and might help to improve the skill of some inept thieves. Be sure of

(Continued on Page 153)

a Record Breaking Greater Year

With sales in excess of 250,000 cars, Dodge Brothers, Inc., have just completed the greatest year in their history.

Had it been possible to produce cars in sufficient numbers, their increase over 1924 would have been even more substantial.

This year the production problem has been mastered. A $10,000,000 expansion program stands completed—and the enormous output of 1925 will be nearly doubled!

Production on this stupendous scale makes possible the astounding low prices announced January 7th.

DODGE MOTOR

Year ... and a still to Come

It makes them possible even though the car is better today than ever before. These are but a few of the vital refinements—

Rich and attractive new colors.
Absolute smoothness of engine operation.
A new snap and elasticity of operation throughout.
Smart and stylish new body lines.
Complete vision from every angle of the sturdy all-steel body.

Dodge Brothers Motor Car has always been an exceptional product. With these refinements, at these new prices, it is without question the greatest value Dodge Brothers have ever offered.

DODGE BROTHERS, INC. DETROIT
DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED
TORONTO, ONTARIO

A DODGE BROTHERS SEDAN AT THIS PRICE!

$895

F. O. B. DETROIT

BROTHERS CARS

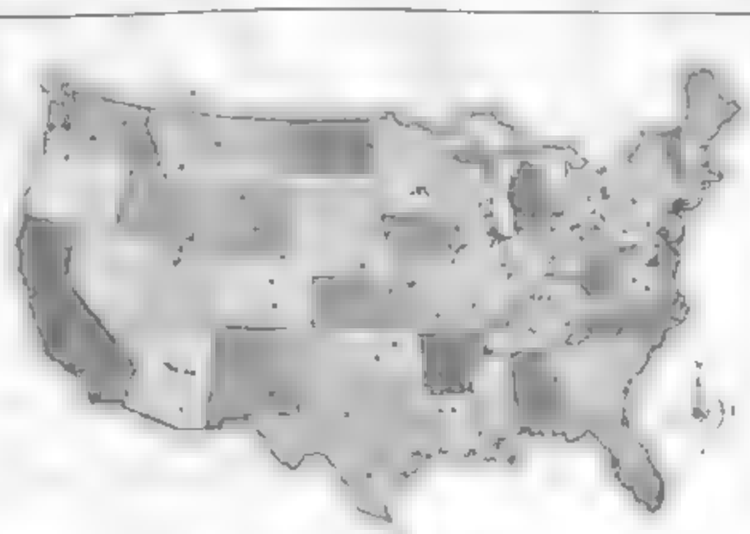
Business Men!

RENT THIS FINE CAR

What you get:
A fine, safe, six-cylinder car, including gas, oil and insurance, for a flat rate per mile.

By the hour, day or week
Pay but a few cents a mile

A National Automobile System sponsored by General Motors. How you can use it



Each dot on this map marks a Hertz Drivurself Station. In many cities there are several stations. To find the one nearest you consult the phone book. If there's one in your town it will be listed under "Hertz Drivurself System." Service in more than 300 cities.

DO you use an automobile in your business? Are you now using your own car? Here is the new way that many business houses are supplying their men with automobile transportation. A way more convenient—more economical, often—than *maintaining* a car.

Now *you* can use one of *our* cars, in whatever city you may be in—drive it yourself, as much or as little as you need—pay only for the actual miles you use.

Service in 300 Cities

Today in 300 or more cities our stations are waiting to serve you. There is a Hertz Drivurself Station near *you*. In each is a fleet of clean, high class open or closed (gear-shift) cars. There is no identifying mark on them—they look, and are, private cars.

Pay Only for What You Get

What it really means is that you can have a car, and pay for it only *when you actually use it*. You do not tie up money in an investment that lies idle.

So carefully perfected is our organization that, at any time day or night, you can get a new car at any Hertz Station on a minute's notice. It will be clean—gassed and oiled—ready for service. We even arrange your insurance for you.

This rental system has been built by the men who established the Yellow Cab idea in America—builders for the great coach systems of New York, Chicago, St. Louis.

The Organization Behind the Hertz System

With Stations in 300 American Cities

THE national Hertz Drivurself System was founded by the men who built and placed in operation the famous Yellow Cabs that you see wherever you go.

Motor coaches built by them serve the cities and towns of all America.

Thus the Hertz Drivurself car you get today is part of one great national automotive system, conceived and executed by leaders in the industry. A service designed to meet the need for an elastic "drive yourself" system for those who want automobile service part of the time, who want to pay only for the actual service they receive.

The name of it is Hertz Drivurself System.

It is sponsored by General Motors, makers of the Cadillac, the Buick, Oakland, Chevrolet and Oldsmobile, and scores of great automotive accessories, and backed by their unlimited technical resources.

Bankers, business men, doctors and lawyers use the Hertz Drivurself System today. Collectors, salesmen, special representatives find they cover far more ground, more economically than by existing facilities.

Go today to the nearest Hertz Drivurself Station (it's listed in the phone book). Meet the manager, introduce yourself. Get one of our identification cards. Our own national credential system in use by thousands of salesmen all over the country.

When you have this identification card you can get a car at any time, anywhere. There's no red tape about it, no bother. We're here to serve *you*.

For full particulars address

HERTZ DRIVURSELF SYSTEM, Inc.
5801 West Dickens Avenue
Chicago, Illinois

Look for this sign in your city

(Continued from Page 149)

this: The ordinary ignition lock is not enough to protect your car against theft.

There are people, of course, who long for the day when a thief will take a fancy to their car. Occasionally all the details of a "consent" case, in which the owner connived with the man who stole his car, have been unraveled; but an amazing picture of the number of such cases in the total of stolen cars is given by one of those wavy-line charts so dear to the hearts of efficiency engineers.

One interested organization which kept such a record discovered that unfailingly, every October, the number of thefts as reflected by that graphic chart mounted to a peak that contrasted with the other months as Mount Everest would overtop the Catskills.

"We don't know that those are many of them consent cases," an insurance-company official told me, "but we have a right to our opinion. In October, many people face the prospect of putting their open cars into dead storage for the winter. We suspect that a number of those who report the theft of their open cars to us during October are merely taking the final step in a conspiracy that inevitably is going to get some of them into jail. They are the ones who regard their insurance as an investment rather than as a protection. Regard that chart as a picture of the morality of some car owners and it becomes a subject for a sermon."

No less dishonest than the owner who connives at the theft of his automobile is the person who buys a car knowing it has been stolen.

"Who are they?" This question made the investigator to whom it was propounded wince. "Who buys the stolen cars?"

"Nine times out of ten," he retorted, "they are people who have a grain of grand larceny in their make-up. Most of the stolen cars I have been instrumental in recovering were in the possession of people who could not help but suspect they had been stolen from their original owners." Then he told of a big raid in Connecticut which resulted in the recovery of about 500 cheap cars.

The Warm-Hearted Stranger

"In that case," he said, "the purchasers were innocent victims of the fence from whom they bought their cars. He was barely underselling the market. The machines we recovered were taken for the most part from farmers who could ill afford the loss. They had bought in good faith. Two men were arrested and convicted as a result of that raid. They were the men who had been selling cars stolen by New York thieves. They had been operating as fences for a year and a half. In most cases, though, the stolen cars are sold for only a fraction of their value, and the purchaser is as deeply involved, morally, as the man who first stole the car."

There was one small garage keeper in a town out in Ohio who became a fence for big-city automobile thieves almost in spite of himself.

One day he was accosted by a stranger who drove up and asked to have the oil in the crank case of his $4800 sedan changed. He was dressed in the height of race-track fashion and there was a horseshoe of diamonds in his cravat. That is the fraternity pin of the race-track gypsies.

"How's business?" asked the stranger with warm friendliness in his tone.

"Huh!" grunted the garage man. "There ain't none."

"Well, why don't you sell some used cars? Some great bargains going these days. It's been a hard year for a lot of folks at the tracks. Think you could get $1800 for this old bus?"

"I'd give you that much for it myself pret' near!" exclaimed the garage man incautiously.

"Partner, you've bought a car."

"But, mister, I haven't got that much cash."

"Can you get it inside a week?"

"I think I can if you will leave the car."

"It's your car. Just drive me to the station."

When the sportily dressed stranger, this time riding in an expensive coupé, returned for his money, the garage man was ready for him with a check on the local bank.

"What'll you give me for this car?" asked the stranger, after making sure that there would be no trouble about cashing the check.

"I just gave you all the money I could raise."

"That's all right. I'll leave it on the same basis. Give you this one for one grand. You ought to get $1800. Trouble with me is I don't know where to find customers. I can get cars easily enough. All my race-track pals are selling theirs for quick money. You know how they are—easy come, easy go."

"Sure! 'A fool and his money ——'" The garage man nodded wisely and turned inside to telephone a doctor friend of his who had the cash to buy a car.

In Too Deep to Get Out

The next time the stranger came back he brought another man. Together they explained an arrangement they had negotiated for getting automobiles seized by the Government from bootleggers. The garage man arranged to take two more cars.

"I got a couple of customers who live across the line in Pennsylvania," he told them. "I got to have a bill of sale with every car I sell there. It's the law in Pennsylvania."

"Yeh," agreed the race-track man; "in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland and Massachusetts."

At the end of six weeks the garage man was beginning to be quite optimistic about business in general. When his two acquaintances visited him again, however, he was informed he would have to pay more for the cars they sold him. He protested.

"Listen," they warned him, "we've been giving you $4000 cars and better for less than a third of their value. We want some of the gravy now. You know as well as we do those cars are bent."

"Bent?"

"Yes, bent; hot ones."

"Do you mean they were stolen?"

"Say, do you still hang up your stocking at Christmas?" rudely inquired the gentleman with the horseshoe tie-pin. "Are you one of those eggs that never hatch?"

"Come into the office," pleaded the garage man.

"Sure," agreed his new partners; and when they were seated, they explained to him that they were confident he would prove reasonable in his future dealings with them.

"Why, I says to Jack here, only this morning," purred the supposed race-track follower, "I says, 'Jack, we'd be foolish to tip the bulls about these cars even if our friend won't come through with more sugar. What would the bulls do,' I says, 'if we did that? They'd grab all those cars he's sold and put him in jail. Don't be rash,' I says."

The garage man was not a complete fool. He had known from the start that there was something off color about the arrangement, but, like a lot of us, he hated to be logical when it was a pleasant dream he was having. He was awake now, and thoroughly frightened.

"I'm through," he said sternly. "I'll sell no more of your stolen cars."

"Oh, yes, you will," insisted his companions, raising their voices. "A word from us and every car you've handled will be taken from the people you sold them to, including the one you kept for yourself and the one your brother took. I guess you'd just about break yourself if we told what we know to the Department of Justice men. You've heard of the national motor vehicle law, haven't you? You've been monkeying with the Government. Remember those cars you sold over in Pennsylvania? Think those hard-boiled D.J. men will take your word for it that you didn't know those bills

"This One Thing put me Over!"

"I'VE just finished my most important business year, a year of horrors, struggle—and success!" writes a prominent Michigan executive.

"One year ago my concern faced a crisis. Failure seemed certain, yet I could also see that success was not far off. I felt that I ought to pull things through, but I couldn't. Something was lacking, something in my own make-up. Call it pep, if you will. Call it anything. I didn't seem to have it. I was like an athlete trying to go through with a contest when he is not in condition.

"Then one day a friend of mine suggested your shoes. He had just discovered them, and declared they had 'made him over.' He talked for an hour, saying they would give me an 'urge' or something. I wondered whether they might not give me that little 'something' I was needing so desperately.

"I started wearing Arch Preserver Shoes, and they made good for me. They actually did give me renewed energy. They enabled me to dig into my work with a new measure of enthusiasm. And now, a year later, my business is safe and prosperous, and going somewhere!

"I can truthfully say that this one thing—the right kind of shoes—put me over!"

The little edge, the little push in the crisis, the little additional energy at the crucial moment—these are the things of which success is made. There are ten brilliant men in the world to every success! Why? There are ten hard workers to every one go-getter! The answer is this little extra something.

Take care of your feet. If they become strained, they annoy you, upset your nerves, dissipate your energy. The Arch Preserver Shoe, with its real "chassis," has a built-in arch bridge that prevents sagging; it has a flat inner sole that prevents pinching. It keeps your feet vigorous and useful—well groomed, too. Made in a range of prices that bring foot comfort and style within the reach of all.

Send for our Check-up Chart and get acquainted with your feet. It may mean a start to success. Use the coupon.

E. T. WRIGHT & CO., INC.
Dept. S-34, Rockland, Mass.
Makers of Men's Fine Shoes since 1876

ARCH PRESERVER SHOE
"KEEPS THE FOOT WELL"

The genuine Arch Preserver Shoe for men is made only by E. T. Wright & Company, Inc., Rockland, Mass.—for women by The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio

Sold by Leading Dealers

No. 250 Cornell

THE ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

The Man's Styleful Shoe on a Real Chassis

The Check-Up Foot Chart—

E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Dept. S-34, Rockland, Mass.
Send me the "Check-up Foot Chart," and name of nearest dealer.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

At Work for Our Navy~

NICHOLSON FILES

Whether the ships of our Navy lie at rest on the Hudson, steam through the Golden Gate or plow the ocean in battle formation, NICHOLSON Files are aboard—at work.

From double bottoms to top masts on the ships of our fleets, they are doing jobs upon whose faithful performance thousands of lives may depend.

These jobs range from filing hatchway combings so smoothly that the compartment doors will always be water-tight when shut, to keeping the wireless in shape.

NICHOLSON Files are bought by the Navy because they are the standard of the World for keenness, durability and uniformity. The Navy knows that in emergency or everyday use, NICHOLSON Files will do their part to preserve its "water-tight integrity."

NICHOLSON U.S.A. (TRADE MARK)

We have an attractively designed booklet—"Files and What They Will Do for You"—waiting to be mailed you on request.

NICHOLSON FILE CO.
PROVIDENCE, R. I., U. S. A.

—a File for Every Purpose

of sale were forged? Come on now, be a man. Play the game."

The other thief broke in then, saying, "By the way, you've been getting cash from some of your customers lately. Your father-in-law paid you in cash, didn't he? And you gave him a bill of sale for an amount twice as big as he paid, didn't you? How would that sound in court?"

They persuaded him not to dissolve the partnership, but three months later his garage was raided by a joint force of government agents, insurance inspectors and state officers. Every car he had sold was seized and he was sent to jail, but the thieves were never caught. It is supposed that they had another confederate in the town whose duty it was to flash them word of any such annoying occurrence as a raid on their fence's garage. Practically every one of those stolen cars had been taken from the places their owners had parked them in Chicago.

One of New York's best known automobile thieves was stopped on the street soon after he had been released from Sing Sing.

"What are you doing?" asked Lieut. Edward Dillon, who is in charge of the automobile-squad detectives of the New York Police Department.

"Say, I'm looking for work," pleaded the ex-convict. "Can't you give a guy a chance?"

"Sure, I'll even help you get a job," said Dillon; "but what have you got in this nice thin package under your coat?" As he spoke he reached quickly with both hands and seized the bundle. His partner grabbed the man before he could run. Then they unwrapped the bundle. It contained four sets of yellow-and-black license plates issued by the state of New York.

Watching New License Plates

Only a few states make it at all difficult for the automobile thief to provide himself with license plates that he can substitute for the legitimate ones appended to the cars he steals. In New York, for example, a thief merely has to ask for license plates, present an easily prepared affidavit and they are issued to him. He can get plates for a supposititious flivver for eight dollars and very few questions asked. Those plates would serve as an excellent disguise for any car he might steal.

There is so much of this in New York that the detectives whose business it is to hunt automobile thieves are quick to observe the occupants of every car they see that bears a high license number, one that is clearly of recent issue.

Two policemen saw such a license plate on a car only a few blocks from police headquarters last summer. It was a smartly equipped roadster. In it were two dark-skinned men and a girl clad in a yellow dress. The policemen promptly drove their own far-from-smart roadster at an angle toward the curbing just ahead of this vehicle of which they were suspicious. Before they could complete their maneuver the men had backed, turned and were roaring away in second gear. The police car was after them through streets choked with midday traffic.

Twice the policeman who was not charged with driving the little car that rode on solid tires fired his pistol. Each time he breathed a prayer, for their course now lay through an East Side tenement street, thick with humanity—scurrying children, fat women and frightened graybeards.

Skidding around a corner, the fugitives' car crashed into a banana peddler's barrow, filling the air with yellow fruit and the curses of its owner. They skidded around the next corner also. They could not have known, of course, that at the precise moment a five-year-old boy was descending from his parents' walk-up flat for an airing in that block. It is not likely they would have hesitated if they had known. Little John was thrown, bleeding, into the gutter and was dead when he was picked up half a minute after the chase had passed.

How to Keep Your Own Car

A few blocks more and the police were distanced. The car was found a few hours later where it had been abandoned, but the thieves themselves have never been caught. Their unpunished escapade was but one of thousands of vicious acts that occur in the United States yearly in connection with the business of stealing automobiles.

Those whose business it is to study the habits of automobile thieves have learned a great deal that might profitably be learned by those motorists who do not regard their insurance against theft as an investment. These thief catchers have observed their quarry as a naturalist might study the habits of house rats. At least they know how to add to the difficulties of the automobile thief. One of them has prepared some rules for his friends. These are:

Do not park your car down a side street unless you can have it watched. Most pilferage losses—spare tires, tools, extra equipment—occur while cars are parked in obscure streets.

Go back to your car a few minutes after you first park it. As a rule cars are stolen within a few minutes after the owner gets out.

Be religious in the employment of every locking device on your car.

If possible, park in a garage.

Equip your home garage with a burglar alarm.

Never leave your car with the motor running.

Remember that the strange urchin who offers to watch your car may be a lookout for some thief.

If you discover someone tampering with your car, call a policeman or some other aid before accosting him. One of the commonest stalls of thieves trapped in this manner is to pretend to be drunk. But the automobile thief more than any other criminal is prepared to shoot his way out of a tight situation. He is as handy with a gun as the horse thief he has succeeded.

Finally, and again, lock your car in as many places as possible.

Sproat Lake, Vancouver Island, British Columbia

"Perfect illumination— low installation cost—economical,"

says the Columbia Terminals Company, of St. Louis

THIS company, operator of one of the country's largest fleets of motor vehicles, wrote us recently as follows "This company operates 97 tractors, 368 Lapeer Semi-Trailers and 51 motor trucks of various sizes.

"Practically all our tractors and trucks that are equipped with magneto ignition are also equipped with Prest-O-Lite Gas, which we have found from experience to be the best system for tractor and truck lighting. It affords perfect illumination. The cost of installing the equipment is very low. The cost of operation is limited to the gas consumption, making the service very economical and efficient."

In other words, Prest-O-Lite Gas, from every angle, again proves itself the best lighting system for heavy-duty truck service.

It provides a safe driving light, *legal everywhere*. Proof against rough roads and rough weather.

Thirty-six big gas-producing plants supply thousands of Prest-O-Lite Stations all over the country. Empty tanks exchanged for full ones by paying a small amount for the gas only.

As manufacturers of storage batteries for lighting trucks, as well as Prest-O-Lite Gas, we will gladly recommend the lighting equipment that has proved best for the service required of your trucks.

THE PREST-O-LITE CO., INC.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND

New York San Francisco

In Canada: Prest-O-Lite Company of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont

Prest-O-Lite Gas

THE BEST LIGHT FOR HEAVY-DUTY TRUCK SERVICE

Rich with Sun-Maid raisins — these pies the better bakers make for you

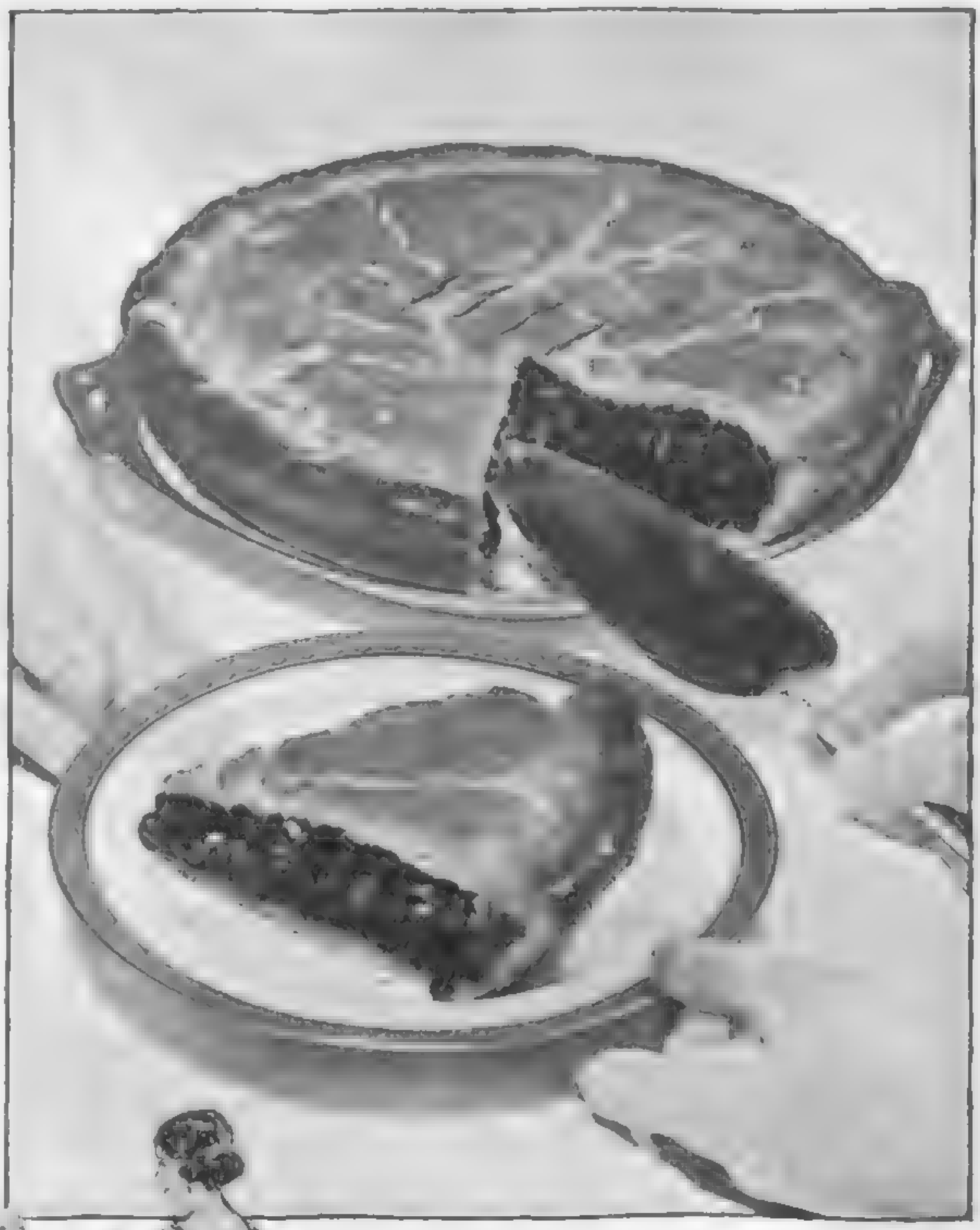
When you buy a raisin pie from one of the better bakers nowadays, you can be sure of this: a crust that's golden brown and tender—a filling of plump and juicy Sun-Maid raisins—a pie you'll like!

For in their success with raisin bread filled with Sun-Maid raisins, bakers have proved the way to please you.

Using Sun-Maid they use *only* the finest raisins. All inferior raisins Sun-Maid converts into by-products, a thing that *only* Sun-Maid can do.

You'll be proud to serve these raisin pies that bakers make for you You'll give your family a treat that millions know when you serve their tempting raisin bread, baked every day and *special* on Wednesdays.

Phone your baker or grocer now.



Most people prefer raisin pie served hot, like mince. And there's reason enough in it, as you may see tonight

Get from your baker one of these finer raisin pies. Put it in the oven till wisps of steam start spurting from the knife slits in the top. Then cut it at the table

Just a touch breaks through the tender crust, and what an aroma greets you! Racy, pungent, foretelling a taste treat rich and rare. That pie is made with *Sun-Maid* raisins

RAISIN BREAD *Special* on Wednesdays

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 36)

Contact with the trade of a department store is a grueling experience for a young untrained girl, especially when she sells luxuries, so called, and not the necessities, so much depends upon the personality of the saleswoman as well as on her knowledge of the goods handled. Customers who have a discriminating sense of values and those, too, who are willing to learn the difference between the real and the spurious are literally a joy forever, because these are the people who ultimately give you their patronage and become your established clientele when you go into business for yourself, as I expect to do this coming year. I shall devote my time at first to securing contracts for planning furnishings, supervising purchases and installing decorations until I have made enough from my fees and commissions to open a shop or studio.

Like a doctor or lawyer or architect, the fee charged by the interior decorator depends entirely upon the case and the client's pocketbook. Contracts may range from the redecoration of one room or one apartment to a whole house, school building, church, clubhouse or suite of offices. Frequently it is worth while to charge only a moderate fee—one hundred dollars or one hundred and fifty dollars for one room—completely decorated—if your client is in a position to bring you more customers, rather than a larger amount, even though much time and thought are given to the work. It is understood, of course, that the fee charged the customer covers only what you consider your ideas and plans are worth in each case. Whether your fee is seven hundred and fifty dollars or one thousand dollars for a house or from two to five thousand for a large building, the materials used for the actual decoration are always purchased by the decorator or under her supervision. It is manifestly impossible for the client to buy from the wholesale dealers. The importers, specialists and department stores handling these supplies sell their stock only to accredited interior decorators who are known to the trade. The decorator thus receives her commissions, which vary from 10 to 25 and 50 per cent, the last-named rate in rare cases, through the difference between the wholesale price at which she purchases and the retail price, which she is legitimately entitled to charge her clients, who are only too glad to be relieved of all responsibility in the matter of selection once they have decided upon the plans and specifications. Even people well informed on other subjects, I find, are quite ignorant of values in these matters and would frequently be overcharged if they did not employ a specialist to represent them.

The chief equipment upon entering this field is your own specialized knowledge. While you serve your apprenticeship you can slowly, but surely, begin to build up your own clientele. A few weeks ago a couple came into the department and asked to be shown a desk of the period of the French Empire. They strolled about asking questions in a humorously patronizing manner. They talked volubly about *objets d'art*, although showing no recognition of the fact that Duncan Phyfe had borrowed from the period they were interested in when I drew their attention to a piece in which the celebrated Philadelphia cabinetmaker of long ago had employed the lyre in developing a particular motif. I finally succeeded in selling them some French pieces and draperies.

Leaning heavily upon a delicate needlepoint chair, while I dared not protest, the man poked his cane at the desk his wife had selected, then sharply rapping the legs, facetiously remarked, "Well, my dear, if this is what you want it's all right I suppose, but it strikes me that Louis' legs must have been awful thin—too thin for beauty."

If this had happened a year ago I would have met this pleasantry with an icy stare or supercilious smile. I know better now. As he looked for approval of his witticism, I remarked jokingly, "It's fortunate, indeed, that designs are not copied from human silhouettes."

"That's right," he replied solemnly without a tremor of a smile. "I prefer the animal designs myself," pointing to a massive Windsor secretary; "solid feet, y'know, and all that; something substantial!"

These people are now among my regular customers. Mrs. M—— confided in me later that I was the first salesperson in this line they had ever met who had not tried to sell them something they did not want or talk art to them, as she expressed it. I am to "do over" the guest wing of their country home, six bedrooms and five bathrooms. My fee will be five hundred dollars. Of this I pay one hundred dollars for a clerical assistant, who will save my time and steps. The commissions will be considerable.

I had not been in the department long before I began to realize that while I was learning to recognize types at a glance—Hepplewhite, Sheraton, and so on—and could talk intelligently about a William-and-Mary highboy, what I needed was a more substantial knowledge of the fundamentals of decoration, also instruction in the basic principles of art. I needed to be trained in the conception of the ensemble, a whole room or an entire building, properly balanced as to measurement, color, and so on. The longer I study the more I realize that good taste must be supplemented by technical knowledge and training, and that lacking this I might remain five years in the store before I would be competent to execute a large order.

It was out of the question, as I have said, for me to attend either day or evening classes in the art centers. So I decided to take the correspondence course, which has been of such practical value to me that I am now equipped to handle, independently, fairly large contracts. Some of the courses investigated lacked expert direction or were too limited in scope, others too expensive. The course I have just completed cost me only one hundred dollars, which I paid in installments. It covers the field from the fixed background—walls, windows, ceilings, floors, lighting, color and color schemes—to furniture and furnishings and historical backgrounds. The twenty-four lessons cover a year's work. There are lessons on American adaptations, choosing, framing and hanging pictures, decorative textiles and principles of combinations. In the final lessons practical business methods are studied—how to secure business, make estimates, and so on. The question of fees and commissions is also taken up.

The antique dealer or specialist in furniture may make a success without much supplementary study, and work out her own plans. This is not true of the well-equipped interior decorator, especially one who is constantly seeking to widen her field.

Short-Length Smith

JOHN SMITH—not his actual name, of course—started in business without a dollar of capital; his schooling was innocent of fractions, grammar or geography. He is now the active head of two incorporated companies which own and operate more than fifty retail lumberyards capitalized at more than $2,000,000. Probably no other retail lumber merchant in America is more widely known because, in making his own way in this most fiercely competitive line of retail trade, he contributed a fundamental idea of consumer economy which has saved annually many millions of feet of choice lumber from the scrap burner.

Quite as important as his big waste-saving achievement itself is the manner in which it was started. He decided that he must put himself in the place of his consumer customers and find for them some substantial advantage, and that if he succeeded in doing this they would reward him with their trade. This principle appears very obvious, but the fact remains that it is far from being overworked. There are many lines of business effort in which it could be applied to a far greater extent than is now realized. In fact it would be difficult to find a business which cannot benefit by John Smith's experience.

As a boy of about ten he went into the Minnesota wilderness and helped get out timber for the mills and ties and cordwood for the railroad.

Young Smith was elected county clerk and made the legal documents his textbooks. He was determined to make something of himself. After his official term expired he sold life insurance—an unbelievable amount of it. Then a local lumberyard owner came to him and said:

"John, you and your brother know lumber from start to finish. I want to get out. Any man who can sell life insurance can beat me selling lumber. Give me your joint note, with your father's indorsement, and the yard is yours on easy payments."

Retail lumber sales are made almost wholly on a price basis. The dealer with the lowest bid usually gets the bill. A difference of only ten dollars often determines which yard makes the sale.

Right here was the rub with the Smith boys: They were forced to compete with a sawmill. They must operate at lower costs or buy lumber cheaper than their competitor could manufacture it, otherwise he would get the business.

From the start John Smith began a determined hunt for some advantage which he could offer to his customers which his competitors were not in position to offer.

Finally he struck pay dirt—in the scrap pile of a big mill—a mountain of short pieces of fine fir flooring.

"It's a shame to throw stuff like that into the burner," remarked the mill manager as they were passing. "But there's no sale for it."

John bought it for much less than half the price for standard-length flooring of inferior quality. The carload contained no pieces shorter than six feet or longer than ten feet. Today many millions of feet of flooring seven inches to twenty-two inches are being sold.

John Smith did not then dream that he had started a revolution in the retail lumber trade of this country. He modestly reminded himself that the proof of his venture would be in selling the short lengths to customers who could be brought to break away from the standard-length tradition. Just after the car was unloaded, a man from a distant township brought in a bill of lumber for a new house and asked to have it figured.

"I'll confess," says John, "that I realized I was facing the acid test of my experiment. Evidently the man had secured my competitor's figures first, for he remarked that mine were satisfactory, but he wished to see the lumber itself. Handing him a piece of the fir flooring, I asked him how he liked it. 'Beautiful stuff!' he exclaimed. 'I wish I could afford it.'

"When I told him that I was going to give him the fir instead of pine, he was astonished and delighted. I showed him the flooring in the pile and he made no comment on the short-length feature.

"The flooring which he hauled away would wear twice as long as standard-length pine and cost him much less. He was proud of his handsome fir floors and took pride in showing them to his neighbors and friends—with the result that they brought me their trade.

"This experience put a lot of courage into me in pushing the short-length idea to the limit. I went after short lengths in siding and ceiling stock and other kinds of lumber. It was the same story repeated—increased trade and satisfied customers. Very soon our yard was drawing trade from localities forty miles away. The short lengths enabled us to expand our trade territory to double that drawn upon by the man who sold us the yard."

Shortly after John Smith began pushing his search for bargains in short lengths a mill man from the Pacific Coast came down to Minneapolis to sell a large quantity of short-length cedar drop siding and ceiling stuff. No dealer wanted it. Everywhere he received the answer: "Your only hope is with 'Short-Length' Smith." The name stuck! Last year his sales of flooring alone, under twenty-four inches in length, amounted to about 500,000 feet.

Reduced to its least common denominator, John Smith's idea was that of saving money to the consumer by breaking down a wasteful but stubborn trade tradition. Deep-rooted trade traditions of this sort have cost and are costing the consumers of this country a vast amount of money, and those who have the vision and the courage to break them down to the advantage of the consumer will reap a rich reward. "Study the consumer's advantage" may sound like a trite and hackneyed slogan, but in actual practice it often brings rich and surprising results. —FORREST CRISSEY.

Staying On After Getting On

AFTER years of long hours of day and night labor, a country physician accumulates a surplus of $50,000. He invests and loses his savings in oil fields in Mexico at the age of sixty-three.

A hardware merchant observes the rigid rules of industry and thrift, and $40,000 is laid away as a measure of his success. All of it has come through the patient toil of the hand and the brain. At the age of sixty-one he invests and loses all in a rock-asphalt proposition in a distant state.

An insurance man accepts at its face value the statement that the law of averages will work in his favor if he will but see a reasonable number of prospects each day. A strenuous life was rewarded with $70,000 on the right side of the bank's ledger. He bought a coal mine. Within two years there was nothing left at the age of fifty-nine.

A farmer and stockman, who knew the meaning of a sixteen-hour day for years, retired with $60,000. A fake horse race and wire-tapping scheme took its toll of $55,000 from him at the age of sixty-five.

Why?

I put the question to Dr. Chas. C Chapin, who has spent much time in studying defective mentality in the state institutions of Illinois.

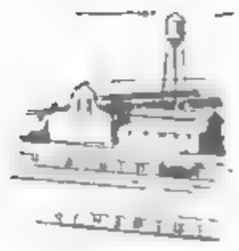
He replied, "The ability to stay on after getting on is often lost through the very things that have built the so-called success. For the moment I am disregarding the inherited defective mentality or defective mentality caused by the sowing of wild oats. It is well enough known that they take a fearful toll.

"But I am talking about those long hours of concentrated physical and mental labor without relaxation—that relentless mental attitude often found in the pursuit of wealth—the flagrant disregard of the laws of health—overindulgence in rich foods afforded by the success secured—all piling a load on the arterial system that it cannot hope to withstand always. The walls thicken and harden. Less blood can be carried and consequently less nourishment. The brain is among those vital organs penalized. There follows a weakening of those faculties of the mind we know as common sense—good judgment and will power. Often there is a reversion to the mentality of a boy twelve years old. The break shows when an unusual strain is thrown on, and then you read of such incidents as you mention.

"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his capacity to enjoy it, or his ability to keep it?"

—JAS. A. WORSHAM.

The Newest Achievements of POWEL



Industrialist—Pioneer Radio

The Crowning Accomplishment In a Career of Radio Leadership

If you have waited for a very low priced radio that gave you all the volume, all the purity of tone, all the selectivity and sensitivity of the costliest set you ever heard—

—visit the nearest Crosley dealer and see the four new instruments that constitute the latest and greatest radio achievement of Powel Crosley, Jr.!

Here, at prices so low as to be literally revolutionary, are three 5-tube sets and one 4-tube set—entirely new in principle, design, circuit, and appearance—entirely unique in the results they give on distant and local stations—entirely unprecedented in the value they now introduce.

Emphasizing the amazing performance and value of two of these sets is the Crescendon, a new and exclusive Crosley feature—an extra volume control by which average incoming signals can be built up until the music booms throughout the house, if desired. For the first time now, this basic principle of extra volume control is offered on low priced 4 and 5-tube tuned radio frequency radio sets, its use having heretofore been restricted to one set costing several times as much as the new Crosley on which it is introduced.

An examination of the new Crosley sets—and a comparison of results with any radio on the market—will clearly reveal why their announcement is destined to be regarded as the outstanding radio triumph of Powel Crosley, Jr. Radio, with all its romance, knows no more magic name than Crosley—simply and solely because Crosley engineering, manufacturing, and distribution genius has pioneered the advancement of radio to its present place in American life.

Powel Crosley, Jr., was the first to offer radio parts at prices that enabled millions to build their own sets; first to market a complete crystal set below $25; first to offer sets using tuned radio frequency amplification and first to combine it with regeneration and the reflex principle; first to erect and operate a remotely controlled super-power broadcasting station.

Then came the now famous Crosley Musicone ($14.75)—an instrument reproducing the entire range of the human voice and music—which, in its first year, became the largest selling loud speaker in the world and which today is replacing other types of speakers with a rapidity that is determined solely by the production capacity of one of the largest radio plants in the world.

As a direct result of this unflagging leadership in radio, there are more Crosley sets in use today than any other make. This fact stands first as a tribute to Crosley quality and value. But it also lends emphasis to the unqualified statement that the new Crosleys offer a measure of performance and appearance never before available at anywhere near the price!

Crosley dealers everywhere are demonstrating the new Crosley sets. We invite you to visit the nearest one. We urge you to go anticipating more than the unusual that the public has come to expect when viewing Crosley achievements of this nature. We ask you emphatically and directly to look for the most startling revelation in radio ever announced in the entire history of the industry—and we predict that your expectations will be more than satisfied!

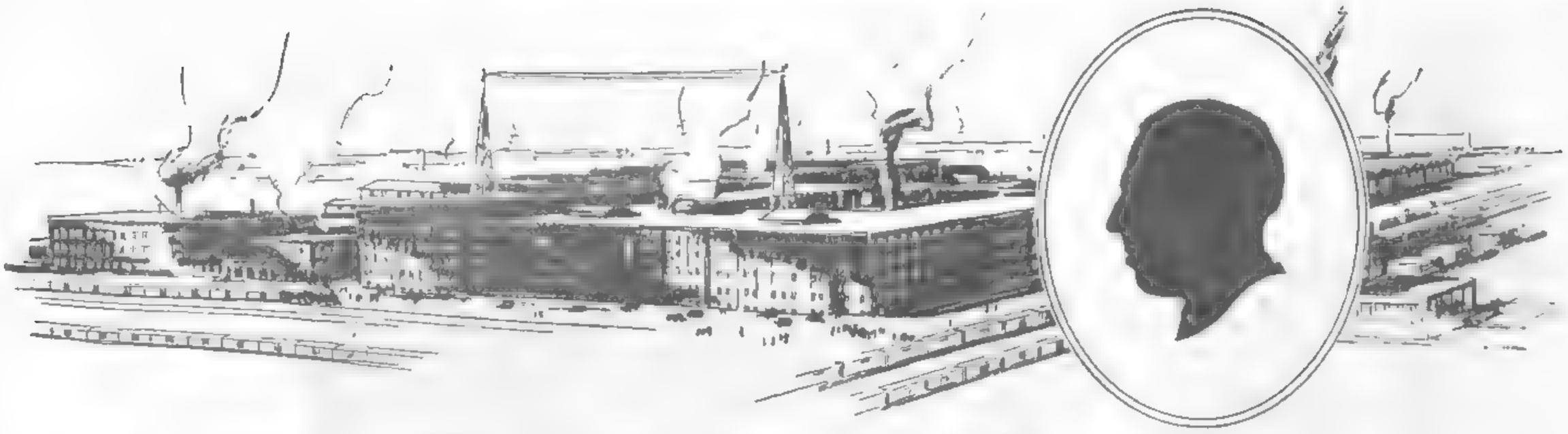
Crosley manufactures radio receiving sets which are licensed under Armstrong U. S. Patent No. 1,113,149, or under patent applications of Radio Frequency Laboratories, Inc.

West of the Rocky Mountains all prices as published are 10% higher.

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION, CINCINNATI, OHIO

Owning and operating WLW first remote control super-power broadcasting station in America.

CROSLEY

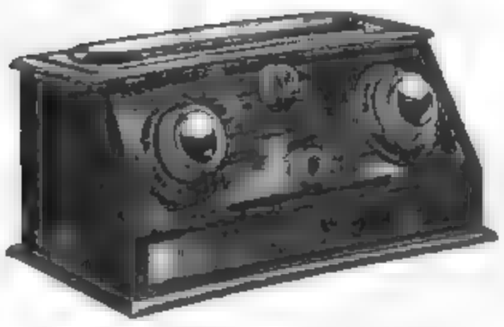


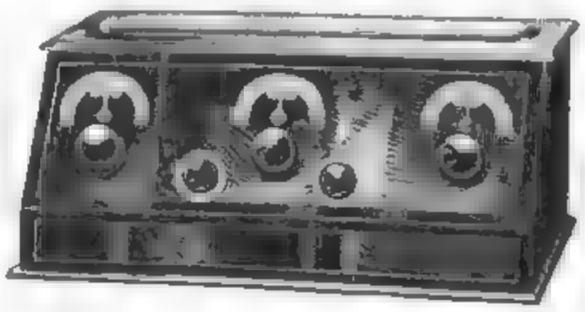
CROSLEY JR.

Builder—Master of Mass Production

Four Entirely New Radio Sets—

Definite improvements on ideas heretofore found only in the high priced field!





The Crosley 4-29 and 5-38 New 4 and 5 Tube Radios

With a New Amplifying Device Improving Volume and Selectivity

Crosley 4-tube—4-29

Using only four tubes, this attractive set delivers an extraordinary performance because the Crescendon control is equivalent to one or more additional tubes of tuned radio frequency amplification. Scarcely audible signals from distant low-powered stations can be built up to dancing volume, and local high-powered stations cut down to a whisper without impairing the tonal quality. Attractively cabineted in hardwood, finished in two-toned mahogany, the 4-29 is destined to win a popularity that will be sensational even according to Crosley standards. Without accessories

$29

The Exclusive Crosley Reserve Volume Feature

Crosley 5-tube—5-38

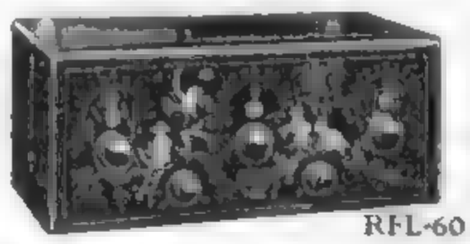
On the basis of exhaustive laboratory tests during development, the 5-38 is offered as capable of exactly duplicating any standard 5-tube set in volume, selectivity, sensitivity, and tonal qualities. In addition it incorporates the Crescendon for extra volume on those distant stations which do not ordinarily operate a loud speaker to satisfaction.

Imagine any good 5-tube set lifted into the realm of the extraordinary simply by the turn of a dial—and you have the new Crosley 5-38! Hardwood cabinet, handsome two-tone mahogany finish. Without accessories - - -

$38

The CRESCENDON

How often have you been receiving some very attractive distant program in volume insufficient to operate the loud speaker satisfactorily? How often have you wished that there were some way to build up the volume up and flood the house with music? Heretofore, no set provided such a knob or dial which, almost by magic, would swell that signal into a full, impressive crescendo. Now it is offered as an exclusive Crosley feature—alone a sufficient reason for selecting a Crosley above all other sets. It is the Crescendon. Every radio owner and lover should not fail to have it demonstrated by the nearest Crosley dealer.



RFL-60

Genuine R. F. L. Circuit Five Tube Sets

Incorporating TRUE CASCADE Amplification

Crosley 5-tube—RFL-60

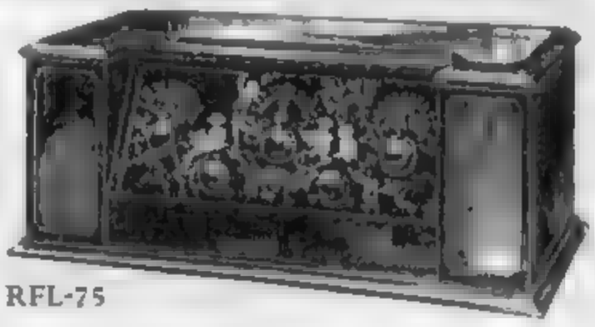
An entirely new and patented circuit that provides true cascade amplification largely through the use, in each radio frequency stage of a complete Wheatstone Bridge whose balance is practically uniform at all wave lengths. Thus is achieved a cumulative amplification heretofore deemed impossible and closely approaching the theoretical maximum of efficiency per tube. Non-oscillating at any frequency, non-radiating, and cannot be made to howl even if mishandled. A set so marvelous in its performance that its appearance on the market will automatically create a new standard of comparison. Solid mahogany cabinet, oil rubbed finish. Without accessories - - -

$60

Crosley 5-tube RFL-75

This, the most luxurious Crosley ever offered, is unique in the remarkable degree of selectivity it provides. Absolutely non-radiating and completely fool proof, Crosley RFL sets are recommended for satisfactory performance in the hands of inexperienced operators. Stations can be accurately logged and reappear at the same point on the dials as long as the wave length is unchanged. For accuracy, simplicity, and speed in tuning, for clarity and fidelity in tone, for decorative beauty and value—the Crosley RFL 75 stands unchallenged. Hear it once and no other radio set will ever quite satisfy you. The solid mahogany, duo-toned cabinet holds all batteries. Without accessories

$75



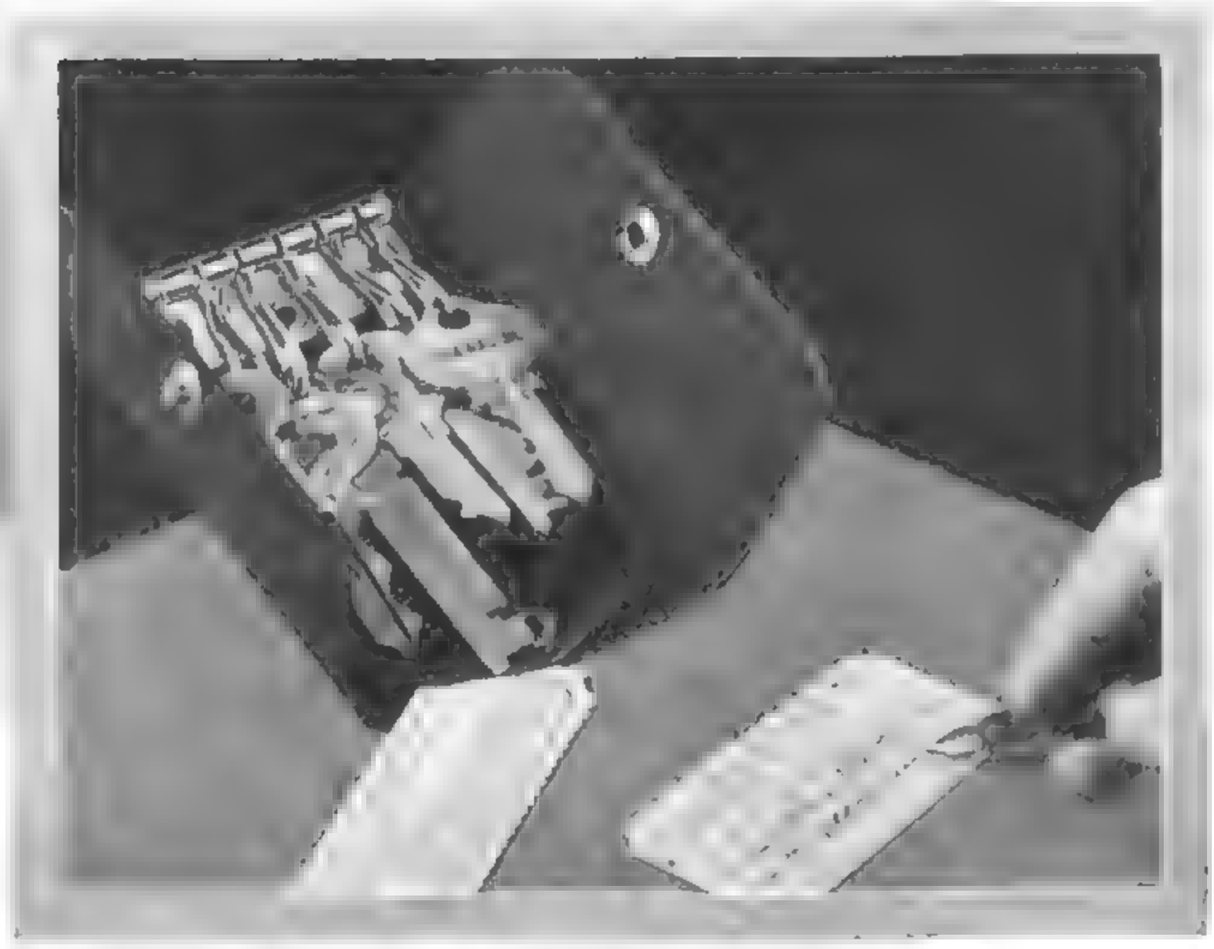
RFL-75

RADIO

Almost every day Buxton returns somebody's lost keys Owners everywhere are saved from expense—delay—irritation, by this service that only Buxton renders

Key Return Service

These two cards carry the same number. One you fill out with your name and mail to Buxton. The other, without your name, but bearing your number, stays in the Keytainer and offers a reward to finder for return. Buxton offers this service free of charge.



All over the nation

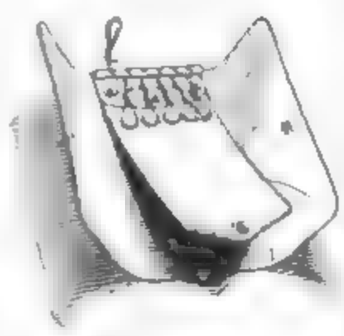
this service brings back lost keys

LOST keys—missing keys—tangled keys! Everyday nuisances that cause you endless trouble. The Buxton Keytainer does away with all this—keeps your keys conveniently arranged—brings them back if you lose them.

The Buxton Key Return Service safeguards your keys against permanent loss. It is surer than the "Lost and Found" column—yet absolutely safe because it never reveals the owner's name.

No. 02-6, the most popular of Buxton Keytainers—$1.00; of rich brown cowhide. 6 swivel hooks; each hook holds two keys. Keys are in perfect order—no tangling or crossing of hooks

Strong one-piece hump-lock hooks that revolve in the Keytainer. They do not bend, break nor get out of order.



This pocket flap gives double strength to the Keytainer—keeps it always in shape—prevents spreading at the ends.

Every year this nation-wide service returns thousands of lost keys. Many hundreds of dollars have been saved through their prompt return. And people are constantly being spared the irritation and delay that always follow keys that are missing when needed.

No more loose keys—No more key rings

Now instead of a tangled mass of metal, bulky and uncomfortable in your pocket—you have a slim, smooth case—luxurious in appearance—convenient for everyday use. There are no sharp edges to wear through pocket linings; to ruin the delicate fabric of hand bags. Your keys are always perfectly organized and out of the way until you need them.

For one dollar you can get a Buxton Keytainer—made of sturdy brown cowhide, strong, durable, richly-finished. And there are other beautiful Keytainers in suede, pigskin, morocco, pin seal—in a wide range of prices. You will find the Buxton Keytainer a new convenience for yourself or a useful attractive gift for your friends.

Leading jewelers, department, leathergoods, and stationery stores carry Buxton Keytainers. A wide assortment at around a dollar. Drop in and examine them—or let us send you the "Book of Buxton Keytainers." BUXTON, Inc., 895 Main St., Springfield, Mass., *or the Canadian Distributors, The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.*

What the Buxton Key Return Service means to some of its owners

"Wish to thank you for the very prompt manner in which my lost Keytainer was returned."

"Was very glad to have the Keytainer which I lost in Detroit returned. It would have been difficult to duplicate those keys."

"Your service is ideal. Received my lost Keytainer back. I have no words to express my satisfaction for your service."

"Wish to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of my lost Keytainer. Your Return Service is most highly appreciated."

"I am much indebted to you for returning my lost Keytainer which was of great value to me. I was much surprised at the promptness of your service."

BUXTON KEY·TAINER

PACING FATHER TIME

(Continued from Page 20)

When an American factory makes a new-style watch the first model is made by the master mechanic, a man with a thorough knowledge of mathematics through calculus, metallurgy and other sciences. Drawings are made of the new watch and also of new machinery, if necessary. With a few assistants he then starts to build up the new watch, part by part, all made by hand. After months of that hard work he begins experimenting with balance wheels of different weights, extremely slight variations but important, and with various hairsprings and mainsprings. Experimental work of that sort may go on for many more months, until finally comes the day when he is satisfied.

The model watch is carefully taken apart, the components gauged to the tenth part of the thickness of a fine hair, and more drawings are made for the construction of dies and tools to manufacture the parts in huge quantities.

Quantity production with extreme precision has been the American contribution to the watchmaking industry and made possible a wide diffusion of extraordinarily fine timepieces.

The highest-grade Swiss watches are made almost entirely by hand—a principle quite different from that which prevails in American factories. Those watches are more expensive than the American, and the parts are not interchangeable because a great many of the Swiss parts are made to fit each individual watch. Cheaper grades of Swiss watches are made by a system of labor unheard of in this country in the watch industry. That is the *termineur* system, with the work farmed out to thousands of individuals, and from rough blanks these people assemble the watches.

I am often asked for advice on the selection of a watch. I can do no better than to paraphrase Polonius' lines and suggest that a man or woman should buy a watch as costly "as thy purse can buy, but not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy." The watch should be selected on the quality and reliability of the movement. For the purchaser of limited means, it is far preferable to get the timekeeping qualities and service from a good movement than it is to buy a fine case and poor movement.

How to Select a Watch

Two points every buyer of a watch ought to know are these: First, this question of a reliable movement, with the maker's name stamped upon it; and, second, the question of jewels in the movement. Generally speaking, the better the watch the more jewels it has, from seven to twenty-one or twenty-three. Jewels are placed in the mechanism to save wear wherever there is considerable friction. Reliable watchmakers as a rule indicate on the movement the number of jewels it has. Certain unscrupulous watchmakers, however, will stamp a movement as having a large number of jewels, whereas the truth is that the jewels may be stuck on simply for ornament or to deceive.

It is far more important when buying a really good watch to inquire whether it has been adjusted for temperature, position and isochronism, which means that a watch so adjusted will run evenly under varying conditions. Changes in temperature affect all mechanisms, because metal contracts or expands with cold or heat and because the lubricating oil runs sluggishly or easily as the thermometer goes down or up. American factories, and a few European, have refrigerating plants which permit of this testing, and the watches are adjusted with the thermometer readings at forty, sixty-six and ninety-two degrees. Position will also affect the running of a watch, and to correct that tests are made with the movement running in the case face down, face up, pendant up, pendant to the right and pendant to the left. That permits of testing in all possible positions to determine variations in friction at the jeweled points. In adjusting for isochronism the tester takes account of the fact that the balance wheel runs through a larger arc when the mainspring is fully wound. To make the watch run regularly, despite the tension of the mainspring, certain changes are made in the hairspring which causes the balance wheel to have a regular rate of vibration.

One further principle that determines the buying of a watch is its rate of accuracy. Every watch varies a little and, generally speaking again, the more expensive the watch the more accurate it is likely to be if the watch is not abused. Railroads permit a variation of thirty seconds a week in the watches of their engineers and conductors. Jewelers who say, when they sell a watch, that it will not lose or gain time at all know little about watches.

A Timepiece Within a Coin

Professor Willis I. Milham, of Williams College, an astronomer, has worked out a theory that a seven-jeweled watch over a period of two months ought not to vary more than twenty seconds a day. A seventeen-jeweled watch, adjusted to temperature, three positions and isochronism, should not vary more than three seconds a day. The finest watches, with twenty-one or twenty-three jewels, should not vary more than one second a day.

Such watches must be given ordinary care, and the estimates are made for watches in everyday use. It may be possible to get to a closer degree of accuracy under laboratory conditions, such as prevail in observatories and the Bureau of Standards, but the average man is not especially interested in that phase.

The great range of prices for high-grade watches—from $50 to $1500 for a plain case without gems, to $5000 or more for one with a jewel-studded case—makes the selection of a gentleman's watch an easy task. In ladies' watches there is virtually no limit to the cost, depending upon the number and quality of jewels used for ornamentation on the case.

In ordinary trade I have seen ladies' watches cost as high as $10,000. The finest specimen sold in recent years in this country was priced at $15,000. It was a ladies' wrist watch, made of platinum and onyx, encrusted with jewels, with a slice of diamond for a crystal. A still more expensive watch, exhibited last year, was valued by the owner at $20,000. The case was made from an Austrian gold coin struck to commemorate Franz Joseph's fiftieth anniversary. The coin was split in two and an extraordinarily thin movement inserted.

When I started to sell watches and clocks the favorite watch with our customers was a huge affair; size eighteen, it was called. English watches, now a rarity in the market, were our chief stock, and I still remember the joy I had when I sold some particularly fine example by Frodsham or Tobias Johnson. American and Swiss watches soon began to make a bid for popular favor in our city, and today our sales are confined to them alone.

Since I have been a watch salesman the most startling change has been in the size and shape of the case. Other improvements have been made, such as the universal substitution of the stem-wind for the old key-wind watches, then later the addition of stem setting for the hands to replace the old lever, refinements in regulation of watches, the use of removable jewels in ready-made settings, the introduction of the friction balance staff and the employment of safety barrels to inclose the mainspring, so that if it breaks suddenly no damage shall be done to the rest of the movement. But the greatest improvement has been made in the outward form of the timepiece and in the introduction of wrist watches for both men and women.

The large eighteen size watch soon gave place to the size sixteen, and now the most desired size is that known as number twelve. Those numbers stand for the thirtieths of an inch by which the movement diameter exceeds 1 5-30 inches. For example, the twelve size is 1 17-30 inches, the sixteen size is 1 21-30 inches and the eighteen size is 1 23-30. When a watch-movement diameter is 1 5-30, the size is commonly called O size, which was the usual size for a ladies' watch. They now prefer even smaller sizes.

In addition, the cases have been made thinner as well, until we have watches that are almost waferlike and weighing from twenty-five to forty pennyweight or less, as contrasted with one formidable specimen I saw that weighed 285 pennyweight.

Shapes of watches, too, allow for a wide personal choice, for besides the round watch we have the square, cushion, octagon, decagon, pentagon, tonneau, tulip, pansy and rococo. Some of these are unusual, but they scarcely compare with the famous death's-head watches that Mary, Queen of Scots, owned, or the countless varieties of beetles, crosses, coffins, birds, and the like, that ancient worthies carried when watches were new in the world—and frightfully expensive.

The first wrist watch was worn by Queen Elizabeth, who on New Year's Day, 1572, received as a gift from the Earl of Leicester a ruby-and-diamond-studded bracelet watch. In the days of Beau Brummell and other dandies, men wore the same kind of timepiece. It was not until 1905 that the fashion was revived in this country for women, and not until 1908 for men. The European war gave a stimulus to the wearing of wrist watches by both men and women, although the fashion fell into disfavor, so far as men were concerned, immediately after the war. In the past two years, however, there has been a revival of the masculine wrist watch, and sales today are excellent. Despite popular misconception, the timekeeping qualities of a wrist watch are quite as good as those of a pocket watch of the same price, provided that reasonable care is exercised.

No Excuse for Lateness Now

People living now can remember as children how time would vary from one town to another and even from one section of a city to another. In New London, Connecticut, for instance, three kinds of time prevailed, and other cities, particularly in the Middle West, went through the same distracting experience. Railroads used as many as seventy different standard times. Three years after I started as a salesman two railroad trains met in a head-on collision in Ohio. Investigation showed that the watches of the two engineers differed by four minutes. Webb C. Ball, a jeweler who had been called as witness, worked out a plan for watch inspection for railroad employes and that plan is now in use on virtually every railroad in the United States.

The railroads then helped to make time more uniform in this country. The work of the Naval Observatory at Washington in coöperation with the Western Union Telegraph Company was another aid, and now in the past few years the growth of the radio from a scientific toy to a means of general education and entertainment has contributed to the synchronization of the nation within its various time belts. Radio communication has also made it feasible for ships to follow standard-time zones at sea in the same way as standard-time zones are followed on land.

Time signals are sent out twice a day, at noon and ten P.M., from the high-power radio stations of the United States Navy; the information being furnished by the Naval Observatory in Washington and a similar observatory at Mare Island, California. These signals are picked up, practically

New Speed Way Shop

SIX COMPLETE MOTOR DRIVEN TOOLS

THE SPEED WAY SHOP is a compact and powerful group of motor driven tools and equipment which operates wherever you have a light socket. With Speed Way Shop you saw, turn, grind, buff, clean and drill. The things you can do are endless.

Nothing will bring greater joy to the mechanic or tool lover, to all "boys under 90" who like to make things, than this Speed Way Shop

Motor Driven—Saw, Lathe, Grinder, Buffer, Cleaner, Drill

Attaches to any lamp socket. All packed under pressed steel case (not shown above) with lathe bolted to platform.

	9	11	4-in Wire Brush
	10	18	
			Washer
	4 7-in Wheel	22	Steel Cover
	15 Arbor and Flanges	23	The Well Known
	Cloth Buffer		SpeedWay Motor

Only $10 Down—Easy Payments

Five minutes after receipt you can have the chap at the ing Pay as you enjoy it. Use the Shop for pleasure or profit

Write Today For Full Information

Every tool in the "Shop" is high grade for regular work. A money maker for the small job man. Write today

Electro Magnetic Tool Co.

Department 18

1828 S. 52nd Ave., Cicero, Illinois

(Adjoining Chicago)

Too Old—Too Busy—Too Inexperienced To Earn MORE MONEY?

No Sir!

Proof? This coupon will bring it.

Clip and Mail

Box 1624 c/o SATURDAY EVENING POST

248 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

How may I earn more money?

Name

Street

City State

200 Sheets 100 Envelopes $1.00 POST PAID

high grade clear white bond paper

Name and Address Printed Free

print

National Stationery Co., 2472 Lincoln Highway, Batavia, Illinois

WARMTH WHEN YOU WANT IT

Welsbach

SELF-LIGHTING

RADIANT GAS HEATERS

When It's Zero

WHETHER it be a small bathroom or a large living room that is cold, a radiant Welsbach gives immediately a delicious warmth, a glowing, cheery warmth—Welsbach special heat—that makes you comfortably at peace with the world.

Day or night, whenever more heat is needed, you simply turn the self-lighter key and at once you have heat. Mothers of babies and young children especially value the quick, dependable, economical warmth a Welsbach provides.

You will enjoy this comfortable heat for years to come if you select a Welsbach Heater at your dealer's today.

Write for Folder

illustrating and describing ten beautiful models of Welsbach Heaters.

WELSBACH COMPANY

Member American Gas Association

GLOUCESTER, N. J.

Self-Lighter

Nine exclusive features are nine reasons for the exceptional efficiency and service of Welsbach Radiant Heaters—nine reasons why you should insist upon the Welsbach name if you want the most radiant heat for the least money. The self-lighter is one of the exclusive features. $15 to $95 (East of Mississippi)

instantaneously, by various commercial broadcasting stations with a wave length suitable for the ordinary receiving set.

At five minutes before the hour, either twelve o'clock or ten o'clock, the sending stations begin to transmit a series of dots at the beginning of each second of time. The twenty-ninth second is omitted in each minute and the last five seconds are likewise omitted in each minute so that the signal counter may make preliminary observations before the closing signal. At the close of the final minute the last ten seconds are omitted. At the exact hour a long dash is transmitted. The beginning of that dash marks the hour.

I have said nothing so far about unusual watches, such as the repeating watches that you and I have read about in the Sherlock Holmes detective stories and elsewhere. I am reminded of those by a woman who bought such a watch from me the other day to give to a blind friend.

These watches are of various types, and grow in complexity, as they are intended to strike the hour, the quarter hour or the minute. By pressing a small lever on the case the owner of such a watch can hear first the hour, struck on a small gong, and then the quarter or the minute on a second gong. The watches are complicated and expensive, but greatly sought after by the man of means.

Stop watches that will record durations of time to within the tenth of a second, calendar watches to show the day of the month or the phase of the moon, and astronomical watches to indicate the heavens at various seasons, as well as watches intended for fine motor cars, all have some demand by those who desire the unique, even though the cost may come high.

Gifts and Give-Aways

Watches have played parts in the lives of many great men. Napoleon, after the Battle of Marengo, gave his general, Murat, a magnificently wrought watch with the Bonaparte likeness on the outside case and the rim set with pearls. Sir Walter Scott carried a plain substantial gold timepiece made in Edinburgh. Both watches are in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York as part of the world-famous Morgan collection.

Probably the smallest watch in the world, although that distinction is disputed by a timepiece owned by the Sultan of Morocco, is in the same museum as part of the Sternberger collection. It is no larger than a peppercorn, and it is set in a finely etched gold pen. Another curiosity near by is a watch, snuffbox and music box combined, all superbly enameled, and scarcely larger than a man's thumb. In the Hearn collection in the Metropolitan is an enameled butterfly watch with the dial set in the insect's body. The enameling is an exquisite blue and the gewgaw was intended, perhaps, for some blue-eyed beauty of an age long gone.

Standing in the presence of such marvels he must be a clod indeed not to have the imagination stirred. What was in the mind of Napoleon when he gave the watch to his subordinate? Was it a hint that Murat must give his whole time to the man who was pictured on the case? I like to speculate on that thought and wonder why he did not give him a sword, a ring or some other keepsake. Perhaps it was to remind Murat to be on time always.

It reminds me of another great general, Washington, who chided his secretary for tardiness after the secretary had complained that his watch was slow.

"Then you must get another watch or I another secretary," said Washington.

Numbers placed by the manufacturer on the movement or inside the case have solved many mysteries, not only in the history of crime but in noncriminal matters as well. Some years ago this section was stirred up by the murder of a jeweler. He had been robbed and beaten to death. Policemen and the jewelers' protective association searched the entire country for the assailant. The jeweler's watch was one of the articles stolen. Apparently it was indistinguishable from thousands of other watches.

Fifteen years passed. Then a story developed rapidly. From accounts that were pieced together at the trial, it appeared that a man hopped off a train at the town where the murder had occurred years before. He walked to a place in the country outside the town and under a tree in a lonely spot he dug up several articles, including a watch. He took it to a jeweler in a near-by city.

That jeweler, who happened to be the son of the man who was killed, jotted down the numbers of the watch in his repair book and thereupon made a discovery. The numbers were those of his father's watch. The stranger was arrested, tried and convicted of murder. He is now serving a life sentence.

The Last Resort

Even distance proves no bar to identification through watch numbers. A detective friend of mine discovered a ladies' watch in a New York pawnshop that had been stolen in San Francisco eight years before. Two sleeping-car porters, meeting in Chicago as their trains stood side by side in the train shed, were the confederates in the transaction and the watch ultimately found its way to New York.

Incidentally, did it ever occur to you how often a watch, stopped by the collision of two trains or two motor cars, has definitely established the exact time of the accident? The exact time is often of great legal value, as in a will case, as many a lawyer's experience will show.

Speaking of pawnshops, a man's first thought when pressed for money is to pledge his watch. Not long ago a famous timepiece that Washington once gave to a friend bobbed up in a pawnshop. In New York City between 3000 and 5000 watches are pawned every day and in smaller cities also the watch is the chief reliance of the money-lending profession.

Although their operations have not affected the high-class jewelry trade, a band of swindlers are now working a clever scheme, within the law, to defraud pawnbrokers.

Employing a formula just invented in Germany, these men have perfected an imitation platinum closely resembling the genuine metal. Aluminum, tungsten and nickel are the chief ingredients of the base alloy, which withstands the black-stone test used by every pawnbroker. The imitation will not pass the second test with aqua regia, but the thieves have been successful because they know that very few pawnbrokers use the second test unless they are unduly suspicious.

Watchcases resembling platinum are made of the cheap alloy. With the peculiar round-particled sand that comes only from Barnegat a beautiful dull finish, "butler's finish," because it is like the effect produced from time immemorial by a butler's palm on silver, is imparted. The inside of the case is stamped "plat." In the fashionable opera-model watch the imitation is worth from forty to fifty dollars. If made of genuine platinum the cost would be $500.

Wearing well-tailored clothes, the man who does the active work explains to the pawnbroker, apologetically, that he is temporarily short of funds. He suggests twenty-five dollars as a possible loan. The pawnbroker makes a quick calculation. He guesses the pledgor will return for the watch. The broker suggests a loan of $150, a sum seemingly far below the pledging value of the watch, but sufficient to insure a good interest return. The pledgor is grateful and he disappears forever.

Those fine old English bull's-eye watches are being used by thieves in an ingenious way. Those watches carry hall marks; devices much sought after by collectors. Thieves remove them, fuse them to inexpensive flat ware, conceal the lines of fusion

(Continued on Page 165)

In China they say:

設想襪帶繫頸上。君必時易一
新双。巳黎
牌號無金質。
黎一巳）
襪一黎
不接皮膚致
帶一襪
作癢。問君
（帶
今朝買一付。精
神振起步舞爽。

All of which means: *If garters were worn around the neck you'd change them frequently*

Single Grips
25c to $1

Double Grips
35c to $1

PARIS
GARTERS

NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

Time for a fresh pair?

© 1925

A. STEIN & COMPANY CHICAGO NEW YORK LOS ANGELES TORONTO

hour after hour at 60 *with* ELCAR

SIXTY miles an hour amazes no longer, as a burst of speed. But maintained hour after hour consistently and without shaking things loose—how many cars can do it?

The new Elcar Eight-in-Line does it as often as it is asked to, and the reason is three-fold—Elcar engineering, the Lycoming Eight-in-Line motor, and the *complete Swan System.*

Better carburetion is obvious with your first ride. The Swan System—Carburetor and Fuel Distributor [exclusive on new Elcars]—is the latest engineering development for the proper use of present-day fuels.

Easier starting • • • smoother idling • • • faster acceleration • • • greater speed • • • tremendous power • • • surprising economy • • • you will be astonished at the measure in which you find these qualities in the new Elcar.

The Swan System is a complete two-unit system. First, a carburetor that properly prepares the heavy "wet" gasoline of today, incorporating a dash control so that the fuel ratio can be instantly adjusted to meet varying conditions. Second, a fuel distributor (intake manifold) that assures equal and uniform distribution of the mixture to all cylinders.

ELCAR MOTOR COMPANY, ELKHART, INDIANA

Builders of Fine Vehicles since 1873

ELCAR

Swan System

Equipped

(Continued from Page 162)

by corroding them with raw potatoes, and pass off the whole piece as a bit of rare and valuable silver.

The clock business does not make up a great part of the total business done by this store, but it is nevertheless important and interesting.

Hall clocks have long been a hobby of mine because I believe there is no timepiece that challenges our admiration and awakens the imagination so much as that type, especially if it is an antique. In my own home I have a clock that is 165 years old, made in Narberth, Wales, by John Morgan. My wife's mother had it in her home in London, and some years ago she sent it to us with the wish that it be handed down to our daughter. It has been in the same family 145 years.

The same observations that I made concerning the care of watches apply to the care of clocks. Some people do not know how to wind a clock, for we often receive clocks which their owners say will not run but which we find simply need winding. Some people give the winding key two or three turns and expect the clock to run twenty-four hours. A clock should be wound at least eight or nine times, or until it cannot be wound any longer. In regulating a clock the regulator should never be moved more than 1–32 of an inch at a time. The regulator should never be pushed from one extreme to the other.

Guaranteeing Good Time

Guaranties are misunderstood by some people. Certain clocks are guaranteed for a definite period to cover workmanship and material, but we have found customers who have attempted to have their clocks repaired under that guaranty when the clocks were dropped or otherwise abused. Occasionally we have found persons who will buy a low-priced clock, run it five or six years and then send it in for repairs, instead of throwing it on the scrap heap and buying a new one.

The largest clock in the world, considering the dial measurement, is on top of the Colgate factory in Jersey City. The heaviest clock is in the Metropolitan Building Tower in New York, one of the most beautiful specimens of tower clocks in the world.

In buying a clock of the pendulum type the prospective buyer should remember that though such a clock is an excellent timekeeper, it is useless in a place that is subject to vibration. Clocks of this type cannot be used in the top of such lofty buildings as the Woolworth Building, or aboard ship.

Of superstitions that attach to watches and clocks, there is literally no end. Everybody has his favorite story of a timepiece that stopped when some member of the family died. Somewhat akin to that is the myth that the painted clocks in front of jewelry stores always point to the exact time that Lincoln was shot or the time that he died.

Another superstition deals with the turning back of the hands on a watch or a clock. Disaster is supposed to follow that action, although, as a matter of fact, no harm will follow, not even to the watch or clock in most instances. The exception, however, is the striking watch or clock.

Life Extension for Father Time

Incidentally, while speaking of the hands of a watch, I am frequently asked how it is possible to adjust the second hand to make it conform with the minute hand. The answer is "don't!" Such adjustment should be made by a watchmaker. He uses a camel's-hair brush to stop the balance wheel and then adjusts the minute hand to the second hand. It is a task that requires the steady, trained hand of the skillful watch expert.

Timepieces have claimed the study hours—many, many of them—of some of the world's brightest inventive geniuses. From the days of James Watt down to the present day of Henry Ford, inventors often have started as watchmakers. Mr. Ford, before he turned his attention to the ubiquitous vehicle that may be seen on every road from here to Singapore, constructed a watch with two dials, one to show railroad time and the other local time. He became so interested in the craft that he seriously contemplated the manufacture of watches by quantity production at a cost of thirty cents a watch.

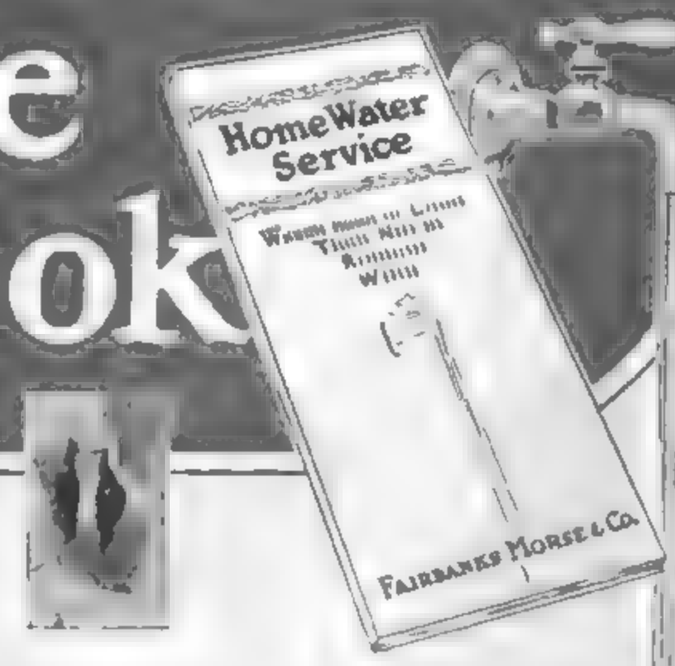
The point I want to make is this: That a mechanism so complex as to engage the mental activity of mechanical geniuses should be treated with respect by those of us who know little about machinery. I have a friend of mine, a real-estate broker, who drives me almost to nervous prostration by swinging his watch from the end of his chain, like an athlete warming up for the hammer throw. He paid more than $500 for that watch, but he treats it worse than he might have treated a toy that cost but a few cents.

Millions of dollars are spent every year to answer that ever-recurring question, "What time is it?" But millions are wasted by thoughtless people who should take a moment off to think about the wonderful mechanism they carry in their pockets or on their wrists. If such men and women would follow the advice of their jeweler as they follow the advice of their physician they would save their watches as they save their bodies. Life extension is possible for both.

Water Carriers, Village of San Juan, New Mexico

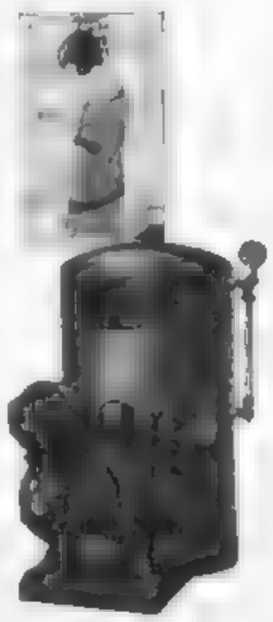
Mail The Coupon

Free Book



ON RUNNING WATER

for those whose homes are beyond the water main



200 gallons per hour capacity pump, 60-cycle motor, 35 gallon galvanized tank, complete $123.00

120 gallons per hour capacity pump, 60-cycle motor, 8 gallon galvanized tank, complete $84.75

Above prices are cash, f. o. b. factory. Also larger sizes for engine or electric drive, for deep wells, and specially low priced

YOU expect, of course, to have running water, even though the water main does not reach your home. This book is to help you. It tells how easily you can have water under pressure—how you can have a modern kitchen sink—modern bathroom—modern laundry tubs—with shining faucets and all. It answers all the common questions about what is needed to install the Fairbanks-Morse Home Water Plant—now used in thousands of homes. There is no cost—no obligation. We give you the book absolutely *free*. Merely send the coupon with name and address.

Lower Cost Water Service

Remember that a Fairbanks-Morse Home Water Plant is built by experts. We have installed hundreds of municipal water systems in cities and towns of all sizes. We have built *quality* pumps of all kinds for many years. The Fairbanks-Morse Home Water Plant is correctly designed, finely built and proved in service. It is simple, easily installed, noiseless, *automatic*, self-oiling and trouble-proof. There are sizes for all needs from 120 gal. per hour to 5000 gal. per hour capacity. Among them is an outfit that is just what *you* need. Each and every one is built to give the most dependable service *at the lowest cost*.

Just send the coupon. Get the 32-page free book. Read all the vitally interesting facts it contains—things you ought to know before buying a water plant. Write name and address plainly, please.

FAIRBANKS, MORSE & CO.
Manufacturers Chicago, U. S. A.

FAIRBANKS-MORSE
HOME WATER PLANTS

Fairbanks-Morse Products "Every line a leader"

FAIRBANKS, MORSE & CO., Dept. L-2-A
900 S. Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Please send copy of your 32-page Home Water Plant book at once.

Name

Address
My source of water supply is
☐ Lake ☐ Spring ☐ Stream ☐ Deep Well
☐ Shallow Well ☐ Cistern

An amazingly small piano

Astonishingly low in price

NO wonder there is such a sweeping demand for this astonishing little Studio Piano! Its small size and remarkably low price have put pianos in thousands of homes that could not have them before. And, in addition, music lovers have found it the perfect instrument for practice and pleasure in studios or apartments of restricted space.

It stands but 3 feet 8 inches high—this beautiful little Studio Piano. And yet Wurlitzer has omitted nothing in its construction. It has the full 7⅓ octave scale. The famous Wurlitzer golden tone is there—rich and sonorous low notes, clear bell-like middle and upper tones. And the case is a masterpiece of design and artistic woodworking.

See it at the dealer's and you will be fascinated by its compact, graceful beauty. Run your fingers over the keys and you will be delighted with its superb, mellow tone. Learn the price and you'll know that, at last, your dream of owning a piano can now be realized.

Prices, $295 and up. Studio Player, $445 and up. Prices F. O. B. Factory. Easy terms can always be arranged.

THE RUDOLPH WURLITZER MFG. CO., *North Tonawanda, N. Y.*

Principal Wurlitzer Stores

NEW YORK, *120 W. 42nd St.* • PHILADELPHIA, *1012 Chestnut St.* • BUFFALO, *[illegible] Main St.*
CLEVELAND, *[illegible] Euclid Ave.* • CHICAGO, *329 S. Wabash Ave.* • CINCINNATI, *[illegible]*
ST. LOUIS, *[illegible] Olive St.* • SAN FRANCISCO, *250 Sutter St.* • LOS ANGELES, *[illegible] Broadway*

Sold by Wurlitzer dealers everywhere

WURLITZER

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Studio Piano

PIANOS • ORGANS • HARPS • MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

SCIENCE AND EVERYDAY LIFE

(Continued from Page 15)

geophone permits ordinary conversation to be clearly heard through a fifty-foot coal pillar. These instruments are used in rescuing miners, in establishing the positions of approaching tunnel headings, in determining the drift of drill holes and in locating leaks in water pipe and compressed air lines. A new electric microphone is so sensitive to sound that one can hear a worm chewing at the interior of an eight-inch apple. Fruit growers may use this device to test crops.

The invention of the prismatic ring represents the most important step on the road to radio movies. By means of this device a fine point of light is made to travel across a photographic plate in a succession of parallel lines, the strength of the light constantly changing in conformity with the varying strength of the incoming radio signal. In practical use this prism will enable people in their homes actually to see a football game or other interesting event as well as to hear the cheering. We may watch a President inaugurated, or the chiefs of our Army and Navy may sit in their headquarters and view all that a lens looks upon as it is carried in a scouting airplane.

Keeping the Steel Men at Home

A new German invention, the episcop, projects images of solid objects on a screen in such perfect relief that the result is almost startling. The apparatus already has a field in studies of anatomy, crystals, minerals and botanical objects. Another appliance recently introduced into the electrical field foretells the approach of a storm fifty miles away. A bell rings louder and louder as the storm draws nearer. This device is being used with much profit by power-and-light companies. The reason is that during a storm all our electric light plants must generate additional power to take care of increased requirements. Years ago men were placed on towers or other elevated points with spy glasses to notify the light companies of the appearance of clouds.

Radical changes are taking place in the current practices of many industries. For instance, our steel industry now gets its iron from ores averaging better than a 50 per cent iron content. Ores of a lower grade are not even being mined or shipped for treatment. This means that, with our present growth continuing, the steel industry of our country might be compelled to move its center of operations within twenty-five or thirty years to richer fields in Brazil or Newfoundland. Minnesota scientists, appreciating this situation, have perfected a method that burns up everything but the iron and the silicate instead of melting the ore and running the impurities off as molten slag. This system, called metallizing, makes possible the treatment of low-grade ores that carry as little as 25 per cent iron. This opens for use our immense deposits of low-grade ores, and also makes it possible to burn the cheapest fuels.

String Bean or Paper Rugs?

A way has been found to harden and temper lead, thereby producing an admirable metal for sheathing telephone cables. Duralumin, the wonder metal, is so light and yet so strong that a girder of it capable of holding six men can be lifted with two fingers.

The secret of how to make gold lighter in weight but greater in volume has been discovered; and another line of research has developed a scheme to produce sheets of gold so thin that photographs of objects can be taken when a sheet of the gold foil separates the camera and the object. A layer of nickel produced by this same process is so fragile that it has only thirty layers of atoms piled on top of one another. These delicate metal membranes will doubtless make many sounds audible that now lie beyond the limits of human or instrumental apperception. A practical result will likely be the improvement of tonal qualities of sound-reproducing devices in the radio, telephone and phonograph fields.

By means of a soda process a large motor company has succeeded in producing a binder board of good quality from wood pulp derived from hardwood. This effects a large economy by utilizing all the scrap pieces of wood from the body-building plant. In Austria the newest thing is to procure fibers from string beans by beating the pods, and then spin these fibers into a coarse thread for carpets, curtains and upholstery. The bean yarn submits to bleaching and printing, and has become a competitor of hemp and cotton.

Here in our own country paper yarn is being made from wood pulp and woven into rugs and carpets of many designs. The paper is first dyed and turned into huge rolls. Then it is cut into narrow strips, twisted into thread and specially treated. The woven product has no odor and can be washed and scrubbed. Another interesting textile development is the electroplating of cloth with a film of aluminum. Though the resulting fabric is waterproof, it is not impervious to air like the cloths coated with rubber, wax or rosin. This scheme is an outcome of war research, and one company

(Continued on Page 169)

Experimenting With Artificial Lightning to Determine the Best Means of Protecting Buildings

Millions Read These Advertisements Last Spring —*And Profited!*

MILLIONS of car owners today are profiting from PERFECT CIRCLE *oil-regulation*, because they read and *acted* on these advertisements last spring. You, too, can enjoy the economy and satisfaction that PERFECT CIRCLE *Oil-Regulating* rings bring by having them installed in *your* car. They stop oil-pumping; make possible 1000 or more miles to the gallon of oil, and lengthen the life of cylinders, pistons and rings by positive lubrication. Dealers everywhere sell and install PERFECT CIRCLE piston rings. If you do not know a PERFECT CIRCLE dealer in your city, sign name in lower margin, tear off and mail today.

INDIANA PISTON RING COMPANY • HAGERSTOWN, INDIANA
J. H. TEETOR, *President* C. N. TEETOR, *Vice-President and General Manager*
Export Sales Department, 549 West Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

Patented
March 29, 1910
May 2, 1922

TEETOR
Perfect Circle
PISTON RINGS

OIL-REGULATING TYPE, 60c and up
(One to a Piston)

COMPRESSION TYPE* 30c and up
*For best results, always use PERFECT CIRCLE Compression rings in combination with the PERFECT CIRCLE *Oil-Regulating* ring.

PERFECT CIRCLE Oil-Regulating Piston Rings

P 18

Tell me the name of the nearest PERFECT CIRCLE dealer. My name and address are written below.
(If a dealer, write for further information.)

National Leadership

VICTOR

Standard Adding Machine

$100

f. o. b. Chicago

WITH nearly 100,000 Victors in use by business of all classes—including the largest corporations—the success of this Standard Adding Machine is now so firmly established that its commanding position is everywhere acknowledged.

Victor concentration on the Herbert Hoover one-model idea made the $100 price possible and brought the machine itself to the highest point of mechanical perfection known to this industry . . . with the result that we can now do a thing hitherto unconsidered with an intricate mechanism, viz., leave the entire work of selling to the machine itself, regardless of the inexperience of the user.

Read, at the right, about the Victor Unqualified Free Trial. Phone your Office Equipment Merchant today for this remarkable trial. Or write your name and address in the margin of this page, tear off, and mail to the Victor Adding Machine Co., 3900 No. Rockwell St., Chicago, Ill.

$10 *down*

$10 a month

On monthly payments, $110

UNQUALIFIED FREE TRIAL

Somewhere in the routine of your business there is need right now for a Victor Adding Machine. Without spending a penny, you can readily convince yourself of this fact. Just phone your Office Equipment Merchant for an Unqualified Free Trial of the Victor. Unlike the ordinary trial offer, which carries the implied intention of purchase if satisfied, the Victor Unqualified Free Trial does not place you under the slightest obligation or restriction. We want every business in America to know the Victor.

— Special Victor Features —

- —Visible adding dials
- —Totals automatically printed in red.
- —Subtotals in separate color.
- —Triple visibility, consisting of adding dials; printed figures; and keyboard.
- —Million dollar capacity.
- —Full-size standard keyboard
- —Non-add key with indication.
- —Repeat or calculating key.
- —One stroke totals.
- —Rapid handle action.

SOLD THROUGH THE OFFICE EQUIPMENT MERCHANT

(Continued from Page 166)

is already turning out 36,000,000 yards of this electroplated cloth annually.

The increasing cost of lumber has greatly stimulated research in the field of wood substitutes. The framework of our civilization is now sand, stone and clay, instead of wood. One problem has been to find a way to substitute concrete poles for wooden ones in electric-transmission lines. Solid-concrete poles, reënforced with steel, were not uniform and were unable to resist electrolytic action. Now we have a method where the metal reënforcing and the concrete are placed in a mold which is rotated at high speed. The centrifugal action forces the concrete outward and through the reënforcing steel, completely filling all spaces and leaving the center of the pole hollow, with dense walls. Plugs are used to provide for the subsequent fastening of cross arms and climbing steps to the poles. This innovation means fewer poles and a lower cost of maintenance.

A modification of this same method has come to the aid of the manufacturers of cast-iron pipe. These pipes corrode and lumps of rust form inside them reducing the bore of the pipe. No solution for the problem could be found until someone hit on the idea of producing a cement-lined pipe. Now a mixture of cement is distributed over the interior surface of the pipe while it is being revolved horizontally on rollers. The insides of the pipes are now almost as smooth as porcelain and water companies are saving tens of thousands of dollars.

Some eighty-five per cent of our rural highways are natural earth roads. The coming of the automobile has made it necessary for science to try to improve this type of highway. One proposal for a top covering is to use 93 per cent local sand and 7 per cent asphalt. In some Southern states a mixture of sand and clay is proving satisfactory. In the West, one practice of recent origin is to mix from 2 to 5 per cent of high-grade lime with the top surfacing of dirt roads. This prevents excessive rutting and the clinging of clay to the feet of animals and the tires of automobiles after rainfalls. Instead of sticking, the clay-and-lime mixture packs down quickly and lends itself readily to dragging.

Oil Instead of Coal

Research in the cement industry has disclosed information that is adding years to the life of the modern road. It has been found that the quantity of water used in mixing concrete is just as important as the quantity of cement. It is now known that keeping a concrete road wet for ten days after it is placed, instead of letting it dry out, increases its resistance to wear by two-thirds. The cement now generally employed is so fine that three-fourths of it can be shaken through a sieve that will hold water. The use of the thickened edge in the design of concrete roads effects a saving of about 390 cubic yards of concrete a mile. At ten dollars a cubic yard, this discovery alone makes possible an economy of $3900 a mile.

Even in the great field of rail transportation, the wall of conservatism that restricted progress for so long is being broken through by the heavy guns of science. No matter whether it is plants, animals or machinery, progress seems to come in spurts. Technical folks refer to these times of change as mutation periods. Rail haulage is now entering such an era. The deadly monotony of identical types is coming to an end. A new French locomotive uses steam first in a high-pressure turbine and then passes it on to low-pressure turbines. These operate a dynamo which supplies current to eight motors, one on each axle. This engine is said to be four times as efficient as the units in use today. Diesel electric locomotives, now being introduced both in Europe and America, lay claim to high efficiencies and fuel savings running as high as 60 per cent.

It is generally acknowledged that the possibilities for further economies in steam locomotives are very limited. The modern engines now in service utilize for useful work only about 5 per cent of the energy stored in the coal or oil burned under their boilers. Even the friends of the steam locomotive do not anticipate an efficiency of more than 8 per cent for this type of machine in the future. Compare this with the newly perfected oil-electric locomotive that can apply at least 20 per cent of its energy to useful work under conditions not especially favorable. In actual practice, the new oil-electrics are moving freight at one-quarter the cost of that moved with steam. Bearing in mind that the total fuel bill of our American railroads averages $500,000,000 annually, the possible saving from this new machine reaches an enormous total.

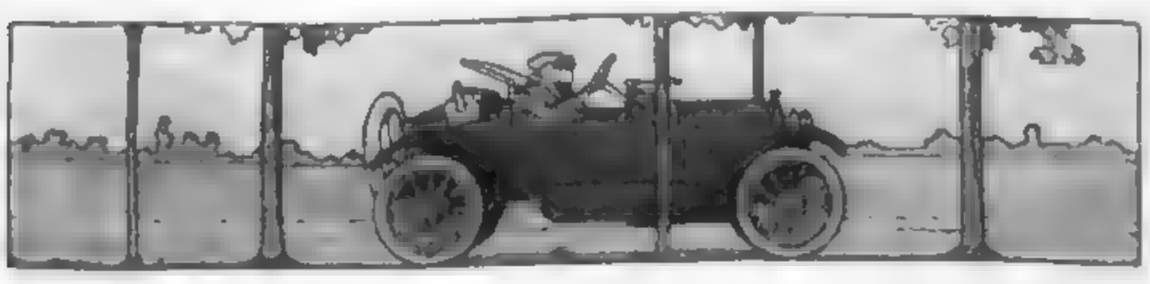
Smokeless Transportation

The prediction is made that, if adopted generally, the new type of locomotive will reduce railroad expenses an average of at least 20 per cent a year. Stand-by losses will be decreased and the maintenance of power per ton-mile of freight moved will be cut in half. There will be a gradual abolition of turntables, coaling plants, ash pits, water stations, and a reduction in the size and number of shops and roundhouses. Perhaps the greatest advantage of this new traction unit is the fact that it can be introduced gradually and worked with steam locomotives without the necessity of the companies spending a lot of money on a broad program of reconstruction. It is this necessity for large outlay and radical change that has prevented the rapid electrification of our transportation systems.

The oil-electric locomotive may not be the final answer to our problem, because our petroleum reserves have a very limited life. But it is a comforting thought that we may be relieved even temporarily of the smoke, dirt and noise of the steam engine. Smokeless traction also means a material appreciation in land values, and once it becomes a realized fact, it will take a lot to force us to go back to smoke and waste on our railroads.

Five trunk lines entering New York City have placed orders for the new type locomotive. On one road a six-day test against a steam engine showed that while the latter's fuel and lubricating cost was $73.35, that of the oil-electric was $11.90. This new type of locomotive can haul a passenger train from New York to San Francisco without refueling. The use of these machines can properly be considered as a form of electrification in which the power plant is carried in the locomotive.

Several railroads are experimenting also with gasoline-driven railroad cars. One-car and two-car units of this type are being put into operation on thin traffic lines where steam trains are unprofitable. This is one answer of the railroads to the competition of the motor vehicle. The one-car rail unit never has to worry about muddy roads. A Diesel oil-electric car that recently completed a run across Canada may bring further radical changes in railway motive-power economics. This car is sixty feet long and will carry fifty-six passengers, with baggage. The fuel cost over one 334-mile stretch was only $3.50. Lubrication was



The tool for the working eye—

EYE muscles and brain cells do less work when you view still objects—just as a still camera does less work than the motion picture type. You can see still objects in almost any kind of light if you have a fair amount of it and don't have to hurry.

But in factories people, machines, belts, gears—sometimes needles and fine threads—are constantly moving, up, down, aslant and sideways. Eyes must speed up. Every muscle must work. Your brain must "click." *You need the best there is in light.*

It is significant that Cooper Hewitt Work-Light is rapidly solving the lighting problems of industry just as it long ago solved the lighting problems of the motion picture world. Nine-tenths composed of eye-friendly yellow-green rays, it produces at least twice the seeing power of ordinary light at no greater expense. A trial for your plant gladly arranged.

Cooper Hewitt Electric Co.
125 River Street
Hoboken, N. J.

Work-Light

111 C H E Co.-1926

Put this on Your Ford Today!

No Freezing
No Overheating
More Pep
Less Oil

Price $4.50 Western Price $5.00

MAKE your Ford motor *weather-proof* with this simple, inexpensive *Atlas Circulating Water Pump.* No frozen and steaming radiator while driving in winter—no over-heated and boiling motor in summer. With this one simple installation you greatly improve the *year-'round performance* of your car—*add pep to your motor—and get far more mileage on a filling of oil.*

ATLAS CIRCULATING WATER PUMP

You can install the Atlas Pump yourself—in 15 minutes' time—with only a wrench and screw driver. No extra belt or complications and it *fits all models.* (Also made for Gardner 4, Overland 4 and Fordson Tractor.)

Ask Your Dealer or Write Today

Don't accept a substitute! If your dealer hasn't the Atlas, send check or money-order and we will supply you at once. Literature on request.

The Atlas Brass Foundry Co.
1000 South Park St. Columbus, Ohio
Export Address—549 W. Washington St., Chicago

JOBBERS AND DEALERS —Write for Particulars.

MEND YOUR TOP WITH
STiK-TiTE
TOP PATCH STRIPS

The gum side sticks instantly and permanently to open or enclosed auto tops. Goods match your top and side curtain material. Mends all holes. Nine years tested and approved. Carry for safety. Repairs tubes and radiator hose in emergencies. Outfits 25c, and 50c. Long strip across bows 75c, at dealers'; or postpaid

DEALERS: "Warner" quality Seat Covers give best protection to open or closed cars, protect your upholstering—insure high resale value of your car—save clothing. Any purchaser of new cars will be interested in "Warner" covers. Every dealer should be ready to secure this business. Write for free catalog, samples and sales plan.

THE CINCINNATI AUTO SPECIALTY CO.
313 Main St., Cincinnati.

one-seventh of a cent a mile. A steam train of the same capacity would have shown a fuel cost of $66. The car develops sufficient power to carry a trailer on a 6 per cent grade and in its run across the continent the average speed was fifty-two miles an hour.

Noiseless street cars are the aim of one Western community. With this purpose in view, the cars are being equipped with roller bearings, and the exponents of the idea insist that this innovation will remove friction in the truck shafts, save 12 per cent in power, make possible the quick starting and stopping of the cars and produce noiseless traction.

New devices are reducing to a minimum the probabilities of railroad accidents. The telephone has usurped the place of the telegraph on 56 per cent of the roads. Loud speakers are being installed in signal towers to increase the efficiency of switch handling, and new machines now enable the track gang to do as much work in an hour as it once did in a day. The steam derrick on work trains takes the place of dozens of men in distributing rails, spikes, bolts, bars and plates. The electric rail-laying machine, handling thirty-nine-foot rails, does the work of ten men in uncoupling the old rail and of five men in bolting the new rail. These machines with rail-drilling units and many other devices provide us with the answer to the question as to why our American railroads are now showing ability to take care of the peak loads in traffic with a facility never before exhibited.

All of which supports the thought that we are no longer workers, but rather masters of machines. Now when we arise we do not ask, "What must I do today?" but "What must I make steam, gas, electricity or compressed air do for me today?" Soon all will be drivers, and machines, not men, will set the pace. Wages will depend on intelligence.

When we turn from industry to the more intimate fields of food, fuel and health, we get even a better understanding of the real value of research and invention. In many countries, such as Japan, the food problem is a matter of vital importance. Present efforts are divided about equally between endeavors to utilize present food supplies more efficiently and a never-ending search for new products. A new substitute for wheat that can be grown in abundance in tropical countries is a plant called adlay. One species of the plant is cultivated in Europe and America for its ornamental seeds, which are made into beads and other ornaments. It is the soft-shelled adlay that will serve as a foodstuff and it gives the best results when mixed with wheat. Its average yield is about 2500 pounds to the acre, while that of wheat is less than 900 pounds. The food value of adlay is 95, wheat 87, corn 91, rice 88 and oats 81. With scientific breeding and improved methods of cultivation, adlay may become an important food factor.

Sweet-Tooth Insurance

The accomplishments of science throughout the entire food field are most amazing. The discovery of a method of producing from corn a white crystalline dextrose of 99.85 per cent purity on a dry basis has forever freed us from the possibility of a sugar famine. This product is not so sweet as sugar, but is easier to digest. The reason dextrose has not yet reached its rightful place in our lives is because its use is restricted by laws that were passed before any such product had been produced. This difficulty is sure to be overcome very soon.

No less interesting are the possibilities that lie in the production of levulose, or fruit sugar, which has not yet been prepared in commercial quantities because of the high cost of purifying it. Now comes news that the Bureau of Standards has developed a process to produce it in large quantities in white crystalline form from our most prolific plant, the wild sunflower, which scientists call the Jerusalem artichoke. The tubers of the sunflower are similar in composition to potatoes, but contain inulin instead of starch. Starch makes dextrose, inulin produces levulose, which latter is one-third more efficient as a sweetener than cane or beet sugar. Sunflowers can be grown on waste land with little cultivation, and will yield as high as 20 tons an acre, which is five times the output that can be obtained from growing potatoes. The sunflower yields 10 per cent of levulose. Being a native weed, it is practically immune from destructive insects and diseases. About the only difficulty lying in the way of the development of a great sunflower-sugar industry is the readiness with which levulose absorbs water from moist air, very much as does salt. Here is an obstacle, but not an insurmountable one.

COURTESY OF PROFESSOR [illegible] JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY

A Photograph Made on a Dark Night With an Invisible Light. The Green Foliage Was Photographed With Infra-Red Lights

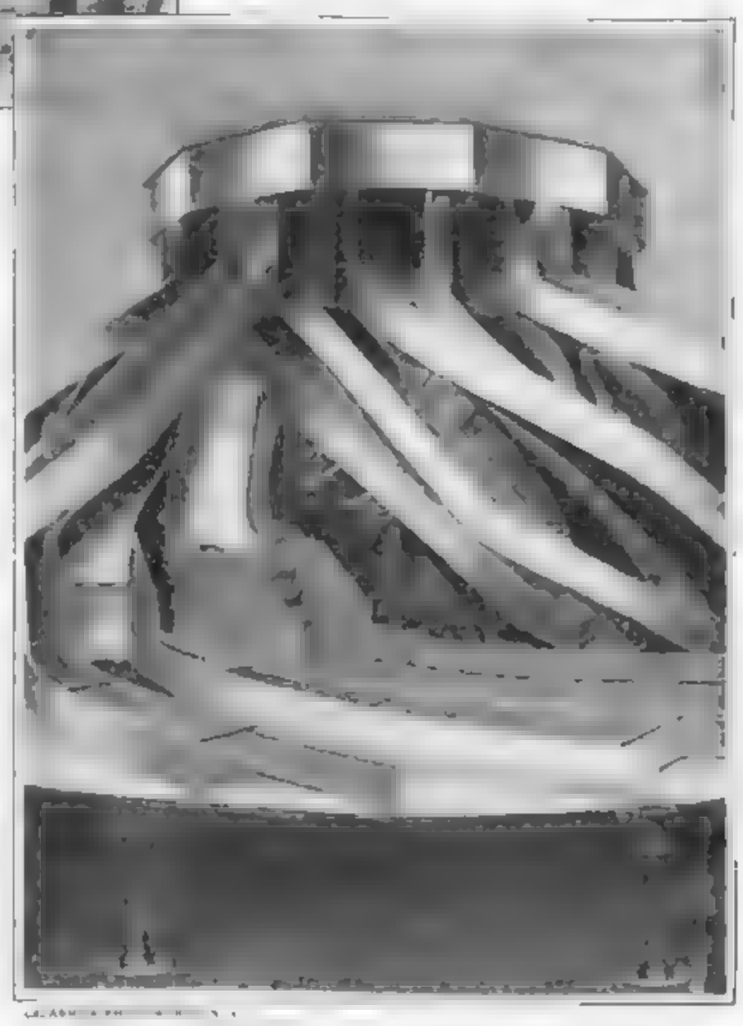
Increasing the yield of foodstuffs per acre is one of the oldest problems of the farmer. One solution is cheaper and more efficient fertilizers. One new process makes possible the production of potassium sulphate from greensand, a variety of stone found near the surface in Delaware, Maryland and New Jersey. Some estimate that this source will supply American farmers with potash for 1000 years, making us independent of Chile. Another outcome of persistent research is the perfecting of a method to make cheap synthetic ammonia, indispensable in the manufacture of both munitions and fertilizers. The most important project of this kind includes the erection of a plant that will have an ultimate capacity of 120 tons of ammonia a day, which is four-fifths the capacity of the much-discussed Muscle Shoals plant for the fixation of nitrogen.

The use of electricity to stimulate the growth of plants is rapidly advancing to the stage of a commercialized method. The most promising plan is to use atmospheric electricity, caught by an antenna and then led into the ground at various points in the field that is being cultivated.

The opportunities for the use of ultra-violet rays in agriculture are most promising. Vanilla beans, picked before ripening, will develop normally and acquire all their characteristics of flavor and smell when submitted to the action of ultra-violet rays. Such plants as the pineapple, the banana and sugar cane will attain maturity more quickly when treated by these rays. In one test, a flour mixture made up of barley, maize and wheat was subjected to this form of artificial light, with the result that the purity of the flour was easily determined. The product of each variety of grain took on a slightly different color.

Vaccinating Plants

Interesting tests are being made to determine the value of vaccination in rendering trees and plants immune to disease. The idea is to control diseases by means of serums and vaccines, thereby reducing the cost of food production. It is also quite probable that our chemists will soon be producing edible fats from shale oil, coal, petroleum, wood tar and sawdust. Such fats and oils as have already been produced in this way were as nutritious as those obtained from the hog or from cotton seed. While the hog can make only one kind of fat, the chemist will be able to manufacture hundreds of varieties.



This New Apparatus for Handling Parcel Post in Berlin Handles 8000 Packages a Day

Just as farming is being transformed into a manufacturing business, so have we started on the road leading to factory-made vegetables. The five food factors are salts, fats, carbohydrates, proteins and vitamins. Theoretically speaking, the first three of these can already be made in a laboratory. The fourth seems possible and chemists are optimistic about the fifth. The important question does not so much concern our ability to make these vital food

(Continued on Page 173)

Adds Years To Gears

Whiz Gear Grease

More than one and one half million pounds sold every month

It must be good

You can buy it in every city and town from coast to coast

When a dealer offers you *Whiz* Gear Grease or any one of the many other *Whiz* Quality Products - accept it - the name *Whiz* is your assurance of dependable quality. All *Whiz* Products are guaranteed.

The R. M. Hollingshead Co.
General Offices and Factories
Camden, New Jersey, U. S. A.

Branches in 42 Principal Cities

Sold Everywhere—Ask Your Dealer

23rd Rexall Birthday MONEY SAVING Sale

Go to Your Rexall Store for the 23rd Rexall Birthday Sale

THE WHOLE MONTH OF FEBRUARY

WITH this great money-saving Sale in your town, the world's greatest drug store organization will celebrate its 23rd anniversary. The time is the whole month of February. The place is your local Rexall Drug Store. The hundreds of items to be drastically cut in price, are famous advertised brands that are sold exclusively by Rexall Druggists.

Forty progressive druggists formed the Rexall partnership 23 years ago. Their purpose was to manufacture drug store merchandise through a company they named the United Drug Company, and to sell it through Rexall Stores so that their customers could *save with safety*. Today there are 10,000 Rexall Drug Stores in the United States alone, and the United Drug Company's business last year was over $70,000,000.

Your Rexall Druggist is a partner in this vast drug service enterprise. He is supplied with quality merchandise by 12 big factories which he partly owns. He buys direct from his own manufacturing company. Thus he saves an extra profit, and he passes this saving on to you. You can *always* save with safety at your Rexall Drug Store.

But your saving will be far greater during the Rexall Birthday Sale. Here, for instance, are only a few of the splendid lines on which you can save—each line made in its own manufacturing unit expressly for your Rexall Store:

Puretest Preparations for Health and Hygiene
Cara Nome and Jonteel Toilet Requisites
Klenzo Products for Teeth and Mouth
Firstaid Supplies for Sick Room and Emergencies
Liggett's Candies and Pure Food Products
Hallcroft Correspondence Paper
Scores of Items Bearing the Trade Name Rexall

Be sure to visit your Rexall Store when this big Sale goes on. Get the finest of drug store commodities at prices which only your Rexall Store can offer. Remember: The whole month of February! Stock up with things you need—at amazingly low prices!

SAVE *with* SAFETY *at your* Rexall DRUG STORE

Liggett's are also Rexall stores

There is one near you

You will recognize it by this sign

(Continued from Page 170)

elements, but rather can we manufacture the essential constituents of our daily diet as cheaply as plants can make them.

The French scientist, Berthelot, has produced foodstuffs artificially in a laboratory by subjecting gases to the action of ultra-violet rays. He proceeds on the idea that it is the light of the sun rather than its heat that produces growth in plants. In the growth of animals, the foodstuffs consumed are reduced to carbonic acid and water vapor; but in the case of plants the action is just the reverse. The plant takes the two gases exhaled by animals and combines them again to form the sugars and other hydrocarbons that animals feed upon. Berthelot's work tends to discredit the notion that the synthetic functioning of plants is a vital action, the secret of which is locked up in that profound puzzle concerning the creation of life itself.

But not all our interesting developments in this field have come from the masters of science, for ever so many ingenious methods and devices are products of the efforts of amateurs. Cranberry growers have suffered great losses in recent years from the inroads of fruit-worm moths. The ordinary cure has been to flood the bog or spray the plants with poison. One clever fellow in the cranberry business set up four auto headlights, using acetylene gas, and around them he erected a mesh of fine wire coated with glue. At sunset the lights were turned on, and the moths, obeying their primitive instinct, flew straight for the gleam. The following morning found millions of them sticking on the screen dead. This same stunt might be applied with advantage by farmers in many places. No less ingenious is the plan of a Californian who breeds butterflies under artificial conditions. His incubator is an electric oven with the humidity regulated to suit the type of insect being hatched. Only those plants and flowers suited to the tastes of the butterflies are grown on the farm. For the hardier species that demand considerable moisture and cooler air, a cave is provided.

Orange growers in certain parts of the country have been using exhaust gases from oils and gasoline to precolor oranges. Doctor Gardner, of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, has found that acetylene, oxygen, carbon monoxide and sulphur dioxide are capable of producing the desired change in the fruit, which is an accomplishment of much economic value to citrus growers in certain sections. Over in Scotland, Doctor Crew, of Edinburgh University, claims that by administering thyroid to chickens he can make the hens lay as long as they can cackle. Some of the chickens that have been subjected to his treatment have more than doubled their productivity. Making jams and jellies was more or less of a hit-or-miss proposition until recently, when we learned how to employ vacuum cooking and use a chemical which makes them "jell." All these things mean dollars not only for producers but in the pockets of consumers as well.

A Scientific Staff of Life

If anyone has become possessed of the notion that science deals principally with problems that are abstract and secondary, he might get rid of this delusion by spending an hour in a great metropolitan bakery. We call bread our staff of life, and some of the most notable achievements of our food chemists have taken place in the manufacture of this most essential product. We talk of what mother used to bake. But her cakes and cookies never excelled in purity or equaled in cleanliness the products of the scientific, sanitary, sunlit bakeshop of the present day.

The housewife has small knowledge of nutrition and no facilities for experimentation. It took a real chemist to complete recent experiments which disclosed that even whole-wheat bread is deficient. The investigations of the bakers developed the fact that the solution of the problem was to make bread with milk instead of water. Also, in order to produce a bread that humans might live on as a sole source of food, it was found necessary to restore to the white flour the vitamins and mineral salts that were thrown away in the by-products obtained from milling wheat. Today in many places it is possible to buy a loaf of baker's bread that is a balanced food, complete in itself.

And as for cleanliness, even the air that enters into the modern baking process is filtered, washed and cooled. Each week a bucket of mud, washed out of the air that goes into one great bakery, is taken from the atomizer, and this air is identical with that existing in practically every populous community. Human hands never touch the products and no one guesses at temperatures in the different rooms or in the ovens. So precise are the demands of the baking processes that ordinary thermometers were found to lack the needed accuracy, so that special instruments had to be devised. To say that the food chemist is a serious threat to the supremacy of home cooking is to state the case with much conservatism. We may regret the change, but at least it represents a tremendous conservation of human energy.

A Taste for Reindeer

Another problem that looms nearer is the production of an adequate supply of meat. Of course, the possibilities of the ocean are practically unlimited, because we eat only a few dozen varieties of fish out of 19,000 different species already known to exist. But our chief concern is over the present tendency to devote more and more of our available acres to the growing of grains and vegetables. Our rapid growth of population is making this necessary, so that it is not a remote possibility that before long no room will be left in the United States for the herds of cattle that roam our Western ranges. Therefore in quite the same way that our scientists are turning to the tropics for essential products, they are lining up the arctics as allies in the fight for food.

The tundras of the North, reaching from the forest belt of Canada to well within the Arctic Circle, support millions of wild caribou. This gave us the idea that the arctic wastes might be utilized as grazing grounds for reindeer, which are merely domesticated varieties of the caribou. In 1903 there were 6000 reindeer in the Alaskan herd. Today the number totals approximately 300,000. Reindeer meat therefore is one answer to the problem, and that is why some of our Federal scientists in the Department of Agriculture are giving close study to the habits and diseases of these interesting animals, which are able not only to spot their food deep under the snow and ice but to dig through and get it.

Some may complain that reindeer meat is not a proper substitute for the beef to which we have become accustomed. The fact is that it is widely used in the Scandinavian countries, and there commands a higher price than other meat products that form a regular part of our daily diet. Anyway, with some people, it's all in the name. Down in West Virginia was a Slav miner they called Slippery Nick. He worked on the night shift and doubled with a young American who was unmarried and therefore did not carry a heavy dinner pail. Frequently as they ate their midnight lunch, Nick would share generously with his pal, and on frequent occasions gave him bountiful helpings of his beloved rabbit meat.

One night the American asked, "Nick, where do you get all the rabbits? I can't catch any."

"My wife, she catch," Nick replied. "She say they come round house every night—she shoot 'em when they cry out."

"Cry out!" said the American. "Why, rabbits don't cry out!"

"Sure!" asserted Nick with positiveness. "Go 'Meow, meow.'"

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Parsons. The concluding one will deal with science in the fields of fuel, power and health, and will discuss the problems scientists are endeavoring to solve and the possibilities of life tomorrow

It fits!
Built to the pattern of the human mouth, Dr. West's Tooth Brush contacts every curve and angle and crevice. While almost any tooth brush will clean outside surfaces, Dr. West's cleans INSIDE, OUTSIDE, AND BETWEEN.
© 1926 W B M Co

Cleans *Clean*

Inside—
Outside and Between

This Brush is as *correct* as modern dentistry. Dr. West's is a successful improvement based on present-day teaching. It is a small brush that is arch-conforming and crevice-fitting. Every pointed bristle tuft does its work with every brushing. The true diagram above shows clearly the *fitness* of Dr. West's. Its use and effect in your own mouth is self-demonstrated proof that this one brush cleans every part of all your teeth—and cleans them *clean* inside —outside—and between.

Dr. West's TOOTH BRUSH

WECO Product

There's a Dr. West's Tooth Brush for every member of the family. Prices: Adult's, 50c; Youth's, 35c; Child's, 25c; Special Gum Massage, 75c. At all good dealers.

Deucalion and Company, Ltd.

By E. A. Ross and Sidney Ingraham

ZEUS—so runs the old Greek legend—attempted to destroy mankind by a flood. But Deucalion and his wife, Pyrrha, saved themselves in a vessel which settled at last on top of Mt. Parnassus. Consulting the oracle as to how to replenish mankind, they were told to veil their faces and cast behind them "the bones of their mother"; that is, stones of the earth. They did so; the stones thrown by Deucalion became men, while those thrown by Pyrrha became women

As peoplers, the white officials, capitalists and managers who have taken over the control of tropical lands in order to make them pay have clean outdistanced Deucalion and Pyrrha. Had they all taken to casting stones over their shoulders and kept it up steadily for union hours, they could never have called human beings into existence as rapidly as they have been doing it by their colonial economic policies. With their backs turned and their eyes veiled to the consequences, they have cast their influence across thousands of miles and have unwittingly brought about in the distant tropics a population increase more than twice as rapid, on the average, as that in their own home countries. During the last sixty years the peoples in the tropical colonies and dependencies of the great nations have added to their numbers 105,000,000—a twelfth of mankind sixty years ago and nearly equal to the present population of the United States in size; yet a population unwilled and unheeded, a mere by-product, so to speak, of capitalistic industry in the tropics.

Multiplication Plus

During forty years of British rule in Egypt—1882–1922—the population doubled. In the Nile Valley today there are not far from 7,000,000 souls who might well regard the British as their godfathers. But for the occupation most of them would never have been born, or else would have died before the census taker made his rounds. They feel no gratitude, however, for this boon of existence; they know that it was not prompted by benevolent motives. Instead, galled by a sense of inferiority, the more self-conscious Egyptians compensate by furious anti-British agitation. Probably none of them realize that the Egyptian population is altogether due to factors introduced by the British, and that decline in numbers is inevitable unless the Egyptians can handle police, justice, railways and irrigation works about as well as the British have been handling them.

Since the fall of Napoleon III the natives of Algeria have doubled. Thanks to the cultural elements the French injected into a hidebound people, 3,000,000 are engaged in the great adventure of living, who otherwise would be moldering under the sand or else would never have been summoned from the limbo of the unborn. It is safe to say that even the natives who favor the French rule do so on personal grounds, without reflecting that every other one of them is now living not on the old familiar soil, but on a platform of added production and trade built by French ability, science and capital.

In India there is endless debate as to whether the lot of the masses has really improved under British rule. It is a knotty point and even the experts disagree. Those who deny that the masses are any better off draw the conclusion that the British have hogged the new wealth brought into being by the railways, the irrigation works, the tea gardens, silk culture, cotton, jute and steel mills, and other introduced factors. They ignore the Himalayan fact that in forty years the people of India have increased their numbers by 50,000,000, or 20 per cent. Such myriads of mouths can eat big holes in a new prosperity, and it may be that here is India's missing dividend from the economic development the British have instigated. Instead of living better, the natives have squandered their share of the gain in calling 50,000,000 more souls into a crowded land. Were the British to step out of the picture abruptly, not only would expansion cease but millions would starve. Their frenzied mass movements while starving would dislocate industry and trade, so that still other millions would be doomed. Fifty million Chinese are reckoned to have perished in the Taiping Rebellion of a lifetime ago. India might suffer a like cataclysm, unless the shift from foreign rule to self-government took place in a most circumspect and gradual way.

Strangely enough, the nationalists pay no heed to the fact that the Indians have in forty years added to their numbers something in excess of the entire population of the British Isles. They give their British rulers no credit for this growth nor do they count it an asset. To them, how many children couples have is a private matter only.

The response of the brown folk of the Philippines to the American occupation is a portent. From 1908 to 1918 it was set to double in twenty-three years. Between 1899 and 1907 it tended to double in twenty-one years. One would suppose that the arrival of an extra 5,000,000 of Filipinos would be either welcomed by native leaders or deplored. It is neither; it is ignored. Mere quantitative expansion of human life inspires in most of us neither contentment nor gratitude. What we crave is improvement in quality. There is irony in the fact that nearly all the benefits white control brings to the denizens of the tropics are absorbed by them in mere numerical increase; yet this increase enters not at all into their feelings about foreign domination.

In less than fifty years the Singhalese have doubled; whereas, before the whites took hold, it is likely that they were as stationary in numbers as were the Japanese in their hermit phase. Thanks to the spread of the scientific, great-scale growing of tropical products for foreign markets—coconuts, rubber, cinnamon and tea—the soil of Ceylon has become a gold mine. The local result, however, is not greater ease, comfort and culture, but simply a prodigious spawning of coolies no whit better off than their fathers were. If we Americans respond to the drink-more-tea propaganda about to be launched among us by the banded British tea planters of Ceylon, there will presently be other millions of Singhalese coolies of the familiar type.

The white man's insatiable demand for rubber and tin has stimulated the population of the Federated Malay States to double in twenty years. In half a century the people of the Straits Settlements have tripled. British Guiana has doubled in sixty years. In the same period Trinidad has done something better than quadruple. The blacks of Jamaica have doubled in half a century, though the whites, once a tenth of the inhabitants, have declined to a fiftieth. In South Africa, the Kaffirs, safe "under the white man's broad shield," as they say, are breeding so fast that thinking people doubt if there is any future for the white race in that country.

But the star rôle in multiplication is held by the Javanese. Java, which has about the area of New York, is peopled by nearly 40,000,000—eight times as many as a century ago. The shrewd Dutch administrators have made of the Javanese a race of Robots, beings brought into existence to work.

Though there are in Java no factories like those described in Capek's play, R. U. R., where one might watch the large-scale manufacture of bones, the spinning of fine nerve threads on intricate machines, or the miles of intestines reeled on huge wheels, it is, nevertheless, true that the vast Javanese population of today has been produced by and for industry—a capitalistic industry of which the management and the profits are entirely in the hands of the Dutch.

White Empires

Java is the acme of the European colonial system; the consequence of which is everywhere the same—a longer procession of colored laborers carrying burdens over the bridge of life. The endless spectacle of burdened shoulders on the highways and bent backs in the paddy fields of Java moved a recent American visitor to exclaim, "A Polynesian transported to a scene of conventional Javanese activity would at once devoutly believe the worst that missionaries have told him about hell."

How little the white empires realize what they are doing appears from a moment's consideration of what the Americans have achieved in Porto Rico. When we took over the island, births and deaths balanced at about twenty-six to the thousand annually. Being the crack sanitarians in the world, we presently reduced the death rate to eighteen, though the birth rate rose to thirty-seven—a margin which would double the population in thirty-seven years. Population leaped forward until now the island is, next to Java, the most densely peopled agricultural region in the world—nearly 400 to the square mile. As a result, life is getting harder than it was in the old days when disease was allowed to thin people out. Unemployment is becoming chronic and socialistic sentiment against the profits reaped by nonresident capitalists is rapidly rising. Had we been able to multiply chances to earn a living as fast as we saved lives, the Porto Ricans would now find life easier. We did both, but our sanitary exploits surpassed even our industrial exploits. Hence, jobs are

(Continued on Page 209)

Painted by Frances Rogers Copyright 1930, PM&L

Vitralite
The Long-Life Enamel

Placed on the market in 1905, Vitralite, *the Long-Life Enamel*, was the first "long-oil" or European type of enamel to gain widespread popularity in the United States and Canada.

Although designed for the finest of architectural decorative work by painters and decorators, its ease of application and free flowing without brush marks, attracted many housewives and other amateur wielders of the brush.

At the same time, the great durability and long life of Vitralite brought about its use where resistance to wear, water and weather was of primary importance, as in kitchens, dairies, laundries, bakeries, hospitals and on ships, even though the cost per gallon was nearly twice as high as the cost of paint used for such purposes.

The Miller-Parrott Baking Co. of Terre Haute, Indiana, used Vitralite seven years ago on the bakery walls and Mr. Miller of this company states that despite the necessity for washing and keeping it clean, the surface still has the same sheen and luster as when first applied.

There are three distinct types of Vitralite, the regular or architectural Vitralite Automobile Enamel and Vitralite Railway Enamel.

Ralph De Palma, the famous automobile race driver, is one of the many who appreciate a long-lasting paint job. His racing car is finished with Vitralite Automobile Enamel.

One of the biggest railroads in the United States (name on request), a large user of Vitralite Railway Enamel, has had a test coach on a daily run, for over seven and one-half years. The exterior of this coach was finished with Vitralite Railway Enamel when the coach was first put in use and it is still in good condition.

All of which is a casual everyday kind of evidence of the character and quality of the hundreds of other Pratt & Lambert varnishes, enamels, stains and finishing materials made for all classes of trade, industry and home use.

If you have a finishing problem, tell us about it. We believe we can help you.

After all, there is nothing like Vitralite Enamel!

THE BEAUTIFUL, smooth, porcelain-like surface of Vitralite, *the Long-Life Enamel*, on woodwork and furniture, is its own reward for those who demand quality *with* economy. There are many so-called enamels and near enamels. They cost less per can, but more per job, because a little Vitralite goes a long way.

Many years ago, the formula of Vitralite was brought to this Country from England and ever since, this super-enamel has been a standard with which others are compared. Architects, painters and decorators *know* this.

Never believe that any paint-like enamel can possess the same characteristics. Such enamels will *not* hide, spread, flow and level out like Vitralite. A personal trial of a few brushfuls will enable the least experienced person to actually *see* and *feel* the difference—a revelation if you've never tried it!

And when applied, Vitralite is there to *stay*—so durable and long lasting that it is guaranteed for three years, inside or *outside*, although indoors it lasts so long that a guarantee is superfluous.

The exquisite Vitralite tints available are: Ivory, Cream and Putty Gray, as well as White, all in Gloss and in Eggshell finish; Chinese Blue and Leaf Green in Gloss only.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE PANEL finished with Vitralite. Color Card and names of dealers in your locality will also be sent you on request.

GUARANTEE If any P & L Varnish Product fails to give satisfaction we will have your money back.

Pratt & Lambert Varnish Products are used by painters, specified by architects and sold by the better paint and hardware dealers everywhere.

"Save the surface and you save all" — PRATT & LAMBERT-INC., 83 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N. Y.
Canadian Address: 25 Courtwright St., Bridgeburg, Ontario.

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISH PRODUCTS

here it is —

The LEE Puncture Proof BALLOON

LEE TIRES

Above we picture what you would see if you peeled back the tread of a Puncture-Proof Balloon. A triple sheathing of overlapping steel discs imbedded in rubber but never touching each other, protect both casing and inner tube.

Perfect Safety *for* Fords *and* Chevrolets

BEFORE we built this tire we figured up every hazard that the user of balloon tires at present is experiencing—and we overcame every one of them in the Lee Puncture Proof Balloon.

We made a tire that COULDN'T puncture and we also accomplished the harder job of making a tire that you can steer without any pull at the shoulder sockets and ride on at any speed without shimmy.

Lee has, in fact, made a balloon tire without an alibi.

By using the Lee Puncture Proof Balloon you're several steps ahead of your neighbor. You're entirely SAFE on this kind of tire. That's a lot to consider.

And, furthermore, you pay no penalties for comfort as you do with balloons that sway your car.

We have built a simple device into our 29 x 4.40 balloons to accomplish what we have stated. Any Lee dealer will be glad to explain and demonstrate this feature. You will find one in your town. If you don't, write our nearest branch.

LEE TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY

BRANCHES

New York City	San Francisco	Denver	Albany
Chicago	Fort Worth	San Antonio	Columbus, O.
Boston	Milwaukee	Grand Rapids	Norfolk
Kansas City, Mo.	Portland, Ore.	Los Angeles	Fresno
Atlanta			

FACTORIES

CONSHOHOCKEN, PA. YOUNGSTOWN, O.

No Punctures
No Shimmy
Easy Steering

SMILE AT MILES

REG. U.S PAT OFF

Photograph by Mattie Edwards Hewitt

The Dining Room of Mrs. Condé Nast, in Park Avenue, New York. A most charming example of the fine French tradition in decoration and equipment. The table is [illegible] Nast endorses Nucoa.

Read What Mrs. Condé Nast says about Nucoa

MRS. CONDÉ NAST voices with such authority the welcome accorded to Nucoa by the woman of large social interests, that we have asked—and were graciously given—permission to quote her own words:

"Since Nucoa has been brought to my attention, I have used it and feel that it is all that it is recommended to be. Not only do I consider it entirely satisfactory for cooking, but its unquestioned purity and delicacy make it particularly desirable to serve at the table.

"Not all housekeepers realize the yearly cost of individual items consumed in their household. Therefore, opportunities for saving are often overlooked. By using Nucoa, the cost of one item is cut nearly in half—and that puts at a woman's disposal an amount of money to be expended upon some much desired object of beauty or utility for the home. This is certainly a practical if not indeed an essential economy."

Nucoa is a natural, pure white product made from nutritious, palatable cocoanut and peanuts, milk and salt.

The best friends of Nucoa are those who have used it longest. It really has no equal for Flavor, Purity, Cleanliness, Vitamin A, Uniformity, Nutrition and Economy.

NUCOA is served on the table in the form of dainty Nucoa Pats with bread.

In the kitchen, in the preparation of other foods, it proves itself a delicacy indeed.

A cake made with Nucoa retains its freshness for a long time. And drawn Nucoa on fresh or tinned vegetables is delicious.

Nucoa is obtainable at any of the best grocers' in your community. Your grocer takes great pride in supplying it to his most fastidious customers.

A color capsule approved by the Government of the United States is supplied by the grocer with every package. You may color Nucoa any shade of yellow you prefer, for table use, cooking or baking.

THE BEST FOODS, Inc. • New York • Chicago • San Francisco

Nucoa

"the FOOD of the FUTURE"

THE CAPTURE

(Continued from Page 11)

"Are you married?" was his next question.

"Yes," she acknowledged, after a ponderable lapse of time. She resented the insolence of those questions. But it was best, she remembered, to answer them.

"Does your husband know where you are?"

"He will certainly make a determined effort to find out," she said with more spirit than she had intended.

"And what would he be likely to do?" continued her captor.

"He would kill you for this," she averred.

"Not if I see him first," was her companion's unperturbed retort. "And I may as well tell you right now that we're goin' to do considerable travelin' before you get back to the home circle. We're goin' to head south, across three states, before we part company."

Her eyes narrowed ruminatively as the full meaning of that statement seeped into her consciousness.

"But I have one or two rather important engagements this afternoon," she protested with a hauteur that was quite lost on him.

"Well, this is goin' to come before your pink teas," he retorted. "Drive faster."

She drove faster. But behind her mask of half-sullen indifferency, all the while, her spirit was crouched, catlike and ominously alert. Her moment would come, she kept telling herself, and when it came she wanted to be ready for it. If she could turn to the left during the next few minutes she could quarter back toward the Martenburg Highway, and that highway would eventually bring her in touch with a traffic officer or a state trooper. It would bring her to Martenburg itself, where she was well enough known at the Downey garage and where she could swing in and stop in the midst of half a dozen stalwart workers before he could stop her. He might kill her, of course, but it would be no easy thing to get away. He would need to be an expert driver in order to back a car hurriedly out of that tangle of wheels and fenders.

But could he drive at all? Frances Ledforth suddenly asked herself. How far, after all, did this fugitive understand a car? For if he knew how to drive and control one why was he carrying her along on his flight? If he had no need for her there behind the wheel he would surely have knocked her senseless or left her at the roadside when he first saw her. If he could travel free and untrammeled, he would surely have got rid of her. Instead of striking her in the face, he might have killed her and tossed her into a ditch.

For she knew that she was of small importance in his scheme of things. As a woman, as a thinking and feeling and breathing human being, she stood as trivial as one of the road stones over which their tires were pounding. But he would find out in the end—he would find out that he couldn't humiliate and degrade and ridicule her without paying for it.

"I want to tell you something while you've still got a chance of thinkin' it over," he was saying to her. "When we get off this back road we're goin' to meet people. We're goin' through towns and we're goin' to pass traffic cops, and I'm not goin' to stand for any monkey work. You understand? I'll be sittin' right here beside you, and at the first sign you're tryin' to put anything over you'll be drilled. I'll have this gun against your ribs, and I'll give you a bullet plumb through the stomach before I'll see you pull a squeal. D' you understand that?"

"I understand," she quietly acknowledged. "But there's one thing I'd like to ——"

"If we're stopped and questioned," he interrupted, "you're motorin' down to open up your Pinehurst cottage for the fall season and I'm your handy man goin' along to do the general fixin' up and maybe a bit of carpenter work. I'll be watchin' you, remember, and one pull of a finger'll bump you off."

She made no answer to that ultimatum. Her face was like a shop front with its shutters on. But her narrowed eyes all the while were pioneering along the twining road in front of them, looking for some loophole in his circle of security. The man sitting beside her seemed to resent her silence.

"You haven't been bossed much, have you?" he asked with his one-sided sneer.

"I suppose I haven't," she acknowledged, doing her best to keep her blind hatred of him under cover.

"And it makes you sulky, don't it, when you strike somebody who talks turkey to you?" he suggested with the careless malice that could be so maddening to her. But she dare not indulge the luxury, she remembered, of parading her feelings before him.

"I've done what you asked me to do," she reminded him, her voice low with studied meekness.

"You bet you have!" averred her persecutor. "And you'll keep on doin' what I ask."

He was obviously intent on depriving her of her last tatter of dignity, and her smile was an embittered one.

"I don't size up very big in your day's program," she suggested, finding it hard to swallow her pill of humility.

"I've bigger troubles than you," he curtly informed her, and that prompted her to fret once more about her pit of helplessness.

"Why couldn't you take this car of mine," she said out of the prolonging silence, "and go where you please without trouble or danger?"

A barricaded look came into his face.

"I prefer havin' you along with me," he retorted.

"But I'm only an encumbrance," she persisted. That look of guile in his eyes, however, had not escaped her, and it brought confirmation of the suspicion already rooted deep in her mind. This man, after all, was unable to drive a car. He was, naturally, unwilling to admit it, but he was helpless without her at his side, and that was something worth remembering.

"That's better 'n bein' a corpse, ain't it?" her enemy was casually inquiring of her.

"There's something to be said on either side," she countered with an answering casualness. For she had already touched bottom, she felt, and there were no further depths of terror into which he could thrust her. But that show of fortitude in desperation began to disturb him.

"Say, you've begun to get an idea about how far I'd go, haven't you?" he challenged with a sudden fresh access of ferocity.

She knew well enough what he meant, but she deliberately chose to misread his words.

"You'll go until you get hungry, I suppose," she said with coerced calmness. She was even able to turn and stare into his lupine face. "You're hungry now, aren't you?"

"Why should I be?" he snapped, still wolflike.

"Because you look hungry," was her even-noted reply.

"Well, I'll attend to that a little quicker 'n you expect," he retorted as they mounted another hill slope. From the crest of that slope they could see a frame farmhouse backed by a row of blighted apple trees and flanked by a tumble-down barn. The sun flashed on a row of milk pans airing on a root-house roof.

"We'll go in there," proclaimed the escaped convict. "We've lost our way, remember, so you tell the woman of the house you want to buy two dollars' worth of grub. Get bread and cold meat and some milk. If you can't get that get the best you can. You'll be needin' it before I'm through with you."

Her spirits rose as he spoke, for if there was a gate to be opened it would have to be opened by her captor. And there was a chance as he swung that gate that she might step on the gas, swerve recklessly back to the road and go speeding over the hills before he could recover himself. Or there was a further chance, if he once stood between her and the closed gate, that she could suddenly throw on her power and send the car catapulting forward. That would pin his body between the driving steel and the rending timber. Or, better still, it might run him down and snap a bone or two of that malignantly alert body, might crush him, as her husband's tires had once crushed a copperhead snake on a mountain road in the Adirondacks. Or that squalid-looking house might hold more than they imagined. There might be men there, full-blooded and big-framed men who handled axes and squirrel guns and would laugh at the threats of a white-faced refugee; men a little uncouth, but quick enough to take the part of a woman in distress; men who would meet this tyrant of the moment on his own ground and teach him that law and life were something to be respected.

But her heart sank the next moment, for as they drew closer to the drab-walled house she saw merely an untidy break in the fence where a gate ought to be; and she slowed up meditatively, as her companion signaled her to turn into the rutted lane.

"Swing around and face the road again," he commanded, "and leave your engine runnin' when you get out."

As she circled about and backed and moved forward again, his quick-shifting glance seemed directed in turn to every quarter of the compass. Yet when, after the car came to a stop, she raced the engine with altogether unnecessary noise, he looked at her with a suddenly hardening eye.

"You're flirtin' with a tombstone when you try tricks like that," he warned her.

"What did I do?" she asked, as she set her hand brakes and proceeded to pull off her gloves.

He did not answer her, for the house door had swung open and a full-bodied but slatternly-looking woman stood regarding them over its threshold. So intently did Frances Ledforth study this woman that she was scarcely conscious of her captor's movement as he thrust a two-dollar bill into her hand.

"Give her that for the grub," he said out of one corner of his mouth. "And if you spill the beans, remember, you get a bullet in the back."

A wave of disappointment swept through her as she stepped down from the car, for she saw that her enemy intended to follow her. She tried not to think of him as she moved slowly toward the open door from which the startled housewife was staring at visitors so unexpected. But the woman from the car knew that her enemy was close behind her, and she knew that the right hand thrust so carelessly down into his coat pocket was clasped about the stock of a revolver.

So, all things considered, she decided it was best to stop outside the door and not try to push on into the house, as she had first intended. But once she had stopped, she let her tragically intent gaze rest on the face of the young and slightly bovine woman confronting her. She hoped for a moment that those none-too-alert eyes would read the silent message which she could not speak aloud. But a movement from the man behind her forced her to end the prolonging silence.

"I'm afraid we've lost our way on the country roads," she found herself saying, "and I was wondering if I could possibly buy a little food from you—a little bread and meat and milk to eat as we go along."

(Continued on Page 181)

Yours, now—the smooth hair you've envied

EXASPERATING, the way your hair is forever getting out of place?

Don't put up with it. You *can* have the hair you've envied—smooth, well-kept—smart!

Stacomb is the answer. Stacomb keeps the most stubborn hair in place—*all day long*. Gives it a fine, healthy lustre, yet never makes it matted or sticky looking. Stacomb helps prevent dandruff, too. In jars, tubes and liquid form. All drug stores. Buy Stacomb today.

Stacomb

Free Offer

Standard Laboratories, Inc., Dept. A-74, 113 W 18th St., N Y C.
Please send me, *free of charge*, a generous sample tube of Stacomb.
Name
Address

"If-
You Know
What's Good
For You---"

You'll Always Eat

Enright's "All O' the Wheat" Bread

100% Whole Wheat

It combines flavor and real nourishment
Your grocer also sells
Enright's "All O' the Wheat" Cereal and Flour
Old Fashioned Millers, Inc.
Saint Paul, Minnesota

Outs de diameter 3¼ inches

GLOWNITE $4.50

You can attach sturdy, handsome, GLOWNITE Dash Clock yourself. Shows time in darkness. Vibration proof—dust proof. From your dealer or direct from us.

J. F. MANSFIELD
6 JOHN ST., N. Y. C.

MANSFIELD MOTOR CLOCK

SANFORD'S
The Original
FOUNTAIN PEN
INK

ALWAYS GOOD. ALWAYS THE SAME

Value that speaks for itself

Just press the key for Direct Subtraction. Get 100% printed proof like this

54789.63
235.79-
54553.84

Greater efficiency—at a sensible price. There, in a few words, you have the reason why Sundstrand has grown to an acknowledged position of importance in the figuring machine field. Every machine in the large and diversified line is a sound value—a remarkable value, in fact. Investigate, by all means, when you are contemplating figuring equipment.

$100 The Sundstrand Special Junior model is the greatest value ever offered in an adding machine. Like all Sundstrand machines it has the famous 10-key keyboard—simple, speedy, convenient. Also automatic-shift multiplication; automatic column selection; portability; convenient desk size; one-hand control; automatic sub-totals; visible writing; forced printing of totals; 2-color ribbon mechanism; capacity 999,999.99.

$125 Same as model above, but with 99,999.99 capacity and the famous Sundstrand feature, *Direct Subtraction*.

$150 With Direct Subtraction and 999,999.99 capacity.

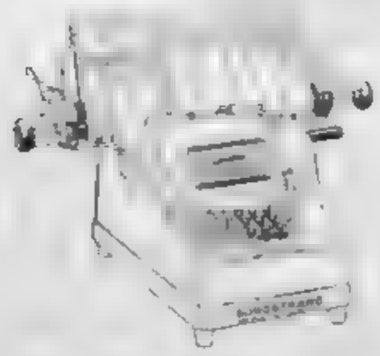
Consult the phone book for address of your local Sundstrand representative, or write to us for complete information concerning the type of machines in which you are interested. Address Dept. B-2.

SUNDSTRAND ADDING MACHINE CO., Rockford, Illinois, U. S. A.
Sales and Service Stations Everywhere in the United States and Foreign Countries

Sundstrand

BOOKKEEPING, ADDING, CALCULATING MACHINES

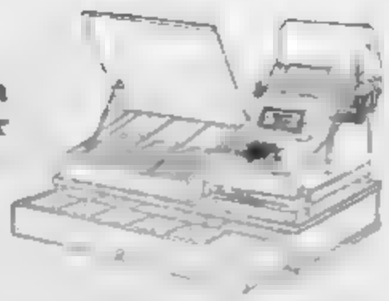
(485)



Automatic Bookkeeping Machine

For several hundred dollars less than machines with comparable features this machine offers a complete range of bookkeeping and record keeping, such as posting accounts receivable, accounts payable, general ledger, cost ledger, stock records, bank statements, etc., etc., etc. Fully 75 per cent of the work is done automatically. Machine is instantly converted for regular figuring—adding, direct subtraction, automatic shift multiplication, dividing.

Combination Cash Register and Adding Machine



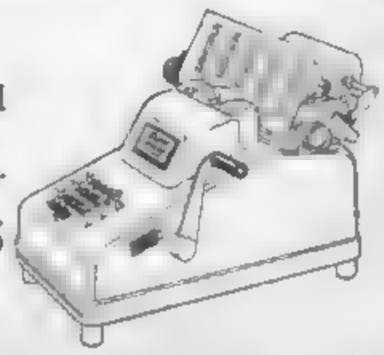
Cash register and adding machine at *one* low cost. Credit file at slight extra cost. Saves time, guards against errors, protects profits. Classifies sales by clerks and departments. Makes a non-erasable record. *Forces correct indication* and recording of cash, credit, paid-out, etc. Is converted instantly into the famous 10-key Sundstrand Adding Machine. Range, 1c to $99,999.99.

Marvel Model No. 20

Adding and Calculating Machine

$225 to $375

Motor Extra



This is the famous Sundstrand machine that "set the pace" with 100% printed proof, one-operation *Direct Subtraction*. These features are combined with 10-key simplicity and speed, portability, convenient desk size, automatic column selection, one-hand control, automatic shift multiplication, 2-color ribbon mechanism, advanced correction features, 7-column to 11-column capacity.

(Continued from Page 179)

Frances Ledforth, as the farm woman's gaze wavered between the two oddly contradictory figures, glanced down at the bill in her hand; and as she did so she saw first her wedding ring and then the ring beside it, the emerald-and-diamond ring that her friends so often and so openly admired.

"We've no meat in the house," said the slatternly housewife, with what seemed a flush of shame, "unless you can wait until I kill a chicken."

"Could we wait?" asked the woman with the bill in her hand, turning to the man behind her; and she had the satisfaction of seeing a betraying flash of anger from his face as he shook his head.

"I could spare you a loaf of bread and a sealer of milk," conceded the dull-witted woman in the doorway, "and mebbe half a pie."

"That would do nicely," concurred the luminous-eyed woman with the oddly tremulous lips, as she quietly slipped the emerald ring from her finger and wrapped it in the bill. "But you must take this for your trouble."

"It don't seem right to take money for a bit of food," protested the impoverished mistress of that impoverished home.

"Then take it to remember us by," suggested the softer-voiced woman as she thrust the folded bill into the other's only half-reluctant hand. She did her best to make the movement a significant one. She wanted to say more, to plant some further seed of speculation in that none-too-fertile mind, but she was afraid of the ever-watchful figure behind her. She was still again tempted to step in through the door after the retreating housewife, but that, she once more remembered, would be skirting too closely the margin of peril. She was conscious of her enemy stepping closer to her as she waited there, though she did not once turn her face toward him. She heard him curse softly, apparently at the length of their wait. Accumulating suspicion even sent him slowly back toward the car, and for one foolish moment she imagined him to be on the brink of flight—precipitate flight. But he was still there, she found when she turned her head, still waiting and watchful, with his right hand resting in his coat pocket.

Frances Ledforth's heart sank when the woman returned with a mason jar of milk and a loaf of bread wrapped in a newspaper on which was balanced half an apple pie. Promptly banished then was the forlorn hope that had been so stubbornly fighting its way up in her heart, the hope that this simpler-minded friend had scented suspicion in a situation which the gift of an incomparably precious ring must have rendered still more paradoxical—had scented suspicion and slipped away to give an alarm.

But deliverance was not to come from that quarter. The searching glance which the tortured woman directed at the wind-roughened face before her was returned by a glance that was opaque and animal-like in its placidity. The housewife's glance did not even remain long enough on her visitor's face to detect the tears that slowly welled up into the tragically shadowed eyes, tears of frustration and defeat and fear touched with hopelessness. The countrywoman was looking, in fact, beyond the tense figure to the maroon-colored car that flashed bright in the sunlight. Yet Frances Ledforth's heart beat faster a moment later, for she could see the lips of the opaque-eyed woman moving, moving in silence, as though repeating to herself the numbers on the untarnished license plate confronting her.

"Which way are you folks goin'?" she asked, and the dullness seemed at last gone from her voice. At that question a thrill even went tingling through the other woman's body, a thrill of hope touched with gratitude.

"We're goin' straight on," was the prompt and noncommittal reply from the man in the rear, as he stepped closer to the hesitating woman with the food in her arms. "And what's more, we've got to hurry."

His captive could feel his fingers clutch her arm and swing her about. She could feel him forcibly propelling her toward the open car door. She had to fight down an impulse to break away from him, to make one last forlorn dash for freedom. But that, she remembered, would only end in disaster. And there was still a shadow of hope that the open-mouthed woman so blankly studying them from the doorway would sense something untoward in that situation, would start the belated chain of action that could stop them in their flight.

"Get out o' here quick!" commanded her captor as he slammed the car door shut, and she had no choice but to throw in her clutch and plunge forward again through the untidy gap in the fence where a gate should have been. "Faster!" he repeated, once they were out on the road. And they went humming on down a red clay incline that led through an oak copse and out of sight of the lonely-looking farmhouse with the peering figure still standing at its corner.

The woman driving the car became conscious of a disturbing new series of sounds, of champing and deglutition noises close beside her. She saw, when she turned her head, that her captor was busy devouring his portion of apple pie. His stubbled lip was maculated with flakes of crust and his chin was streaked with a sirupy liquid that dripped on his coat front. He ate intently, almost ravenously. He champed and macerated the huge bites, swallowing them with a forward thrust of the chin that made her think of an overgreedy pullet gagging on a too hastily bolted bread crust. And when he could swallow no more he lifted the sealer of milk to his mouth and drank from its rim.

She realized, as he tilted the emptying sealer still higher, that his eyes were half closed and that his thoughts were not on the road before him. Her own appraising glance, however, had already taken note of the nearing side road that branched off at right angles to their line of flight. She had no knowledge as to where that road led or in what it might end. But it would be an advantage, she knew, to quarter off to the left rather than to continue straight ahead. It would keep her more in home territory and carry the promise of another possible turn that might send her doubling back toward the point from which they were supposed to be fleeing. And with the lapse of every hour, she knew, the campaign to account for her absence, to trace her and find her, would become more active.

She timed the speed of her driving accordingly, so that when her captor was draining the last of the milk from his uptilted sealer she was cautiously throwing over her wheel a trifle and tooling the car by its widest possible arc into the side road that climbed eastward over a runneled hill stippled with stones. She scarcely breathed as her companion put down the empty sealer, puzzled by the rougher going, and stared frowningly through the windshield. But he remained unconscious, obviously, of her change of direction.

"D' you want to eat?" he asked, roughly enough, as he broke off one end of the brown-crusted bread and took a bite from it.

"No," she answered, trying to conceal her shudder of distaste. Yet her heart sank a minute or two later, as he stopped eating and stared pointedly at the surrounding country.

"Which way are we travelin'?" he brusquely inquired. He even leaned forward to squint up at the sun overhead.

"We're going west, aren't we?" she countered, with an altogether studied indifference.

His grunt seemed to be one of assent. And as her eyes alued about to his face she noticed something there she had not noticed before. She detected a new heaviness about the red-rimmed eyelids, a gray shadow of weariness about the hollowed face. The man plainly was in need of sleep—was dead

The Atmosphere is Charming, on the GULF COAST

Indoors one can see in fancy---the Grande Dames of old Spain, the Madames and Mademoiselles of fair France and the Creole aristocracy of the old South mingling in delightful harmony their presence and their charms. One can actually see the court yards and the patios where coffee is served outdoors under palm-shaded skies, rubbing elbows with the modern settings of terraced gardens and "clubby" hotels.

Outdoors---there has been little change in "the atmosphere", for since Ponce de Leon and Bienville, DeSoto and Iberville discovered the sun-warmed shores, the temperature has been all that could be asked, and glorious sunshine is on daily duty. Reach this enchanting country by

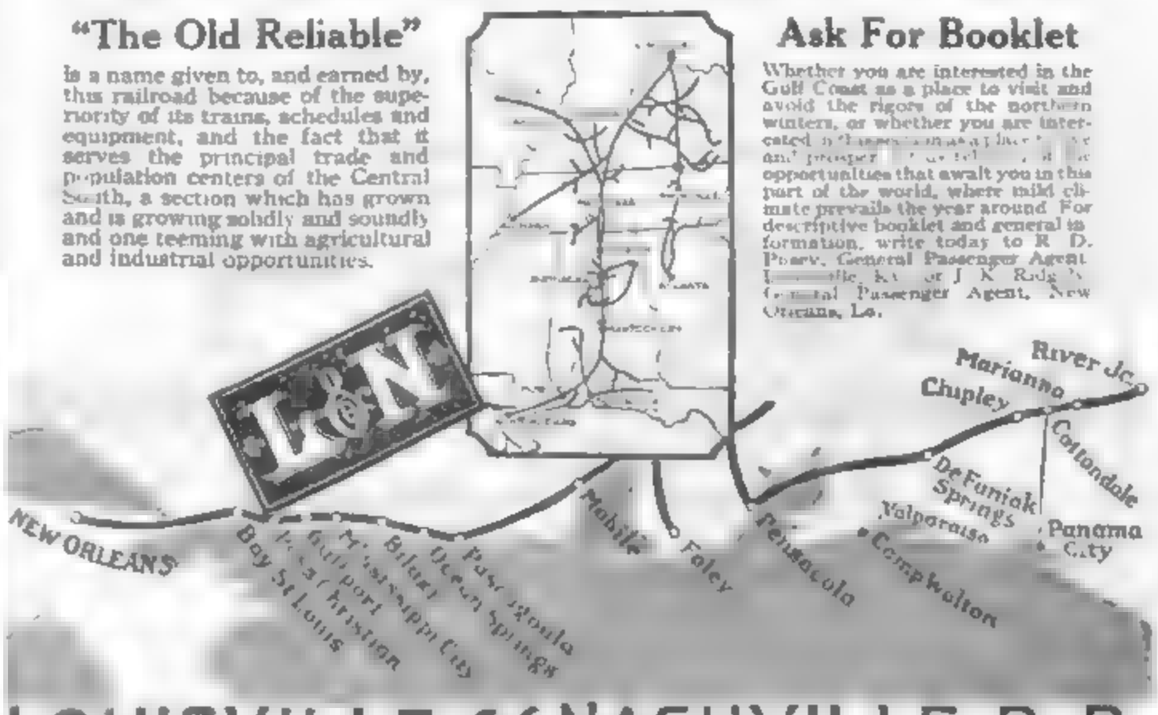
From the North
The Pan-American
Through from Cincinnati and Louisville to Pensacola and New Orleans. All Pullman train affording every travel luxury. Showers, valet and maid service. Club car and library-radio-observation car. Famous L. & N. dining car service all the way.

From the East
CRESCENT LIMITED
is a through all Pullman train from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington to New Orleans, with club and observation cars, compartment and drawing room sleepers, shower baths, maid and valet service.

Several other excellently equipped trains daily, provide direct, through accommodations from the northern and eastern cities named, and from Chicago, St. Louis and Evansville to the entire Gulf Coast Section.

"The Old Reliable"
is a name given to, and earned by, this railroad because of the superiority of its trains, schedules and equipment, and the fact that it serves the principal trade and population centers of the Central South, a section which has grown and is growing solidly and soundly and one teeming with agricultural and industrial opportunities.

Ask For Booklet
Whether you are interested in the Gulf Coast as a place to visit and avoid the rigors of the northern winters, or whether you are interested in [illegible] and prosperous [illegible] opportunities that await you in this part of the world, where mild climate prevails the year around. For descriptive booklet and general information, write today to R. D. Peary, General Passenger Agent, [illegible], Ky., or J. K. Ridgely, General Passenger Agent, New Orleans, La.



LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE R.R.

EASIER STEERING • LESS ROAD SHOCK

Handles Your Car Like an Invisible Giant

Handle Your Car with *Half* the Effort

You can handle a car with half the old effort, if it is equipped with the Ross Cam and Lever Steering Gear. Steering is made twice as easy—your ability to handle any car *doubled*—through the Ross cam-and-lever principle. Parking is simplified and you'll find new stability under every driving condition. Ross protects against the discomforts and dangers of road shocks and jerks at the wheel, and holds your car steady and true in sand and gravel . . . Ross is already standard equipment on more makes of cars, trucks and buses than any other gear. Drive a Ross-equipped car once, and you'll have no other.

It's All in the Cam and Lever

You know you can do things, and easily, with a lever, that are wholly impossible *without* one. The *long lever* in the Ross Cam and Lever Steering Gear is one reason for the tremendous *power* that makes Ross Steering so easy. And the *cam*, with its variable pitch, constitutes the almost impassable barrier to road shock, that makes Ross steering so safe and so comfortable.

Mail the coupon below for FREE booklet "Efficiency in Steering" and list of Ross-equipped cars, buses and trucks.

Ross Gear & Tool Co., Lafayette, Ind.

ROSS

CAM *and* LEVER STEERING GEARS

EASIER STEERING LESS ROAD SHOCK

Ross Gear and Tool Company, Lafayette, Indiana

Please send me your free booklet, "*Efficiency in Steering*," which explains fully the Ross Cam and Lever principle.

Name

Address

If you are interested in the Ross Cam and Lever Steering Gear for replacement on Ford cars, put a check mark in this space. ☐

Car owner ☐ *Car dealer* ☐ *Automotive jobber* ☐

for sleep—and at that discovery a fresh hope grew up in her none-too-happy heart.

"You're tired, aren't you?" she found the courage to ask.

He ignored her question, beyond a deliberately willed straightening of his stooping shoulders. Then he took out his revolver, examined it, and let it rest between his taut-held knees.

"Turn to the left at the first crossroad," he commanded, once more frowningly studying the country about them. They were dropping down into a more open valley, with fenced fields and an occasional farmhouse in the distance. Even the road along which they rocked became a better one. They could see a small truck pull out of a lane and turn toward them, its ruddy-faced young driver staring with rural curiosity at the shimmering coupé that swung past him. And when the woman at the wheel noticed, for the first time, that their highway was paralleled by a row of telephone poles, a little of her earlier sense of desolation slipped away from her. She could even see smoke going up from a kitchen chimney where, plainly, some placid housewife was cooking her farm mate's midday meal. Still farther ahead she could see a bit of woodland through which a brook wound. The sight of that running water reminded her that her throat was very dry, that she had been thirsty for an hour and more without knowing it, and it reminded her of still another chance of escape, if luck should be with her.

"What's the big idea?" he demanded, as she permitted the car to slow down.

"I'm very thirsty," she told him, with a hand pressed against her hot cheek.

He let his shrewdly speculative eye study her.

"I s'pose so," he said, as he stooped forward to pick up the empty milk sealer. "Pull up beside that stream and we'll both get out."

She did as he ordered. She noticed, as he got out of the car, that he held the revolver balanced in his right hand. With his left hand he held out the empty sealer.

"That's good clear water," he told her. "Go in there and get your drink. But don't go beyond that first thicket. If you do I'll put a bullet into you. Y' understand, don't you?"

"I understand," she said, as she took the sealer.

"I'll give you three minutes and no more," he cautioned her. "And bring that jar back full of water when you come."

When she looked back she could see the odiously vigilant figure, high above her in the flat sunlight on the shoulder of the road, with the light flashing on the malignant metal thing held in his drooping right hand. And the thicket, she saw, offered her less covering than she had hoped for. Beyond it was a stretch of swampy land across which it would be almost impossible to pick a way, much less attempt an escape at full speed. And she knew, as she heard his impatient call to her, that her chance had not yet been proffered to her.

"Don't dawdle!" her enemy called down to her as she returned with deliberately slow steps to the car. For it was a relief, she found, to be even a stone's throw away from him.

He broke the silence, once they were on their way again, by turning to her with an angry frown.

"I s'pose you knew all along," he suddenly cried, "that we were headed the wrong way."

"I went the way you asked me to go," was her quiet-toned response.

"Well, when we come to that paved road ahead, turn to the right. And the longer you are in gettin' across this state, remember, the longer you'll have to put up with my company."

She made no further comment until they had turned eastward again on the burnished black asphalt of a main-traveled highway. That brought them once more into a world of men and movement. Cars passed them and houses stood closer about them and signboards and traffic signals confronted them. It was the sight of a service station that finally prompted her to speak.

"We'll need gas soon," she reminded him.

"How soon?" he demanded.

"I can't tell until I look at my tank gauge."

"Where is it?"

"At the back of my car."

He waited a moment until they were on a stretch of road clear of traffic.

"Stop and look at that gauge," he commanded.

But frustration still confronted her. For when she got down from her seat her captor did the same. He remained close beside her as she stepped to the back of the car.

"We've still seven gallons," she said, as she read the gauge.

"Then we'll go on until we come to the right place for fillin' up," he announced, as he motioned her back into the driving seat.

She saw, as they moved forward again, that they were being overtaken by a high-bodied truck laden with pike poles and coils of copper wire. On the open back of this truck, high above her, squatted four men in soiled denim jumpers, four ruddy and weathered and stalwart-looking men who obviously made up the repair gang for some telephone company. One was singing as he rode; another was contentedly smoking a cigarette; still another stared back at her with the detached audacity of lusty manhood inspecting a pretty face. They gave her the impression of being muscular and careless and courageous, of being the kind of men who could light-heartedly face danger, who, when a call came for help, would tumble into a fight for almost the sheer love of fighting.

She was solaced by their presence there in front of her. She even speculated on the possibility of suddenly throwing on her power and running into them, of crashing her headlights into the rear end of their truck and bringing them swarming down about her. But that, she remembered, would also bring the strike from the coiled rattlesnake beside her. They, as likely as not, would not be afraid of his revolver. They would probably pound him into a pulp with their pick handles and pole shovels, but she would no longer be there to exult over that belated victory; and some dormant part of her still cried out for a triumph less qualified, for an evening up of the score without the cost of actual life.

She lagged behind them, nevertheless, still wringing some ghostly consolation out of the promise of safety in being near them.

"Get past that truck," curtly commanded the man at her side.

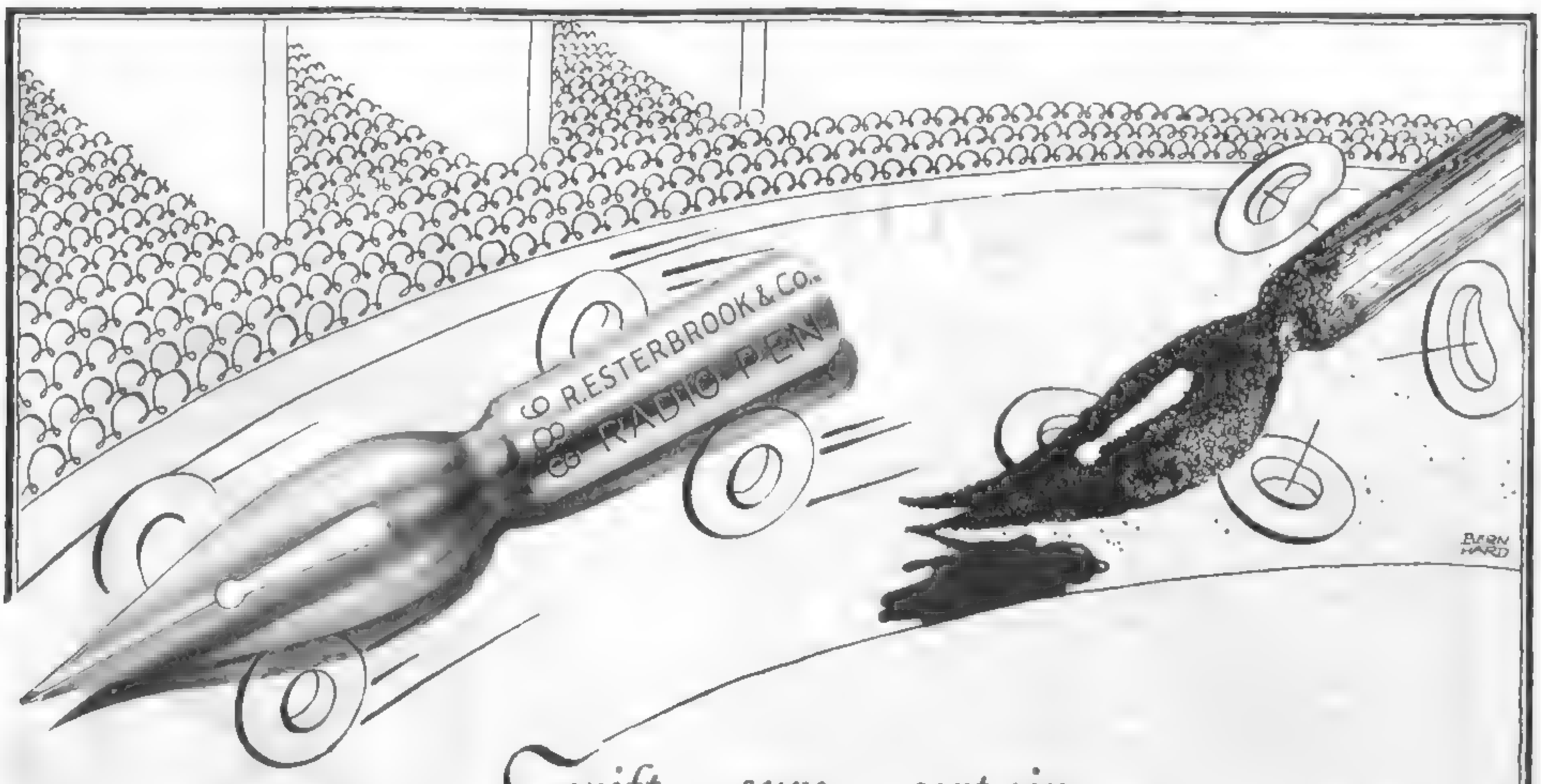
One of the trouble shooters on the repair car, the one who had been singing, laughed and waved a russet-colored hand at her as they veered ahead of the more ponderous vehicle. She was tempted to venture an answering signal, but a sound from her captor, half grunt and half warning, blighted that impulse in the bud.

"What's that town ahead?" suddenly asked the refugee, stooping forward to stare through the windshield.

"I don't know," she answered, truthfully enough.

She could see the line of worry deepen between his shaggy eyebrows. She could see his face harden and a faint dewing of moisture show on his pallid skin. And the next moment she was able to fathom the source of his ever-increasing tenseness. At the roadside, in front of a wide-doored garage, a khaki-clad state trooper stood beside his motorcycle. The sunlight glinted on his metal buttons, on the peak of his cap, on the serried array of brass that showed along his cartridge belt. She could see his brown leather pistol holster. And at almost the same moment she was conscious of a movement on the part of the man beside her as he sat back in the seat as though contentedly folding his arms. But under the hand covered by his left elbow he held his waiting revolver, so close to her that she could feel the barrel end against her ribs. He did not speak. But she knew well

(Continued on Page 185)



Read this list of
10 BUSINESS DRAWBACKS
that come from using an OLD *pen*

1—Recopying
2—Illegibility
3—Irritation
4—Spoiled Letters
5—Mistakes in figuring
6—Misunderstandings
7—Bad Impressions
8—Soiled Fingers
9—Defaced Documents
10—Lost Letters

F R E E

ESTERBROOK PEN MFG. CO., Camden, N. J.

☐ Send me, free, "The Book of 100 Famous Signatures," showing the autographs of illustrious men and women—and a sample of Pen No. 988.

☐ Send me, free, the Esterbrook Chart of Handwriting to help me find the pen best suited to my hand—also send me a sample of Pen No. 988.

☐ I enclose 15 cents, for which send box of the "12 Most Popular Pens in the World."

NAME

ADDRESS

Swift — sure — certain

Cheers for the new one. Brightly it flashes.
"Speed" is its motto. First one to finish.
Makes a clean record. Wins for its backers!

Wreck — Wrack — Ruin!

Rusty and crusty. Spluttery and splattery.
Never dependable. Never ahead. Time waster.
Bungler. The longer it runs, the larger its losses.

New pens are winners. For only a cent you'll get much nicer letters—much better records. Only a cent to make writing pleasant. Send us the coupon, we'll send you a sample. Start this good habit: A fresh Esterbrook always.

Some Facts that will Surprise You

For the *inspection alone* of Esterbrook Pens, we spend more than $50,000 yearly. We destroy pens for defects so minute that you could never see them!

Every Esterbrook goes thru 14 different processes of manufacture—some of them based on measurements as precise as one ten-thousandth of an inch.

Sixty-seven years of experience, and the largest pen factory in America, are behind Esterbrook pens.

How to Find the Pen that is Uniquely Your Own

Your handwriting is as individual as your thumbprint. Nobody in the world can duplicate it precisely. There is *one* type of pen that exactly suits it. We make that pen—because we have studied penmanship since 1858 and have evolved twelve types of pens that suit *every* known style.

Send 15 cents for 12 pens (see the coupon please).

TRUE ECONOMY— *Always a FRESH*

Esterbrook

ESTERBROOK PEN MANUFACTURING CO., Camden, N. J.
Canadian Agents: BROWN BROTHERS, LTD., Toronto

Strength

How man builds for permanence with red-leaded steel

TOUGH, flawless steel that safeguards the lives of thousands—who would think that it needs protection itself? But it does. Engineers, railroad men, ship-owners, never build with steel alone, strong as it is. They know they must provide steel with the one quality it lacks—the ability to ward off rust.

So it is common practice today to protect steel with a covering of paint The paint that has been standard for years for this purpose is a chemical derivative of another metal—lead. Every day you see lead paint protecting steel. That flaming orange-red paint on bridges, on the steel framework of buildings, on vessels, and on metal surfaces everywhere, is a durable protective covering of red-lead.

So long as this covering of lead paint remains unbroken, the steel is safe. For sun, rain, oxygen—the causes of corrosion—cannot get through the red-lead to attack the steel.

For years pure red-lead has been used by ship-owners, railroad men, engineers and others interested in the protection of iron and steel. Dutch Boy red-lead is the paint which protects the Delaware River Bridge, shown here—longest suspension bridge in the world, connecting Philadelphia and Camden. It was also chosen to safeguard the steel skeleton of the New Palmer House in Chicago, which is the largest hotel in the world.

Dutch Boy red-lead comes in paste form for mixing with linseed oil. Its natural color is the brilliant orange-red, which can be tinted to any desired dark color for finishing coats. It is pure, long-wearing, economical to use.

By writing our nearest branch you can get a free copy of the "Handy Book on Painting." This interesting, instructive booklet tells you how to protect both metal and wood surfaces against deterioration, how to mix the paint; how to apply it. Write for a copy and at the same time, if you have a special paint problem, let us help you.

Under the Dutch Boy trade-mark, National Lead Company also makes white lead for paint, linseed oil, solder, babbitt metals, and flatting oil for use with white-lead in decorating interiors. This company also makes practically every form of lead product used by man. If you desire further information about lead and its many uses in art, industry and daily life, write our nearest branch.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York, 111 Broadway, Boston, 131 State St.; Buffalo, 116 Oak St.; Chicago, 900 West 18th St, Cincinnati, 659 Freeman Ave; Cleveland, 820 West Superior Ave., St Louis, 722 Chestnut St.; San Francisco, 485 California St.; Pittsburgh, National Lead & Oil Co. of Pa., 316 Fourth Avenue, Philadelphia, John T Lewis & Bros. Co., 437 Chestnut St.

(Continued from Page 182)

enough what the movement implied. Without being quite conscious of doing so, she even increased her speed as they bore down on that self-reliant looking figure in leather and flashing metal.

"Go slower," muttered her captor out of one corner of his mouth.

She could see the sweat of anxiety on his intent face. In his cavernous eye, too, she could see an animal-like glow of desperation that sent little tingles of terror up and down her tired body. And she ceased to breathe altogether as they forged slowly past the khaki-clad trooper, who lifted his head and stared into the car as they went by.

So alert and inquiring was that look that the woman at the wheel was half hoping and yet half afraid the officer of the law would signal them to stop or even come chugging after them on his motorcycle. That feeling apparently was shared by her enemy, as he almost hissed his peremptory "Speed up!" in her ear.

But they were neither halted nor overtaken. The strain, however, had clearly told on the refugee, who wiped his face with his coat sleeve and sank limply back against the suède upholstery.

"We're not goin' through that town," he announced, rousing himself with an effort. "Turn at that next corner and hit back into the side roads."

"But we'll only get lost again," she demurred, slowing down.

"Well, that's what I want to do," was his half-listless retort, as they swung off the highway. "I guess it's goin' to pay us to lay up until dark and do our travelin' by night."

"Is that very fair to me?" she asked, when she was able to control her voice.

"You don't figure in these movements," he proclaimed, looking not at her but at the road ahead.

"But I'm still a human being," she contended, tightening her grip on the wheel.

"So am I," was his brusque rejoinder. "And I'm goin' to do my best to remain one."

"Do you think treating me inhumanly will help you much?" she inquired, with a forlorn sort of fortitude. She was even able to turn and look at him. But he evaded her glance.

"Well, this is war, or the next thing to it," he said, with his sardonic half smile. "And some old bird's already said that war is hell."

"It must be," she said out of the ensuing silence.

That nettled him into a show of anger.

"Say, you're gettin' off so easy you ought to be shakin' hands with yourself," he said, as he reached for his loaf of bread and broke off a piece. "Most men in my position would've put a bullet through your empty head two hours ago."

She resented that "empty head" even more than his self-centering brutality. And in some way and at some time before he was through with her she would prove that her intelligence was equal to his own. She would show him there was some shadow of justice in the world. She would make him regret his mercilessness. She would ——

"Keep in the road!" he commanded, with an angry elbow jerk against her body; and she steadied herself again and once more watched the narrowing wheel trail as it ascended a slope bordered by woodlands and went down a second slope that ended in a wooden bridge spanning a stream that brawled between moss-covered bowlders.

It was a narrow bridge and an old one. The planking, she could see, was loose. One of its floor boards had even been overturned, and in it her doubly sensitized vision detected a nail—a nail that protruded a good two inches from the abraded timber surface. She slowed down, studying that nail intently. She made a pretense of being uncertain of her pathway over those loose timbers, bearing a trifle to the right and then to the left so that her front tire would escape that threatening spike end. But she made it a point to see that her rear tire passed directly over it, and she was rewarded the next moment by hearing a hiss of air from the subsiding rubber.

The man at her side started violently at that sound, fixing her with a glance that was half question and half challenge.

"We've got a blow-out," she said, with an achieved frown of annoyance, as they pounded slowly on over the rough road. But her pallid-faced custodian did not seem to understand her.

"My back tire is flat," she explained, as they came to a stop, and this time the man beside her said "Hell!" under his breath. He was still frowning when she reached first to the instrument board for the key that unlocked her spares and then to the door pocket for Mart's second key that released the padlocked chain about the two extra tires.

"Let the damn thing stay flat," he sullenly proclaimed. "We'll go on as we are."

"But I've got two spares on the back of my car," she said, as she held the keys out for him.

"Why can't you run on a flat tire?" he demanded, staring first one way and then the other along the empty side road.

A new quietness and a new patience had come to her. But the mind housed in what he had called an empty head was singularly wide awake.

"We could, of course, for a little way," she conceded. "But if we go too far my engine is likely to heat and stall, and it means we would have to go very slowly. And we'd attract attention, of course, in every town we went through on a flat tire."

He scowled thoughtfully as he took up the mason jar of water and slowly unscrewed the top. There was a touch of the contemptuous, she thought, in the paraded unconcern with which he drank from the sealer. That movement reminded her of her own returning thirst. But she sat silent, holding her dry lips tight against her teeth.

"Well, get your tire on," he commanded, as he put down the mason jar. "We've sure got some travelin' to do before this time tomorrow."

The brutality of his tone no longer affected her. Her thoughts in fact were not on him or his messages. She was pondering other and more important matters.

For all his petulant weariness, however, he followed her out of the car. And his revolver was once more in his hand, notwithstanding the insolent detachment with which he watched her. Yet her movements were exceptionally deliberate as she turned the key in the ingenious small lock that held the outer spare on its metal bracket. On second thought, indeed, she quickly reversed the key and relocked the concealed fastener. Then she took up the heavier key of the padlock that held Mart's ridiculous safety chain linked about rim and rubber and bracket metal. She unlocked and removed the chain, hooking the open padlock through a link of the chain end and letting it hang unregarded across her forearm as she made an effort to lift the heavy spare from its resting place. That effort, however, was foredoomed to failure. So for the second time she went through the gestures of struggling with a weight that was manifestly too much for her.

"I don't seem able to get this tire free," she complained, as she straightened up and turned a worried face toward the watching man.

"I guess you're not tryin' any too hard," he accused, as he stepped frowningly forward.

"There's a lot of metal in these rims," she said, with an altogether new meekness, as she made room for him at the end of the car.

He took hold of the spare, half sullenly, half contemptuously, and tugged at it without success. But his revolver, she noticed, was still practically in his hand, swinging from one finger by its trigger guard, and her moment had not yet arrived.

"It seems stuck there by the varnish," she ventured, as he stood staring resentfully down at the gray-metaled rim. Then she watched him closely as he kicked the inflated rubber twice with the flat of his

Whole wheat at its best!

Tempting golden Wheatena! Each delicious spoonful fairly laden with the sunny strength of the Wheatfields!

Millions delight in its hearty whole-wheat flavor. Watch the children's eyes brighten when they see brimming bowls of Wheatena on the breakfast table. They just "eat it up" and ask for more and more. Give them all they want—it's so good for them and so easy to digest.

Wheatena is whole wheat at its best. Only plump, golden grains of choicest winter wheat are selected, then roasted and toasted by the exclusive Wheatena method. *All* the flavor and nourishment are retained—the *real* golden heart of the wheat—the minerals—the carbohydrates—the proteins *and the bran*—nature's safe regulator. *All* the elements you need to build bone, muscle, tissue and to add golden years to your life.

Get Wheatena today—treat your family at breakfast tomorrow.

On your table in 3 minutes at less than 2c a pound.

The Wheatena Company
Wheatenaville, Rahway, N. J.

Please send me Free Sample package of Wheatena and recipe book.

Name

Address

City... State

When you see the name YALE on the outside of a lock

you will have true dependable Yale construction inside

There is only one manufacturer of Yale Locks and Keys. The mark YALE means the name of the maker.

The Yale & Towne Manufacturing Co.

Stamford, Conn., U. S. A. *Canadian Branch at St. Catharines, Ont.*

YALE MARKED IS YALE MADE

TRADE YALE MARK

foot, apparently to jar loose the rim within it. She watched him as he squatted and lifted and wrenched. She watched him as, angered with defeat, he attacked it more determinedly, placing the encumbering revolver on the narrow shelf of metal between the tank gauge and the tonneau end. It was still lamentably close to him, that all-essential firearm, but it was no longer in his hand. And that, she remembered, meant a great deal.

"Get hold o' here!" he cried angrily out across his stooping shoulder. She murmured a humble enough "All right" as she crowded closer in beside him. She was so close, indeed, that she could detect the axillary odors of his heated body. But they were no longer repugnant to her.

She knew, as she crouched close to him, that her moment had come. She also knew that her movement, once started, would have to be both quick and continuous. She nursed a vague desire to knock the revolver from its resting place as an overture to her more important intention, but she had no time for that; and she wanted to be sure of herself, for he would kill her, of course, if he deciphered her plan before she could carry it out.

Yet she did not hesitate. With a catlike quickness she swung the heavy safety chain about the sturdy bracket metal directly in front of him. He emitted an inarticulate sound, apparently of protest at her clumsiness, as she reached in under his armpit and clutched at the swaying free end of the chain. She even had it tightened against his ribs before he could quite understand. She had it constricted about his lean waist, drawing the padlock closer to the last available link through which its bow could be thrust and snapped shut, before he fully realized her intention. Then he cried aloud, in an ecstasy of high-pitched rage, and struck at her with his closed fist before she could stagger away.

But it was too late. It was too late, she exulted, as she stood panting in the open road. For she had her enemy there, trussed to a ton and a half of inert metal. She had him there a prisoner, chained and locked to a frame of unyielding steel. She had him where he could no longer browbeat and bully her, where he could no longer torture and humiliate her. She had him completely and unequivocally in her power.

Yet she felt a trifle faint, as she remembered this, and was compelled to sit down a few paces away on the grassy shoulder of the road. There she watched him, quietly and almost abstractedly, as he writhed and fought for a freedom that was beyond his reach. He had twisted halfway about, so that his back was no longer toward her. By turning his head he could look at her, and on his face she could see a silent and reptilious hate that tended to curdle her blood for all her second wind of valor. But he was secure there, she saw, even before he renewed his futile struggles.

She was vaguely relieved, however, when he once more became motionless. Yet there was something ominous in the ensuing silence. He even appeared to be avoiding her gaze by turning away from her, by twisting about in his tight metal girth until he again faced the car.

She started to her feet the next moment with a small gasp of apprehension. For she suddenly realized the object of his strange movements. It was the revolver that he was reaching for, the revolver balanced on the little metal shelf beside the tank gauge. With that once in his hand he could still defy her and hold her off. A well-placed shot, she remembered, might even break the padlock and hand him back his liberty. Or perhaps by using its barrel as a lever he might still have power enough to twist one of those imprisoning chain links apart.

She ran toward him as he writhed into a better position for reaching in through the obstructing tire rim. She could see the outstretched arm, the talonlike fingers, straining toward the shimmering metal. His hand reached it, closed on it, before she could intercept him. But she could not afford to be afraid of him. She caught his unclean wrist in her own quick hands, and levering the lank arm back about the tire rim, tugged with all her strength. He could neither withdraw that arm nor relieve the tension that threatened to snap the bone. But a sudden grayness came into his face and his fingers relaxed as he groaned aloud.

She kicked the weapon at almost the same moment it fell, kicked it vigorously aside to the grass-covered shoulder slope of the road. And she breathed deep again as she stood staring at the fettered man staring in turn at her. It sent her mind back to her girlhood, when, with the careless willfulness of youth, she had once teased a zoo leopard through its cage bars. She had never forgotten the blind rage, the burning hate in those opalescent eyes that had glared back at her. And in the cavernous eyes confronting her she saw the same mute and malignant revolt against helplessness, the same unvoiced virulence.

It unnerved her mysteriously, taking the savor out of her triumph. It even checked her in her advance toward the car where she had intended to restart her engine and drag her prisoner peremptorily back to the near-by town on the main road, drag him back in barbaric triumph, as the old Romans once dragged their enemies at their chariot wheels.

Instead of that, she hesitatingly picked up the revolver and turned away from him. Then she walked slowly but steadily up the road slope. There was a ringing in her ears and an ache in her knees, but she disregarded them. She strode on, tight-lipped, intent, stooping a little from sheer weariness of spirit. But she did not stop until she came to the paved highway from which they had so recently detoured, the highway along which road-stands and houses stood companionably close to one another, and an intermittent flow of traffic reminded her that life with its multitudinous interests and unrests and pageantries had been going on without her and without thought of her.

But she made no effort to arrest that flowing stream along the opaque black pavement. Instead, she turned to a wayside lunch room with HOT DOGS inscribed on a sign above its open door. Then she stopped short, for coming out of the door was a khaki-clad trooper, eating a chocolate bar as he came. She thought, as her eyes first rested on the russet and resolute young face, that he was the officer she had passed but half an hour before. As she looked at him more closely, however, she realized that he was the earlier trooper, the one whose stop signal she had so regally refused to obey.

He himself must have recognized her, for his face hardened as his casually roving eye centered and steadied on her motionless figure.

"I've been wanting you," he proclaimed, with the quick frown of affronted authority.

"Not nearly so much as I happen to want you," she retorted with a quietness that perplexed him. For she had expended too much that day either to be intimidated by his uniform or to react to his accusatory eye.

"What for?" he asked, for the first time conscious of an odd tenseness in her shadowy eyes.

"An escaped convict has been captured half a mile down this road," she said, as evenly as she was able.

"Who captured him?" was the curt and slightly incredulous inquiry.

"I did," she answered, as she leaned against a wheeled oil barrel for support. "You'll find him chained to my car there. And by the way, I took this away from him," she added, as she held out the heavy-bodied revolver. "And while you're getting him, if you don't mind, I should like to have a cup of coffee and then telephone to my husband."

ASK YOUR SHOE MAN FOR A BARBOURWELT MODEL IN WHATEVER MAKE AND STYLE YOU PREFER. AT ALL GOOD STORES

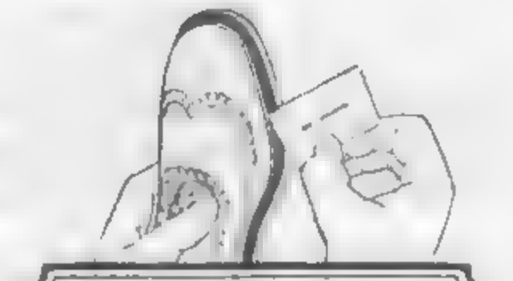
318 *manufacturers make* Barbourwelted shoes *in all styles, lasts and leathers.*

YOU don't have to shop around for *Barbourwelt* shoes. Nor are you limited to a few makes in selecting the particular style or last that you prefer. Three out of four of all the manufacturers of welt shoes are now making *Barbourwelt* models which you will find at any good store.

Barbourwelt is not a flash-in-the-pan style trim but a fundamental improvement in the making of fine shoes which insures their shape as nothing else can. The solid leather rib of *Barbourwelt* reinforces the upper along the whole line of the inseam, where most shoes gradually spread out and tread over. This ribbed support allows a well fitted shoe to conform comfortably to the shape of your foot, but preserves the trim lines and clean-edged contours that the designer fashioned to give it style.

"NOTHING TAKES THE PLACE OF LEATHER"

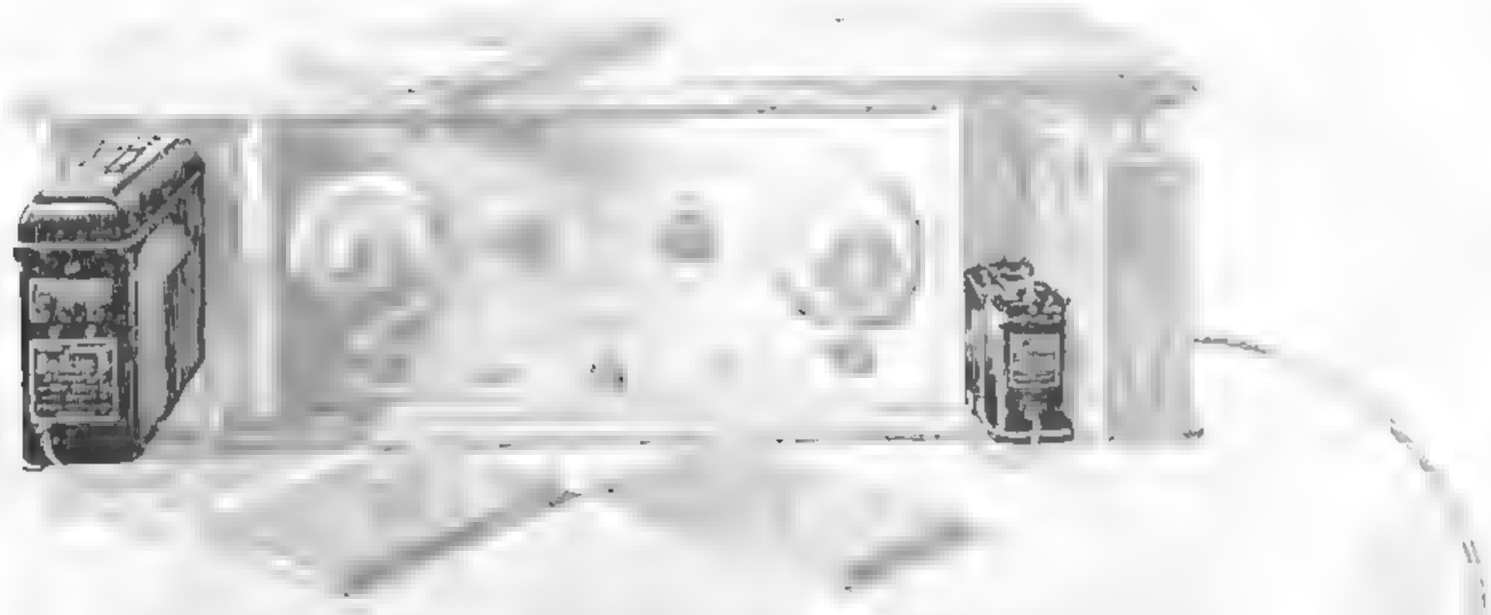
Welting in which the rib is made of rubber or thin upper leather stuffed with paper or string cannot keep out dampness or hold your shoes in shape as *Barbourwelt's* solid one-piece rib of sole leather actually *does.*



Try this test—
In genuine *Barbourwelt* there is no opening or seam below this rib. You can't pry under it.

BARBOURWELT

BARBOUR WELTING COMPANY, Brockton, Mass., *Manufacturers of High Grade Goodyear Welting for over 30 years*



Convert your receiver into A LIGHT SOCKET SET *with* Balkite Radio Power Units

Now you need wait no longer for a light socket set. Balkite Radio Power Units—the Balkite Trickle Charger and Balkite "B"—enable you to make a light socket set of your present receiver.

The Balkite Trickle Charger converts your "A" battery into an automatic "A" power unit that furnishes full "A" current from the light socket at all times. Balkite "B" replaces "B" batteries entirely and furnishes "B" current from the light socket. As an added convenience you may purchase an automatic switch that cuts out the charger and turns on Balkite "B" during operation.

This popular light socket installation is the last word in radio convenience. It is extremely simple to install, economical both in initial cost and in operation, and is so compact it will fit in practically all present battery compartments. Revolutionary in the convenience it gives, yet it is composed entirely of units that have demonstrated their success over a long period of time.

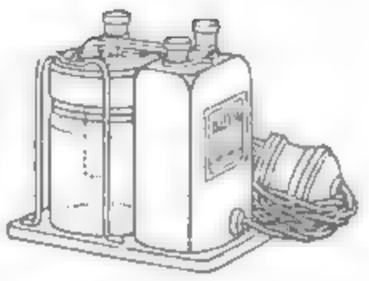
Noiseless—No bulbs—Permanent

All Balkite Radio Power Units are entirely noiseless, have no bulbs, no moving parts, nothing to break or get out of order. All are permanent pieces of equipment. Their current consumption is ridiculously low. All operate from 110-120 volt AC current, with models for 50, 60 and other cycles. *All are tested and listed as standard by the Underwriters' Laboratories.* If you already own a receiver, equip it with Balkite Radio Power Units now. If you buy a new receiver, buy it Balkite equipped from your dealer.

The Balkite Railway Signal Rectifier is now standard equipment on over 50 leading American and Canadian Railroads

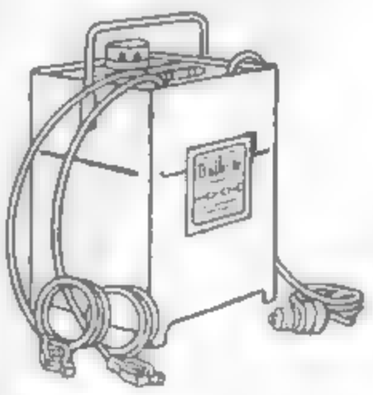
FANSTEEL

Balkite *Radio Power Units*



Balkite *Trickle Charger*

Converts any 6-volt "A" battery of 30 ampere hours capacity or more into an automatic "A" power unit that furnishes "A" current from the light socket. With 4-volt and smaller 6-volt batteries may be used as an intermittent charger. Or as a trickle charger if a resistance is added to cut down the charging rate $10. West of Rockies, $10.50. In Canada, $15

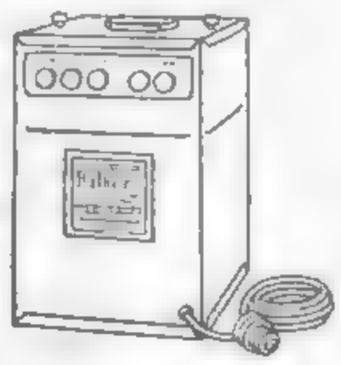


Balkite *Battery Charger*

The popular rapid charger for 6 volt "A" batteries. Noiseless. If your battery should be low you merely turn on the charger and operate the set. Special model for 25-40 cycles. $19.50. West of Rockies, $20. In Canada, $27.50.

Balkite "B"

Eliminates "B" batteries and supplies plate current from the light socket. Keeps the "B" circuit always at full power. For sets of 6 tubes and less. $35. In Canada, $49.50.



Balkite "B" II

Supplies plate current from the light socket. Will serve any standard set. Especially adapted to sets of 6 tubes or more. $55. In Canada, $75.

MANUFACTURED BY FANSTEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY, INC., NORTH CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Sole Licensees in the United Kingdom: Messrs. Radio Accessories Ltd., 9-13 Hythe Rd., Willesden, London, N. W. 10

RABBIT FEET AND JINXES

(Continued from Page 27)

a dismal, fear-inspiring affair. Actors generally think it lucky to leave some garment, some part of their costume or jewelry unworn at the dress rehearsal. This, again, leaves them with something new and unrehearsed to give the audience.

The script, or prompt book, of a play is never cleaned up until after the first performance—if then. It may be thickly interlined, bulky with pinned-in interpolations and added scenes, crazily blue penciled, torn, tattered, falling to pieces, entirely illegible to everyone except the stage manager, but the book used during rehearsals will be the book used at the first performance. The famous Dion Boucicault invariably tore off the cover of the first act and also destroyed the title page of a new play at the last rehearsal. Unless this was done he could not hope for the play's success.

Stepping onto the stage for your first scene is not so innocent a matter as might be imagined. Rather is it fraught with grave import, not to say hazard. It is much safer to step into the set right foot first. To do otherwise is to step into grief. But right or left—some actors prefer their port pedal extremity for the same reason that some bakers consider thirteen a lucky number for them—the trilby first placed in the set at the first performance of a play must be the hoof first to land in the set at all succeeding performances. There is a sound, excellent reason back of this and other customs which will be discussed in a later paragraph.

Tripping, stumbling or skidding while making one's first entrance, besides raising a laugh, confers a benefit upon the production as a whole. Hearts grow light and spirits bright when a nervous hero, dashing romantically on the stage for his first love scene, tangles his feet in a rug and keeps himself from sliding into the footlights only by hooking an arm around the leading lady's neck.

Old stagers will defy you to name a single play whose success was continued after it had been completely recostumed. It is the stage version of old wine in new bottles. Something will bust. The belief that wigs, certain bits of wardrobe and ornament worn in successful plays become invested with good luck is one of the oldest in the profession. Adelaide Neilson, a star of purest ray, after her tremendous London success as Juliet, for the rest of her professional life carried a dingy, straw-colored strip of silk which she hung over the railing in the balcony scene in Romeo and Juliet—as it had hung the night of her big hit.

Joe Jefferson's Mascot Gun

When Maude Adams was appearing in New York as Lady Babbie in The Little Minister she wore a string of red beads which she endued with mystic powers for success. At least, she wore them religiously. In the company with Miss Adams was George Fawcett. Mrs. Fawcett, known professionally as Percy Haswell, later assumed the Lady Babbie rôle in the road company of Little Minister. As a special token of her friendship and keen hopes for Miss Haswell's success, Miss Adams sent her not only two of the costumes she had worn in the profitable New York run but also the talismanic string of red beads.

Joseph Jefferson wore the same costume and the same beard and used the same old rusty breakaway gun in Rip Van Winkle for fifteen years. Returning to this country after an unbroken string of profitable engagements here and abroad, Jefferson opened his sixteenth season at the Fifth Avenue Theater, New York. But the old breakaway gun could not be found for the first performance. A new one had to be procured. The engagement at the Fifth Avenue was a failure, closing in two weeks.

Whereupon Mr. Jefferson heaved the new gun out into the alley and swore by his ancient moth-eaten beard that he would not again play Rip Van Winkle until his mascot gun was restored to him. A few days later it was found. The actor immediately reopened his show in Brooklyn—to one of the most profitable engagements it ever played. As they say on the Rialto, laugh that one off.

Years ago a European circus superstition concerning the baleful influence of green tights was added to our own native dread of yellow costumes. Chorus girls never expect anything but the worst when forced to wear all-yellow costumes, no matter how scanty. The girl who sits nearest the door of the chorus dressing room is considered S. O. L.—simply out of luck—as her position indicates that she will be the first to leave the show. And if any other girl in the room starts whistling it is considered exactly the same as saying, "I hope you lose your job today, dearie."

A green costume, especially if it includes green tights, is something to be avoided. Wearing it—or them—results in lack of work, many circus and vaudeville acrobats testify. Also you must put your right leg into your tights before you incase your left leg in order to remain lucky. The same rule holds for stockings and shoes. A turned-up hem on a stage dress is unlucky unless the wearer discovers it before she steps on the stage and, making a pretty wish, expectorates ever so slightly upon it before turning it down.

When "Good Luck" is Bad Luck

But the supreme jinx, the deadliest hoodoo you can place upon an aerial artist, the surest way to implant palpitating panic in his bosom is to say "Good luck" to him as he goes on the stage to perform his act. "Good luck!" That's all. But if it be a woman, she will pale under her rouge and succumb to violent trembling. If a man, you may expect his thanks returned to you in the form of some large, weighty object hurled viciously at your head. There have been instances where lofty trapeze and wire artists have refused to climb up on their apparatus after good luck has been wished them, so obsessed were they by the belief that serious accident was in store for them.

In passing, it might be interesting to know that circus people—notoriously superstitious—all over the country rejoiced when it became known that Madison Square Garden in New York City was to be demolished. The old Garden was a jinx. Every spring, for many years, the circus went into the Garden for four or six weeks, and beginning with the first engagement, every conceivable sort of accident continued to happen, not a few of them fatal. The rigging of aerial apparatus slipped or broke without cause. Equestrians fell from their mounts and broke everything from their heads to their contracts. Wild animals reverted to unregenerate jungle instincts without giving their two weeks' notice. Placid elephants changed their minds and playful leopards tried to change the spots on their trainers' costumes, and succeeded.

Get-away night at the Garden every spring became really religious in atmosphere, as the performers, exiting from their last appearance in the arena, soberly, audibly and devoutly thanked God for bringing them through the engagement without crippling damage or death. Before the 1925 engagement commenced the circus knew that wreckers would begin razing the building as soon as the circus moved out. Strangely or not, depending on your theory of applied psychology, the 1925 engagement was the only one of many seasons unmarred by a single serious accident.

The brilliant radiance of the peacock feather has been known to induce acute chills and fever, incipient apoplexy and partial paralysis in an actor. Gorgeous leading ladies and bold soubrettes will adorn their persons with the plumage of any biped from the ostrich to the tom-tit,

FREE 10-Day Tube
Mail the Coupon

No "off-color" teeth
—no toneless gums

when that dingy film is removed

Accept this remarkable dental test. You'll gain the dazzling white teeth and coral-like gums that make smiles *attractive and inviting*.

MODERN dental science has made important, recent discoveries in lightening cloudy teeth.

In a few days you can work great changes in the color of your teeth, can give them dazzling whiteness, and your gums the healthy coral tint you envy

If you seek new beauty and new charm, test this new way. Do as millions are doing on dental advice. Multiply the value of your smile. Mail the coupon. A 10-day test will be sent you.

Beneath the film are gleaming, glorious teeth

Run your tongue across your teeth, and you will feel a film, a viscous coat that covers them.

That film is an enemy to your teeth—and your gums. You must remove it.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs discolorations and gives your teeth that cloudy, "off-color" look.

Germs by the millions breed in it and lay your teeth open to decay. And they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea and gum disorders.

Tooth troubles and gum troubles now are largely traced to that film.

Less effective methods fail in successfully combating it. *That's why, regardless of the care you take now, your teeth remain unattractive.*

New methods remove it. And Firm the Gums

Now, in a new-type dentifrice called Pepsodent, dental science has discovered effective combatants. Their action is to curdle the film and remove it, then to firm the gums.

Many ordinary methods fail in these results. Thus the world has turned, largely on dental advice, to this new method.

What you see when that film is removed—the whiteness of your teeth—will amaze you. You are simply hiding the natural beauty of your teeth.

* * *

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt. *Mail the coupon. A ten-day tube will be sent you free.*

FILM the worst enemy to teeth

You can feel it w[illegible]

Canadian Office and Laboratories: 191 George St., Toronto, Canada

FREE Mail this for 10-Day Tube to

Pepsodent
The New-Day Quality Dentifrice
Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 241, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name.

Address

Only one tube to a family. 1931

NORTHEASTER
$7.50
A Real Magnetic Horn at a Low Price
STRONG VIBRANT TONE . SURE INSTANT RESPONSE . LONG LIFE
RUGGED . . . SIMPLE . . . SCIENTIFIC
A BLIND corner—an absent-minded jaywalker—a careless child—an irresponsible driver—these are everyday occurrences where an imperative warning may avert a fatal accident.
The NORTHEASTER with its vibrant distinctive tone commands that instant awareness that means safety to driver and pedestrian alike.
Here is a real magnetic Horn at a price no car owner can afford to ignore. All live Automotive Accessory Stores carry it. It sells for only $7.50. Get your NORTHEASTER now.
The Horn That Lasts
MANUFACTURED BY
NORTH EAST ELECTRIC CO.
The Standard for Dependability and Long Life
Starting Generating & Ignition Equipment - Horns Speedometers
ROCHESTER · ATLANTA · CHICAGO DETROIT NEW YORK KANSAS CITY SAN FRANCISCO PARIS LONDON TORONTO
DISTRIBUTED BY
NORTH EAST SERVICE INC

excepting always the peacock. TNT has no greater power to disrupt a show than a peacock-feather fan. The New York failure of a certain musical piece, in which all the characters and chorus were birds and costumed as such, was anticipated by many professionals at its première, who gasped and distended their eyeballs when a section of the chorus appeared for one number garbed as glittering peacocks. "Can you conceive of such a thing?" they whispered.

This ancient superstition was dealt a paralyzing blow when the New Amsterdam Theater, New York, was built. Many were the predictions of failure and ultimate dissolution, when it was discovered that the theme of the decorations above and surrounding the proscenium arch was the portentous peacock. The stage was literally covered and inclosed with jinxing feathers. As a matter of record, from its inception the New Amsterdam, perennial home of Mr. Zeigfeld's glorified American girls, has prospered prodigiously.

There are some good and evil omens hovering over the process of making up. The actor's rouge paw, with which he adds the last finishing touch to his make-up, is traditionally a rabbit's foot. It is just as much bad luck to break a mirror in a theater as anywhere else. The actor always carries his own individual make-up mirror, if for nothing else than to obviate the ill fortune of having to make up in the cracked, broken, dizzy-lizzy mirrors to be found in many poorly kept theaters. Sharing grease paint and powder often brings good luck to one and all.

Walter Catlett, for one, is suspected of possessing part of the first stick of grease paint he ever borrowed—out in San Francisco in 1906. This happy-hearted, effervescent comedian's habit is to wander from one dressing room to another while making up, using this one's flesh stick, another's stick of carmine, a third actor's blue liner for his eyes and someone else's lip rouge. He has his own powder puff—at least he has had it for years—but he swears he's never yet discovered the precise blend of powder that suits him, and so keeps experimenting with other folks' powders.

The Sunset Superstition

Perhaps because in days gone by the folks in small towns withheld from buying theater tickets until the troupe arrived in town and were given the double O, the belief grew that it was unlucky to arrive in a town at sunset. There was much truth back of this superstition. There are still communities which estimate the entertainment worth of a company by the appearance and quality of its baggage. Hence a roped trunk—a trunk bound with rope—brings bad luck and poor business to a company. Several roped trunks hauled through the streets of a town with the scenic production advertise the fact that the company is poor. Otherwise why would it travel in trunks that are falling to pieces? Can't be much of a show or it'd be more prosperous, by heck! The old-fashioned camel-back, or round-top, trunk was equally a jinx to a show. It bespoke the presence in the company of an amateur, or inexperienced actor, because the real, dyed-in-the-wool trouper's trunk is always a stout, foursquare, heavily reënforced affair built to withstand years of punishment.

Conversely, it is good luck, other things being auspicious, to arrive in a town before noon, provided you do not pass a graveyard on the wrong side before the train reaches the station. If the graveyard is on the right side of the tracks, it is but an act of caution designed to confuse and foil the lurking spirits of evil to place the aisle of the railway coach between yourself and the cemetery.

Nat Goodwin used to tell a story on himself illustrating the sunset superstition. With his company, he arrived late one afternoon in a rural New England village. There was a goodly collection of residents gathered on the station platform—to give him and his troupe the usual once-over, Goodwin supposed. Alighting from the train, the comedian called his leading lady's attention to the glorious splash of color crimsoning the western sky:

"See, my dear, what a magnificent sunset!"

"Sunset, hell!" came a voice from the crowd. "That's the opery house burnin' down!"

It is doubtful if you ever saw an old trouper toss his hat, coat or umbrella on the bed in his hotel room. Aside from being an untidy habit, it is regarded as the simplest, quickest method of closing a show for the season. Another show closer is Home, Sweet Home, sung, whistled or hummed in a dressing room, or unnecessarily played by the orchestra.

The fouling or looping of a drop curtain is considered misfortunate, especially if it breaks loose and socks you on the bean. In connection with curtains, there is usually a peephole in the scene curtain through which the folks backstage can look and comment upon the folks out in front before the show starts and between acts. But if this peephole be to the right or left instead of exactly on the center line of the curtain, many troupers will refuse to risk an eye at it. But even worse luck and smaller houses will follow if, while so peeping on the bias, an actor places his foot on the bottom batten of the curtain. Explain away that one, if you can.

Tuesday-Night Openings

Innumerable minor stage superstitions might be cited without much benefit, enlightenment or amusement. Individual beliefs and habits of successful actors sometimes become forms and fetishes to be followed by their associates for a while and then to die out or become exploded theories. For example, among once generally believed but now discarded superstitions was the peril of rehearsing or playing upon the Sabbath. Considering the Puritan principles that originally dictated the thought of this country, the results of Sunday endeavor can be easily understood. However, some queer history is clustered around this belief.

Have you ever heard the shooting and death of the spectacular James Fisk, Jr., the Wall Street associate of Jay Gould, ascribed to the Sunday-night performances of Lalla Rookh at the old Grand Opera House? It was in the Grand, then owned and operated by Fisk and still standing on the corner of Twenty-third Street and Eighth Avenue, where Fisk and Gould hid while panic reigned in Wall Street on its notorious Black Friday.

At the time Fisk produced the Lalla Rookh extravaganza not only was the company forced to rehearse on Sunday but Fisk announced regular Sunday-night performances. Company members and others argued in vain with Fisk. They quoted numerous examples of death and disaster which had followed Sabbath rehearsals and shows, notably the fate of the great Black Crook company's soubrette who passed away suddenly and from no discoverable cause after a Sunday rehearsal of the piece.

Three Sunday-night performances of Lalla Rookh were given. Though they were financially unprofitable, Fisk announced a fourth. Before it could be held he was shot, and the play failed miserably.

While on the subject of producers, let it be known that some managers are every whit as superstitious as some of the actors they engage. Listen! There is an old superstition, usually credited to the Israelites, based upon a literal interpretation of the first chapter of Genesis. Therein the third day is expressly designated as a day that the Creator saw was good. The second day is not so glorified in the Genesis account. The third day of the week, or Tuesday in the Jewish calendar, is consequently a far better, more blessed day than Monday. And now you know why some managers religiously open their new productions on Tuesday rather than on Monday night.

(Continued on Page 193)

Should Somebody Say to You What Mother Is Saying to This Little Girl?

"Come right into the house this instant and put on your rubbers. You are old enough to know better than to go out on that cold, wet ground, with nothing on your feet but thin-soled shoes. You have been told a hundred times how foolish that is.

"You are ruining your shoes, and you may make yourself sick. Your stockings are probably wringing wet. It does seem to me you would find it easier and nicer to put on your rubbers when you go out in the wet and keep your feet dry and comfortable."

Some *Grown-Ups* Need a Lecture, Too

Grown-ups know that stylish shoes are made for indoor temperatures. They know that snow and rain and slush will ruin the looks of even the best shoes and make them wear out sooner. They know what wet feet and stockings can do to even robust constitutions.

They've been told a thousand times—but they "hate to wear rubbers". Yes—they "hate" to take the trouble to protect their shoes, their comfort, their appearance or even their health.

Are you that kind? If so, do something about it! Make up your mind now to get some rubbers—good rubbers, like "Ball-Band" with the Red Ball Trade Mark—and *wear them.*

Stop fooling yourself! It may be you walk only short distances. There may be pavements—automobiles—street cars. But you need only a single puddle to get your shoes and feet soaking wet. *You cannot afford to go without rubbers.*

And don't wait for a storm to drive you to the nearest footwear dealer. Go to a "Ball-Band" dealer today, select the type of rubbers you want and get fitted. You will then have rubbers that will look well on your feet and that will wear a long, long time.

Millions of people already know "Ball-Band" and the Red Ball Trade Mark. They buy "Ball-Band" rubbers, and when the ground is wet or cold or slippery, they *put on their rubbers and wear them.*

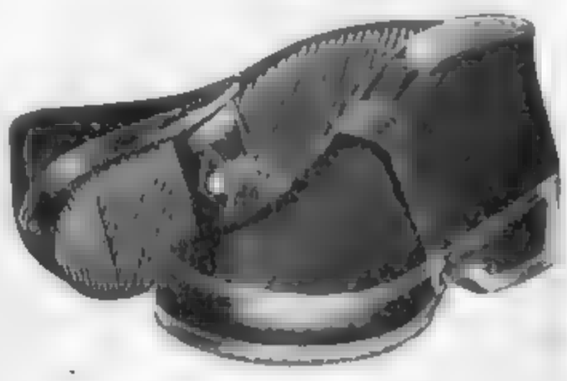
For over a quarter century they have been buying "Ball-Band." They prefer "Ball-Band" because of the long wear they get from footwear that bears the Red Ball Trade Mark.

That Red Ball is your assurance of quality, too. Look for it!

If the stores where you usually buy do not have "Ball-Band" Rubbers, write for booklet "More Days Wear" and the name of a dealer who can supply you.

MISHAWAKA RUBBER & WOOLEN MFG. CO.
467 Water Street, Mishawaka, Indiana
"The House That Pays Millions for Quality"

"BALL-BAND"
Rubber & Woolen
FOOTWEAR



LOOK FOR THE RED BALL TRADE MARK — IT IS YOUR ASSURANCE OF MORE DAYS WEAR

New Hupmobile
8 Cylinder Sedan

WHEREVER IT
MUST BE THE BEST

Delco

STARTING LIGHTING IGNITION

Hupmobile engineers specify Delco Ignition on the Hupmobile Eight because it provides unusually fine performance.

Delco Ignition is now used on practically all of America's eight cylinder motor cars.

THE DAYTON ENGINEERING LABORATORIES COMPANY, DAYTON, OHIO, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 190)

A baffling state of affairs existed in the Broadhurst producing company for many years. The first time the Man of the Hour production—scenery, props and trunks—was hauled from the try-out theater to the train it was rained upon.

"Rain on the first haul. That's good luck," quoth the stage carpenter with the troupe. Man of the Hour proved to be a terrific hit.

The phenomenal nation-wide success of Bought and Paid For was forecast by the same carpenter, when the first transfer of the production from theater to train was made in a driving rainstorm. Crimson Alibi, Today, Law of the Land, Call of the North and other big money-makers for Mr. Broadhurst, productions extending over a range of fourteen years, all were rained on during the first haul. And believe it or not, they were the only Broadhurst productions made during those fourteen years that were successful. When, without exception, the first haul was a dry one, when a production was not rained upon, it soon withered and died.

Theatergoers all over the country are familiar with the name of George Spelvin, actor of parts, upon play programs. If you take the evidence of the programs, Mr. Spelvin is always working. Indeed it is no uncommon thing for George on any given Monday night to appear simultaneously in three Broadway shows, a road show in New Orleans and a stock company in San Francisco. The answer is, there is no George Spelvin. He is but a name. And what's in his name? Good luck, of course.

Several years ago a Broadway producer of patient, parsimonious habit needed a name on the program of his new show for a double. A double, you know, is a man who plays two distinct parts in the same play—a minor villain, say, who connects up with a deserved finish in Act Two, but, instead of washing up and going home, changes his costume and make-up and appears in Act Three as the village parson. Shakspere was not the first stage director to double his actors. But for fairly obvious reasons an actor's name seldom appears twice on a program as playing two separate rôles.

Ubiquitous George Spelvin

George Spelvin was the name selected to program the double in the show under discussion. The play was a big hit. In his next production the manager again doubled a couple of parts. Again he used the Spelvin alias and again the play was successful. Whereupon Spelvin became synonymous with sugar. Hearing the tale, other managers in their characteristically simple, direct, big-hearted manner declared themselves in on the discovery. Today it is a custom with them to cast George Spelvin whenever a program name is required for a double.

Previous to the past season, James Gleason, the same likable Jimmy of a hundred stock and repertoire companies, had trouped for many years with no luck to get giddy over. Then two plays he had written in collaboration with different authors were produced successfully within a few weeks of each other. One of them, Is Zat So, broke all existing New York box-office records for nonmusical shows. Whereupon managers stepped all over one another's corns in a frantic scramble to obtain Jimmy's services. They shoved large chunks of money at him the while they besought him with fevered eye and quivering lip to write plays for them and direct new productions they were planning. One and all, they had known Jimmy for years, and his mother, Mina Gleason, before him. They had refused jobs to Jimmy—oh, many a time. But as soon as they suspected him of having acquired a golden touch they piled so much work on him that he buckled under the load and had to be carted off to the hospital for several weeks.

It is much easier and simpler to acquire a reputation of being a hoodoo. Just appear in three or four successive failures on Broadway. Kate Claxton, the most famous of the Two Orphans, for a hectic period of her career was pursued so relentlessly by a jinx that she was known as the Fire Fiend. There was no intimation of criminal guilt implied in the sobriquet. It arose because the poor lady was forever being burned out of hotels and theaters. Joseph Fralinger's fame as a maker of Atlantic City salt-water taffy did much to sweeten the sinister regard in which he once was held. No less than four theaters burned down under his management. In no case did the fires originate in the theater buildings. When he erected the present prosperous Apollo on the Boardwalk he finally shook his jinx.

And, more modernly, Miss Fay Bainter, who has always been clever, was in and out several times before East is West, a notoriously lucky show, broke the hoodoo that hovered over Miss Bainter's previous appearances on Broadway.

As hinted before, plays themselves become regarded and revered as lucky. In a world where the law is that only one play in five is successful, this is not to be marveled at. Often you will find a roving repertoire troupe regularly opening its engagements with its worst play—worst as regards the opportunities it affords to display the intrinsic worth of the company—because it has happened that every engagement opened with that particular play has proved financially successful.

Hoodoos From Shakspere

Certain plays and particular speeches in and of the classic drama are loaded with devastating demons of ill fortune, Dame Rumor hath it. Until they started dressing Hamlet and the Merchant of Venice in plus fours and rubber-heeled Oxfords, few Shaksperean actors could listen unmoved by surging trepidation to someone humming or studying aloud backstage the witches' chorus from Macbeth. A death was almost certain to follow, with the hummer of the witches' incantation being greatly favored as the *corpus delicti* to be turned over to the coroner.

By the way, while getting up in a new rôle it is an approved and recommended practice to read over your lines the last thing at night, in bed, and then to put the typewritten part under your pillow. Sleeping on a part is palpably of great efficacy in memorizing it.

Old actors aver that the long speech which falls to Jaques de Bois upon his entrance in the last act of As You Like It, the speech beginning, "Let me have audience for a word or two: I am the second son of old Sir Rowland," is a jinx in that the actor trying to relieve his system of it can always be depended upon to blow up sometime before he concludes its sixteen lines of iambic-pentameter plot.

It being difficult to mention Shakspere and silently pass over the immortal Booth, let it be known that this great actor never under any circumstances of haste or necessity, would go upon the stage to begin a performance until he first went into the greenroom and crossed it three times, mumbling the last line of the part he was to play that night. Also, that when he played Othello, the bed upon which Desdie met her feathery finish was invariably set on the stage left, instead of in the traditional center arch. By some happenstance the bed was on the left the night Mr. Booth made his first hit as Iago.

And now we have arrived at the heart of this matter of stage superatition. Mr. Booth, who was sufficiently confident of his power and artistry to play the youthful Hamlet bald-headed, without a wig, insisted that Desdemona's fatal four-poster be placed on the left side of her boudoir. Why?

Because no human, no manager, actor or layman, knows exactly why any play succeeds. No one, least of all himself, knows why an actor is great in any given rôle. It is easy to substantiate these statements. Do any two members of your family or

"The World's EASIEST Easy Chair"

CONVERSING
A beautiful, restful, inviting chair for every formal use. Stylish and distinctive.

READING
Touch hidden pull-ring or button—and recline. Back locks firmly at any desired point.

DOZING
Back fully reclined and disappearing leg-rest utilized for complete relaxation.

This is the Chair that put him to sleep

Chair No. 2022
One of Many Beautiful Styles of Royal Easy Chairs

IN a Royal Easy Chair you can recline . . . stretch out full length . . . the one and only way to *relax* and *rest*. The reclining back takes any position you desire, at the touch of a button or a pull on the ring. Disappearing leg-rest, too! Comfort you've never known before!

Many Beautiful Styles

Royal Easy Chairs have style, grace and distinction. They may be had in a wide range of designs, finishes, coverings and prices. Sold singly or in Bed-Davenport suites, by 5,000 leading furniture dealers. Mail coupon below for your dealer's name and free style Book, "Royal Comfort."

ROYAL EASY CHAIR CO., STURGIS, MICH.

Also makers of the famous Royal Easy Bed-Davenport with the box-spring guest-bed

Royal Easy Chairs
"PUSH THE BUTTON—BACK RECLINES"

Write for FREE Style Book

Royal Easy Chair Co., Sturgis, Mich.
Please send me your FREE Style Book.
Name
Address
(Furniture dealers desiring catalog check here ☐)

HOLOPHANE

Converts Light into illumination

A—*wrong lighting* B—*right lighting*

for instance, in the school room

A—without Holophane **B—with Holophane**

Good lighting is not a matter of how much light there is in a room, but how much light actually reaches *the place where it is needed.* For instance, in the school rooms of your city, how much light reaches the desks and blackboards?

Holophane is the answer of Science to the demand for a truly efficient means for transferring light from the lamp to the place where it is useful.

Holophane School Lighting Units are made of prismatic glass, each prism designed with mathematical accuracy to direct the light where needed. They conserve the eyesight of pupils and teacher, and enable children to grasp knowledge more easily by enabling them to see more easily.

There are Holophane Units for *every* lighting requirement. Whatever your lighting problem, write us and we shall gladly tell you what Holophane can do for you.

Holophane Company, New York and Toronto

THE only thing that's obstinate about the new Dunlap "METROPOLITAN is its style. Otherwise a particularly companionable hat with a flexible brim that snaps up or snaps down, depending on the mood you wish to register. In becoming shades of gray and tan. Looks rather expensive but the price tag says eight dollars.

DUNLAP & COMPANY
561 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK
22 S. MICHIGAN AVE.
CHICAGO

Accredited Agents in all principal cities throughout the fashionable world

circle of friends react precisely alike to any one play or any one scene of a play? You may know what makes a play a success or a failure with you individually. You may. But can you reap unanimous agreement with your diagnosis from your brother, sweetheart, stenographer, lawyer and janitor? You cannot.

Professionals may select a particular scene, effect or characterization as the underlying basic reason for a play's success, only to find later the same or similar scene, effect or characterization in another play unconvincing and impotent. Every new season has its quota of poorly constructed, thinly themed plays, acted in mediocre manner, attaining financial success, while one or more well-built dramas of vital theme and superb characterization flop.

In short, nobody knows. And because nobody does know the business as the scientist knows his, the unthinking members of the profession attribute success or failure to luck. The consequence is that when an actor is a hit in a part he dares not put his finger on any one feature of his performance as the element most responsible for his success. So he patterns as closely as possible every succeeding performance to conform with his hit performance.

Aside from superstitious mumbo jumbo, he knows that a change of make-up or wig entails a change of facial expression and values. What he does not know is to what extent and in what examples his facial appearance and expression contribute to his success. A new prop, an unfamiliar costume, might easily make him self-conscious, and so militate against his regaining the feel of his hit impersonation. The necessary aim of the actor is to reproduce faithfully his performance every night. In order to accomplish this, conditions must be much the same.

It is from this necessity, and out of the ignorance that unavoidably accompanies the accouchement of every play, that the multifarious brood of theatrical superstitions has sprung. John McCullough was not the first nor yet the last actor to approach a theater where he was playing by exactly the same route he traversed the first night of his engagement there. Superstition? Yes, but one resulting from an endeavor to reproduce all the conditions and mental reactions contributing to the performance of the night before. When Booth insisted on a left-sided death scene with Desdemona, was it superstition? Only partially. Mostly it was good sense—playing safe. Why monkey with a proved success?

No Elephants, No Show

Forrest, Booth and McCullough have been gone these many years, and though some of their traditions remain, show business is steadily, indisputably, extricating itself from the clutches of many long-honored superstitions. The modern actor is—well, modern. The writer knows half a dozen Broadway chorus girls who are taking university courses. There is not a manager extant who will not tearfully confide that the actor today, in startling contrast to his forbears, is not only a business man but a darn good business man. Society at large does not rate the actor as a bum unless he individually is one.

The Actors' Equity—and copious injections of common sense to all parties concerned—has worked wonders in stabilizing the profession. Equity's efforts have resulted in the elimination of many of the game's uncertainties. In the old days when you signed with a troupe you never knew whether you were going to get out of town or find yourself walking back from Missoula, Montana, some slushy day next spring. Producers now pay salaries and bring the gang home when their shows close—or else they must quit the business. The Equity's disciplinary powers have exerted a chastening influence on obstreperous actors, even ridding the game of undesirable members.

Personal, private, nonprofessional fetishes may always sway individuals, as in the case of the lovely lady who has charmed audiences all over this land for a number of years. This star attributes much of her success to a herd of elephants. She always keeps them in her dressing room—little elephants of ivory, bronze, porcelain, wood, silver and gold—as many as three dozen. Making a railroad jump once, the trunk containing her troupe of pet pachyderms went astray. Shortly before curtain time that night the bereaved star dissolved into tears, afraid to go on, fearful of failure both for herself and the show. The company manager immediately organized an elephant hunt which succeeded in bagging a mess of fifteen by curtain time. Profusely grateful, radiant with renewed hope and confidence, the star gave an inspiring performance that night. But she refused to part with the substitute elephants lined along her make-up shelf until her own wandering darlings were found.

Contrast this with the modern theory and practice as exemplified in November, 1925. Place, a rehearsal room, New York City. A musical-comedy producer and chorus director choosing girls for a new production. Enter quietly a healthy young woman, species Americanus; nineteen, perhaps; gorgeous red hair; pretty, shapely; dressed neatly, attractively, inexpensively; standing on her own feet and looking the world square in the eye.

Friday, the Thirteenth

"Are you Mr. Blank?" she asked the producer when her turn came. Nothing flirty, nothing vampy, nothing tittery about it; strictly, pleasantly businesslike. "My name is ——" she continued. "I've come here to try to get a small part. But if you can't give me a small part, I want a good position in your chorus." Blank batted his eyes. He was being told instead of being asked. "I played a small part satisfactorily for three weeks with the C—— show, which closed last week in Buffalo without coming into town. I've had a little vaudeville experience. My voice is rather small, but I can put over a lyric, and I can dance. I'm from San Francisco and I know that managers have got to see me—what I can do—before I can expect to get very far here in New York. That's why I'd like a small part with you or an end-girl position in the chorus."

"You seem pretty confident of yourself," Blank smiled, enjoying and admiring the girl's frankness.

"I'd like to show you what I can do," Red Top replied. "I've my practice clothes on under this dress."

That won her the immediate try-out she deserved. Shaking herself out of her street frock, she gave some music to the pianist and began singing a simple number. Then she went into her dance. All the new steps, a dash of Charleston, side and front splits, kicking the back of her head with right foot and then left, cart wheels, back bends, turnovers—Ginger did them all.

"Well?" She looked breathlessly at Blank as she finished.

"You're hired!" he cried enthusiastically.

"Thank you, sir." And she started quietly, joyously donning her outer garments again.

Whereat a flock of ancient superstitions folded their batlike wings and perished from the earth forever, we hope. Old-timers would have told Red she never should have done any one of the things she did that day. For the day this occurred, the day this stranger and newcomer approached, cold, a manager who did not know anything about her, the day she thus sought an engagement, showed her wares and put her entire professional career in the utmost jeopardy was—horrors!—Friday, the thirteenth! And the girl got the job, the small part she craved.

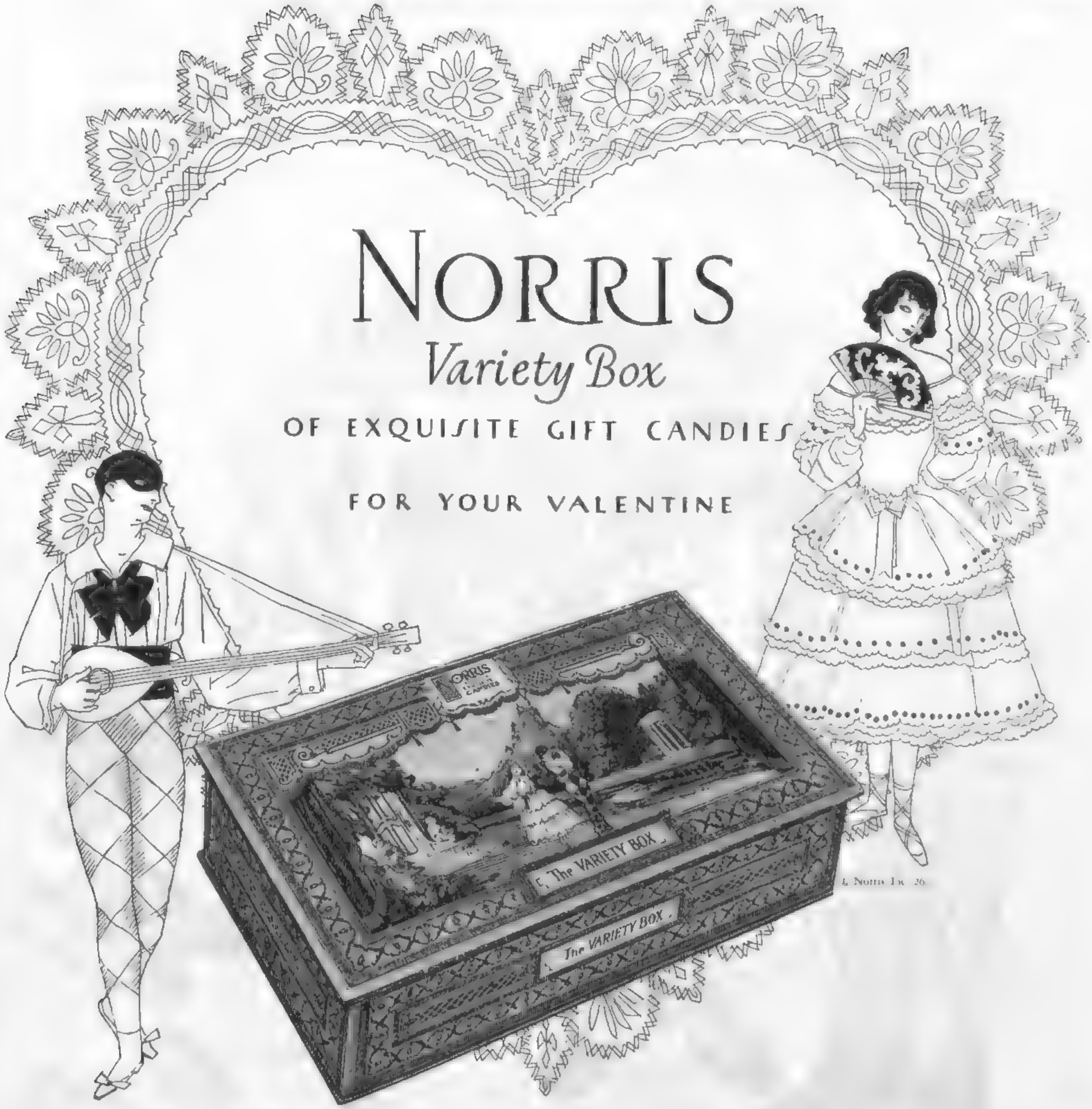
Yea, brother, times do change. When given enough time and encouragement, intelligence will always laugh away incantations and incense. The actor's lot is ever a brighter, saner one and will continue increasingly to be so—at least as long as he puts on his rouge with a rabbit's foot.

NORRIS

Variety Box

OF EXQUISITE GIFT CANDIES

FOR YOUR VALENTINE



Saint Valentine's Day was first called, in a happy phrase, the Lover's Festival. Then (legend says), the wise and kindly old monk, Valentine, tossed letters into windows on the festival day.

After the good Father passed on he was held to be a Saint by all true lovers, and his Day was celebrated by love-tokens called Valentines in his honor.

It is still important that those who cherish a lady should remember her on this Day, and woe unto him who forgets!

The Valentine gift does not need to be expensive. But it should be desirable —as desirable as fine candy—as fine as the exquisite candy in the Norris Variety Box.

When she opens the big purple and gold box from Norris, when she sees the lustrous contents, every girl will blossom like a flower, at homage so sweetly expressed. The Variety Box contains twenty-two different candies. All are a delight to the adorably sophisticated taste of the American girl. If your dealer hasn't Norris Candies, reprove him, and send us $1 50 for each pound you desire; one, two, three, and five-pound boxes prepaid to any address in the United States.

NORRIS, INCORPORATED • • ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

YOUR SHOES ARE HERE: In the pages of The Saturday Evening Post this Spring you will find ten Selz shoes featured. Selected from the most comprehensive array we have ever designed are the ten advertised models below. This year we have assumed the responsibility of style leadership. Every Selz shoe is modeled after the ideas favored by well-dressed men who establish the fashions, and are provided with all the requirements for comfort. From these ten you can select a wardrobe of shoes well worth while—whether your purpose be economy—or the satisfaction of wearing a correct shoe on every occasion. Selz merchants will display these and many others in their windows as they are featured in this weekly. The shoes are stamped on the sole with the Selz crest—famous as the mark of the greatest shoe values in America. Millions of men wear Selz shoes; a model—a price for every man.

THE SELZ ORGANIZATION *Pittsburgh - Chicago*
Shoemakers for three generations

SELZ SHOES Est. 1871

$6 to $10

Bermuda - $8.50

Asheville - $8.50

Los Angeles - $10

Miami - $10

Campus
Selz $Six

Home Town - $8.50

Havana
Selz $Six

Custom - $10

New England - $8.50

Atlantic City - $8.50

FORTY YEARS OF MELODY

(Continued from Page 40)

"Don't worry," said Singer; "society will flock here to see him in a musical comedy."

Singer was correct. The show was a big success. Society did flock to the theater to see him. Nevertheless, Barrymore did not sing a song, as he told me in his dressing room that singing was entirely out of his line. He was a matinée idol and was the recipient of thousands of letters from young flappers.

I recall a funny incident regarding Barrymore during his engagement at the Broadway Theater, New York. One of the actors of the company was suing Singer, for discharging him without due notice, for the balance of his season's salary. As Barrymore knew all the facts regarding this affair, he was to be one of the chief witnesses. After the show, the night before the trial, Mr. Singer, Barrymore and myself wandered over to the Lambs' Club for a bite of lunch. We told stories and took a few drinks between them, remaining until almost four A M.

Singer, happening to glance at his watch, said, "I guess it is about time we all turned in, as we must be in court at nine o'clock."

"Don't worry," said Barrymore; "I'll be there on time."

I smiled to myself and offered to bet Singer on our way back to the hotel that he was going to lose his main witness. I did not believe that Barrymore would show up at nine that morning, and Singer agreed with me. I attended the trial, wondering if Barrymore would be there. Imagine our surprise when Singer and I walked into the court room to find him calmly reading his morning paper, looking just as spick-and-span as though he had stepped out of a bandbox.

"Good morning," said he calmly; "take a seat, but don't disturb me while I read my paper," and we laughed heartily.

When the case was called Barrymore gave his testimony in a clear and precise manner. The judge was very much impressed, and Singer won his case hands down, thanks to Barrymore. Since that time I have always had a warm spot in my heart for him.

Compensation for Composers

On a visit to Chicago one day during the World's Fair in 1893, I went to a large phonograph store on State Street, as I wished to buy records of some of my latest songs. The records were then made of wax and were in cylindrical form, prior to the advent of the flat record. Thousands were sold daily. I asked the clerk for a record of Hello, Central, Give Me Heaven, and Always in the Way. He laughed and said he would like to buy them himself. He then told me that they were completely sold out of these two numbers.

"Look here," said he, showing me a large photograph of a train of cars, with a banner stretched across the top, reading, "Hello, Central, Give Me Heaven, and Always in the Way. We are on our way South."

I said, "Do you mean to tell me this is an entire carload of these records?"

"It sure is," said the clerk.

"It is a good thing there is no royalty paid to the composer, as it would take quite a sum of money out of the pockets of the phonograph companies, wouldn't it?" I remarked.

"I should say it would," said the clerk; "but that is the composer's lookout, as there is no law to protect his interests." I told him I thought so too. "Give me your name and address," said he, "and I will send these records to you as soon as we receive them." I handed him my card. "So you are Mr. Harris, the song writer. I want to apologize if I have said anything detrimental to the composer."

"Not at all," said I; "you have given me a great idea, for which I thank you."

Later I learned that the Music Publishers Society of the United States had been agitating the copyright bill for many years, but nothing had materialized up to this time. When I moved to New York I joined this society. Several bills were introduced later, one being called the Kittredge Bill and another the Smoot-Currier Bill. We soon learned that one of these measures was before the combined Senate and House committees for consideration. The society raised funds to send down, to speak in favor of the bill, Victor Herbert, John Philip Sousa and Reginald DeKoven, who did their best to influence the committee in its favor; but the measure was pigeonholed and stood no show of being passed. Nevertheless, the society kept pounding away. I received a letter from Mr. James F. Bowers, president of the society, asking me to run down to Washington and see what had happened to the bill. The society had no funds, so I was compelled to dig down and pay my own expenses.

Enlisting T. R.'s Help

This was my first visit to Washington and I was in a quandary as to what was the best course to pursue. I happened to run across Rudolph Aronson, one-time manager of the Casino Theater, New York. As he was a musician, he immediately became interested in my mission, and when I had finished telling him my troubles he said, "There is only one man to see. If you can get him interested, half the battle is won."

"Who?" said I.

"President Roosevelt, who is an author himself and will appreciate the story you have told me. Mr. Cortelyou, who was formerly secretary to the President and was later appointed Postmaster-General, is a very dear friend of mine, and he will get you an appointment to meet the President tomorrow. Be here in the lobby at eleven o'clock and await a call from me."

You can rest assured I was up bright and early next morning. At eleven sharp there was a telephone call. Aronson told me to be at the White House at five minutes to twelve. When I entered the White House and handed the attendant my card, Mr. Loeb came out and greeted me cordially.

His first words were, "I see you are up against it, Harris. When I take you in to the President, talk to him like a Dutch uncle. Don't be afraid; just tell him the facts and he will listen. Good luck to you."

"How long may I have with him?" said I.

"Well," said he, "perhaps five or six minutes. I guess you can tell him enough in that time."

"I shall try to," said I.

We soon entered a large room, where the President was seated at his desk. He rose when we entered and Mr. Loeb introduced me.

Before Mr. Loeb turned away he said, "Mr. President, Ambassador Rosen, of Russia, has just arrived and wishes to see you."

"Show him in," answered the President.

Ambassador Rosen came in and bowed to the President, who asked him to be seated for a few minutes, when he would be at leisure. Then he sat down and, looking me in the eye, said, "Well?"

I assure you I felt like falling through the floor.

"Mr. President," I began, "I am here on behalf of thousands of song writers regarding the new copyright bill, which I have learned has been pigeonholed. I should like to have brought the entire gang with me, but walking is tough," and I could see a twinkle in the President's eyes, but he remained silent.

Then I launched into the subject so close to my heart. I explained to him the inroads that the mechanical people were making on the sales of our sheet music, and that we were drawing no royalties on phonograph records.

Shave the surface and you shave all

There's the Barbasol idea—almost as quick, slick and clean as a Barbasol shave itself.

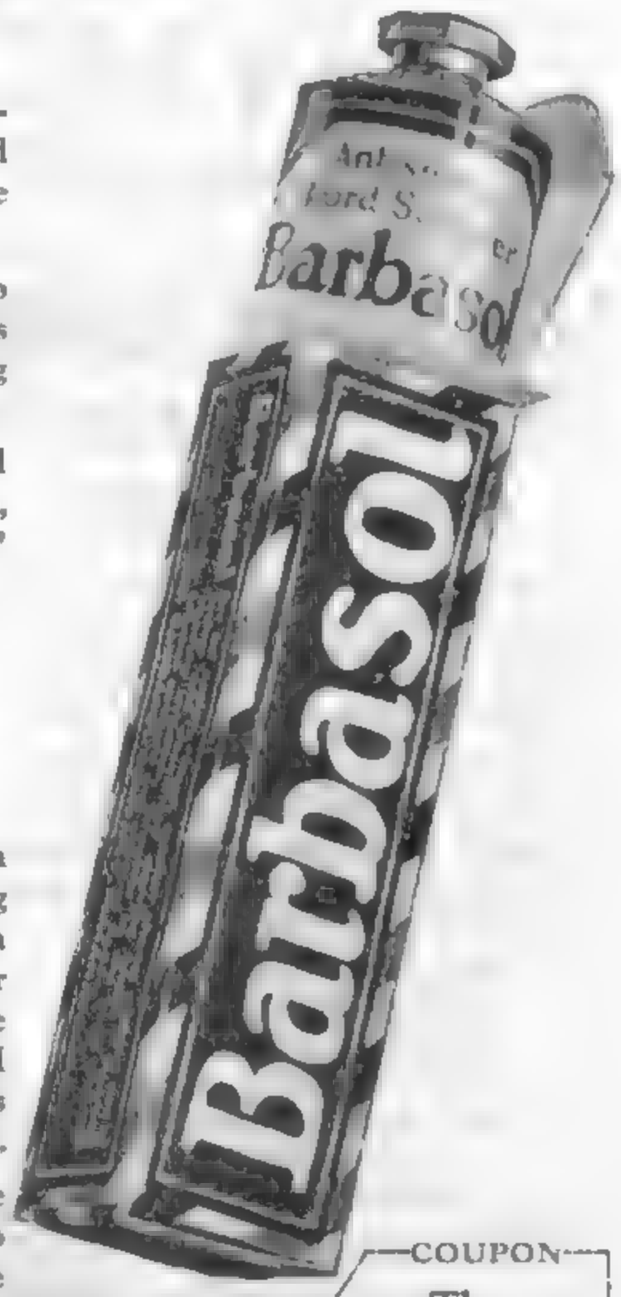
No grubbing and rubbing, to work suds down to the roots of the hairs. No brushing around the bush.

Just an even film of Barbasol spread through the stubble, and the razor's fairly honin' for its job. See—like this:

1. Wash the face (but leave it wet)
2. Spread on Barbasol (but don't rub in)
3. Shave

And the after-shave sensation is as grateful as the razoring was easy. All cool, silky smooth—no burning, no irritation, or ingrowing hairs—because Barbasol leaves the natural oils right in the skin, takes nothing away but the whiskers.

Send 10c for a trial tube; use Barbasol 3 times according to directions, and you're in stroke with The Modern Way of Shaving.



Barbasol
For Modern Shaving

COUPON

The Barbasol Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.

I enclose 10c. Please send trial tube and I'll give it a fair trial.

Name

Address

SEP 2-6-'30

Colds can't come

when breathing passages are strong and vigorous
Glyco-Thymoline strengthens nose and throat

A-CHOO-O!

This is nature's warning that a cold is on the way.

That sneeze tells you that you have been neglecting a very important duty—the regular, systematic care of nose, mouth and throat.

Glyco-Thymoline, used morning and evening in an atomizer, nasal douche, or as a gargle, strengthens the delicate lining of your nose, mouth and throat. It washes the membrane clear of dust and irritants that form weak spots in the tissue. It is chiefly at these irritated places that the germs of cold and sore throat make their attack.

Used regularly, Glyco-Thymoline prevents these weak spots from forming.

Glyco-Thymoline is not merely an antiseptic. It is an alkaline antiseptic, the ideal kind for counteracting acid irritations of the mucous membrane. Any doctor will tell you that the most effective healing agents for infections of the mucous membrane are alkaline.

Glyco-Thymoline cleanses the irritated or congested membrane thoroughly. It removes excess mucus. It washes away the germs and objectionable matter that the mucus contains. At the same time the antiseptic properties make it hard for germs to multiply.

Enjoy greater freedom from colds. Get a bottle of Glyco-Thymoline from your druggist. It has an agreeable taste. It refreshes. It soothes. And, what is most important, it keeps the membrane of nose, mouth and throat in sound, vigorous condition. We will be glad to send you a liberal sample of Glyco-Thymoline upon receipt of 10 cents. Address Kress & Owen Company, 361 Pearl Street, Dept. 1-C1, New York City.

INSIST ON

GLYCO-THYMOLINE

Trade Mark

THE ALKALINE ANTISEPTIC

"One CRESCENT Wrench fits over 400 nuts on my car"

"That is why it is always my first thought for such work as tightening body bolts or general adjustments," says a Buffalo car owner. What he says of his Buick is typical of other leading makes. Car owners, the country over, find that nine times in ten a Crescent Wrench is handiest for mechanical work on any car. All Crescent Tools are drop-forged and hardened for lifelong dependability.

Send for our new booklet, "Making the Most of Your Motor Car," and get Crescent Wrenches, Pliers, and Screwdrivers from your hardware or accessory dealer.

CRESCENT TOOL CO.
211 Harrison St.
Jamestown, N. Y.
Originators of the Crescent Wrench

For Radio, Too
Radio fans, as well as car owners, find the Crescent Long Nose Plier a tool that fits their needs to perfection. Designed for bending or looping wire, and with a wire cutter that stands all sorts of tough work without nicking. Retail
75c
Making the Most of Your Motor Car

CRESCENT TOOL COMPANY, 211 Harrison St., Jamestown, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me a copy of your booklet for car owners on preventing squeaks and reducing upkeep expense.

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
MAKE OF CAR .....

Suddenly he banged his clenched fist upon his desk and said in a loud voice, "Do you mean to tell me that you are not receiving any remuneration from the mechanical companies for the works of your brain?"

"Yes, Mr. President," said I; "but you can hardly blame them, as they are within the law. We writers are working under the copyright law of 1701, which has never been changed, and the mechanical record is a device that has sprung up in the meantime and there is no clause in our copyright to cover it."

"Nevertheless," said the President, "it is an injustice to use a writer's works without his being paid for them."

"You are right, Mr. President; and they could use any part of the books you have written and published."

"I should like to see them do it!" said he.

"What is there to prevent them?" said I. "They take ours, why not yours?"

He looked at me steadily for a moment and then said, "Who is drawing up this bill?" I gave him all the facts. "You came down here alone, paying your own way?"

"I did," said I.

"Are you a writer?"

"Yes, both writer and publisher, so I can talk from both sides."

"What have you ever written?"

"After the Ball."

"That's enough," said he. "Who is on the committee?" And I gave him the list. "I see," said he. "Senator Smoot is chairman of the senatorial committee and Frank D. Currier of the house committee. I want you to meet these two gentlemen personally and tell them your story the way you have told it to me." He stopped suddenly and took up the telephone, saying "Give me Cortelyou," and when he got a response he said, "I want you to write two letters, one to Senator Smoot and the other to Currier, for Mr. Charles K. Harris. See that they are ready for him, as he will call for them within an hour." Then he turned to me and said, "Now, Harris, first go and see Thorvald Solberg, one of the best posted men in the Copyright Office, and let him give you some more pointers, as you may need them. When you meet these gentlemen you will then know the full facts in the case." He stood up, shook hands with me, and said, "Mr. Harris, I am with you to the finish. Good luck!" He touched the button and Secretary Loeb entered and escorted me out. I really did not know whether I was walking on my head or feet.

A Senatorial Investigation

I called upon Solberg and after I had been made thoroughly conversant with the contents of the bill, I returned to Cortelyou's office, where I was immediately admitted. The letters of introduction were handed to me by Mr. Cortelyou personally, who told me that the President was deeply interested in the new copyright bill, and he—Mr. Cortelyou—wished me the best of luck. Fortified with the letters, my next step was to call upon Congressman Currier. The clerk at his hotel told me he would arrive at six o'clock, as he and his family usually had dinner at seven P.M., and that he would point him out to me. At six o'clock he came in arm in arm with Senator Platt, of New York. I introduced myself without showing him the letter from the President. I told him I wanted to see him for a few moments regarding the new copyright bill. He raised his hand as though to wave me aside, saying, "That will take quite a time before it is brought out. I have already talked with your committee, Messrs. Herbert, Sousa and DeKoven, so there is no use in our rehashing the matter."

I explained that I had some facts that I wanted to present to him, somewhat different from those my colleagues had placed before him.

"Too busy tonight," he replied. "I intend having dinner shortly with Mrs. Currier and have no time to talk with you."

"But the President said you would see me and would listen to what I had to say."

"The President?" said he.

"Yes," said I; "I had almost forgotten my letter."

I handed him the letter and I never saw a man more surprised than he was when he read its contents.

"Well," said he, "sit right down, Mr. Harris, and we will talk it over." Turning to Senator Platt, he said, "Senator, this is Mr. Charles K. Harris, of New York, who has come to see me about the copyright bill."

The senator acknowledged the introduction and the three of us sat down at a small table in the center of the room. Currier started at me as though he were cross-examining a witness in court.

"Mr. Harris," he said, "you writers and publishers are making a big mistake in endeavoring to procure a new copyright bill with a mechanical clause in it. You must realize that the phonograph companies are popularizing your songs and creating a big demand for them. Go home, my lad, and let them continue to use your compositions and exploit them. Just sit tight and sell the music. As an example, during a visit to my home town in New Hampshire, my daughter, who is quite a musician, and myself visited one of our prominent music stores, where my daughter purchased several popular records for her machine; and as a point of information, I asked the music dealer whether the sale of records interfered with the sale of sheet music, and was told that it did not. My dear Harris, you have it in a nutshell. So once again I say go home and don't bother your head about any new copyright bill. Take my advice; let well enough alone."

Selling the Copyright Bill

During all this conversation Senator Platt watched me closely to see how I was taking it. I sat quietly drinking in Currier's words, and I guess he thought by my demeanor that I was licked; but he had another guess coming, as every word he uttered was fresh ammunition for me. When he had finished he stood up as though to dismiss the subject.

"Just a moment, Mr. Currier," said I. "I have listened to you and now will you kindly listen to me?"

He took out his watch and said, "I have not much time, so make it short."

"You said you went into a music store," said I, "with your daughter and she bought several song records."

"Yes," said he smilingly.

"Now, Mr. Currier, answer me honestly, did your daughter at the time she bought these records buy any sheet music?"

"Why, no," said he.

"Well, Mr. Currier, that is exactly the point. You have struck the nail on the head when you say they buy the records, and because they do that they have no further use for the sheet music. I make my living writing and publishing songs, and I am not in the record business, nor do I derive any benefit from it. The mechanical people make their money selling records, and they have to wait until the composers write a song before they can make a record.

"For this you say we get advertising. My dear Mr. Currier, I pay for my advertising in good hard cash, and I do not ask any corporation to advertise for me. My songs advertise themselves. I have them sung by my friends in the singing profession, in every vaudeville theater, minstrel show and concert throughout the country, and they are the ones who make my songs popular. Never in the history of the mechanical people can they show one instance where they have made a song a hit through their mechanical department. They first wait until the publishers spend small fortunes to popularize their songs and then take them without paying one penny tribute."

Senator Platt then broke in and said, almost in the same words as President Roosevelt, "You mean to say that the mechanical companies are using your songs without paying you anything?"

(Continued on Page 201)

It is easier to Save Your Teeth than to *replace* them

Back of smiling beauty lurks a tiny germ

By

IRA DAVIS JOEL, B. S., M. S

TRY this germ-killing dental cream at our expense. But first read why it is necessary for teeth that germs be killed.

Germs are the cause of tooth decay. Two University of Michigan scientists examined a great many decayed teeth. In nine out of ten they found a certain acid-producing germ. They turned this germ loose on sound teeth and in a short time the enamel was eaten into. Kill this germ, they claim, and you immediately check decay. They made experiments.

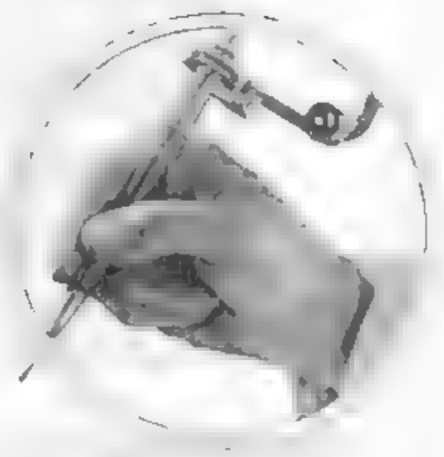
When teeth were treated with substances that did not kill germs, the teeth decayed; but when the germs were killed, there was no decay.

Many eminent scientists attest the germicidal power of Kolynos Dental Cream. They find that it kills, in the mouth, 80 to 90 per cent of the mouth bacteria. And after using Kolynos, hours pass before there are again enough germs to damage your teeth. You say to yourself, "How clean my mouth feels!" which is the best evidence that most of the germs are no longer there

Dentists and physicians say that 85 to 90 per cent of the health-destroying germs enter the body through the mouth. Kolynos helps you to keep your mouth free from germs and automatically insures better health.

Recommended by 140,000 dentists and physicians

You have read our claims for Kolynos. Perhaps you think we are too enthusiastic. But do dentists and physicians think so? These professional men do not take our assertions for granted. They make tests; they investigate; they watch what happens when teeth are protected by Kolynos. They tell us that Kolynos is the dentifrice they use themselves. Yet even more significant than this are the testimonials in our files at New Haven. There we have cards or letters written by 51,000 dentists and 89,000 physicians asking us for samples of Kolynos to distribute to their patients. They recommend Kolynos. They advise their patients to use it twice daily. Surely no dentist or physician would even suggest a dentifrice to his patients unless he were absolutely convinced of its merit.



Tooth enamel is so hard that it blunts the edge of tempered steel. Yet the acid from decay germs bores through it as easily as the dentist's powerful drill

The soundest, healthiest, most dazzlingly beautiful teeth need protection. Regular, twice-a-day use of Kolynos keeps them sound and beautiful.

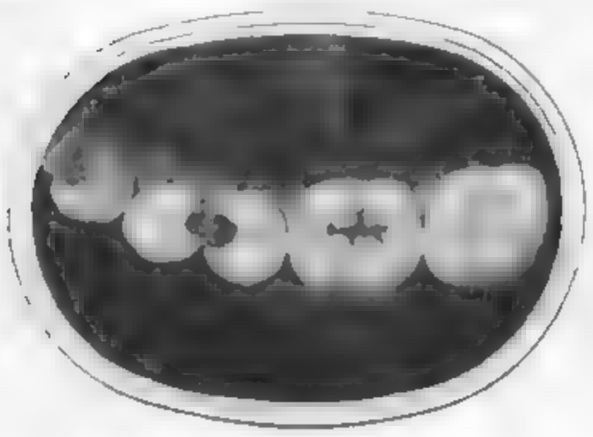
Less danger from tartar

The accumulation of tartar on the teeth is greatly retarded by the use of Kolynos Consider the ugly aspect that tartar gives your teeth and the pyorrhea which it so often causes. Your teeth stay beautiful. They glisten. Their full natural lustre shows in your smile. Kolynos leaves your mouth with a clean, fresh, wholesome feeling. It counteracts the acidity in your mouth due to the fermentation of food particles by the germs on your teeth.

Try Kolynos in liquid form as a spray and gargle. Not only your teeth, but your mouth and throat as well, need the protection of an antiseptic. They, too, are constantly menaced by harmful germs. Kolynos Liquid immediately kills these germs.

Kolynos manufacturing laboratories are located at New Haven, U. S. A.; at London, England; and Montreal, Canada.

Unprotected teeth may for a while look sound to you. But this is what the dentist may find when his trained eye examines them.



FREE

If this advertisement interests you; if you believe what it says; if you are anxious to keep your teeth and gums sound—the first step to take is to fill in the coupon at the right and send for a generous sample of Kolynos Dental Cream, enough to brush your teeth 22 times; ½ inch to the brushing.

See for yourself the result of killing germs. You will say to yourself, just as thousands of others have, "How clean my mouth feels!" So send for the free sample—or, what will be quicker, buy a tube at your druggist's.

KOLYNOS
DENTAL
CREAM

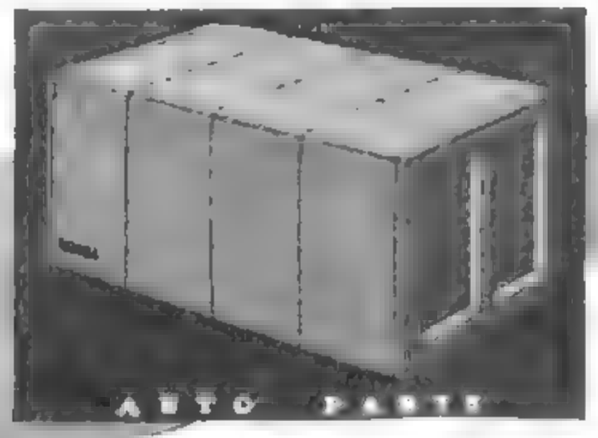
The Kolynos Company, Dept. 1-CC1,
New Haven, Conn.
Send sample to

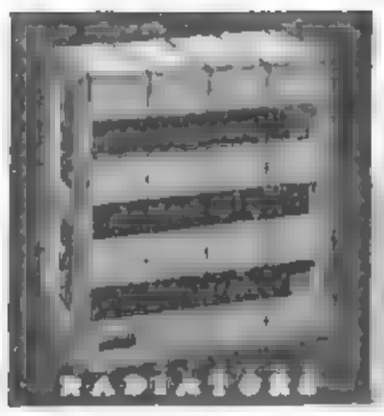
Name . . . . . .

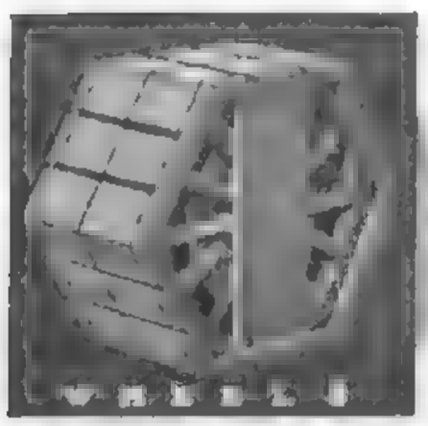
Street . . . . . .

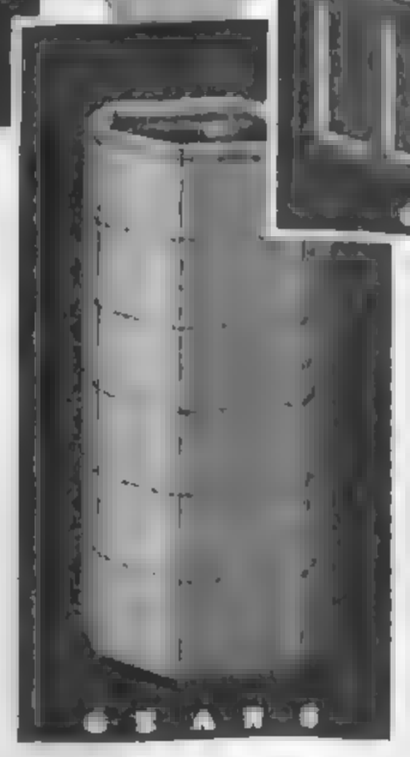
City . . . . . State

To residents of Canada: Address The Kolynos Company, P. O. Box 1121, Montreal.









BOXING *and* CRATING Economies Achieved *by the Automotive Industry*

UNHAMPERED by precedent or habit, the automotive industry engineered its way to efficient methods. The result is beautiful cars and powerful trucks at prices low for such mechanisms.

In its constant search for improved and economical methods this industry early discovered that the Pioneer way of shipping is the most productive of profits in the form of savings. Pioneer Boxes and Crates are the lightest, strongest wood packages made today and can be designed to carry most products safely at lower cost.

Costs are cut for the manufacturer in assembling, in packing, in transportation charges, in reduced damages and in lower petty theft losses.

Receivers of goods find that Pioneers save freight, can be opened and unpacked quickly, deliver goods intact, and, of all shipping containers, can be most easily re-used. General Box Engineers, working with the automotive industry, have achieved these economies in boxing and crating. They have accomplished similar results for other industries. They may be able to save money for you. It costs nothing to get the help of these experienced men. At your request they will study your particular problem, and design a shipping container for your product. You try out this actual box or crate. If it stands the test, you will adopt it. Just write us that you would like General Box Engineers to check up on your present shipping methods.

Write for these Booklets

General Box Service is a bulletin, published regularly, that describes the experiences of manufacturers—some of whom no doubt are in your line—with General Box Engineering Service and with Pioneer Boxes and Crates.

Have you ever wondered what your customers think of your method of shipping goods? Our booklet "Incoming Shipments" presents the Pioneer story from the receiver's point of view. These booklets and our engineering service are free. Just write that you are interested.

119 Automotive Users

One hundred and nineteen manufacturers of automobiles, trucks, parts and accessories are using the Pioneer Boxes and Crates designed for them. They have found the way to better, more economical shipping. For example:

One manufacturer saved more than $5,000 the first month he used Pioneer Boxes—and this included only freight and express charges. Another manufacturer, on his fender shipments, saved enough on transit costs to pay for the Pioneer crates. These instances are typical of savings made not only in the automotive industry but also in other industries.

GENERAL BOX COMPANY
508 North Dearborn St. - Chicago, Ill.

Factories—Bogalusa, La., Brooklyn, N. Y., Cincinnati, Ohio, Detroit, Mich., East St. Louis, Ill., Illmo, Mo., Kansas City, Mo., Louisville, Ky., Nashville, Tenn., New Orleans, La., Sheboygan, Wis., Winchendon, Mass.

GENERAL BOX SERVICE

ONE COMPLETE SERVICE FROM TIMBERLANDS TO FINISHED PRODUCTS

(Continued from Page 198)

And once again I was compelled to go through the story that I had told the President

Senator Platt turned to Currier and said, "He has you there, Currier. That boy speaks facts and you cannot get away from facts. He has right and justice on his side, and, young man, if it ever comes to a vote before the Senate, you can count on me." He then shook me by the hand.

Just at that moment Mrs. Currier entered. I was introduced to her and she turned to her husband, saying, "My dear, it's long past our dinner hour."

"By Jove," said Currier, looking at his watch, "it's 7:30!" He then said, "I will see you again, Mr. Harris, as I want to be a little more enlightened on the subject. You have told me some things that have never been thoroughly explained to me before."

I met Currier several times after that and found him a very much changed man regarding the copyright.

My next call was that same night. I learned that Senator Smoot occupied quarters in the Hotel Willard. After dinner I sent up my card, upon the back of which I had written that I desired to see him regarding the copyright bill. He sent word that he was busy dictating letters and that it was impossible for him to see me at that time. I informed his secretary that it was very important and that I had come all the way from New York especially to see him, and that I had a letter to Senator Smoot from the President, and I handed it to him to take up to the senator. A few moments later he came down again and asked me to go up. The senator was in his shirt sleeves and his table was covered with correspondence.

"Sit down, Mr. Harris. Glad to see you. Now what is on your mind?" I started in to tell him about the copyright, when he said, "Yes, yes, I heard the same story from the committee that was sent down by your society. There were several things that came out in the newspapers regarding the senators and this bill that I do not like. I do not know who instigated those articles, but they are false in each and every instance."

Domestic Propaganda

I told him I knew nothing of newspaper articles derogatory to any senator or congressman on the copyright committee and asked him to hear at least my side of the matter.

"I am not keen on listening to any more complaints of the music people," said the senator.

I could see by his manner that he was hurt by something in connection with the music publishers' organization. What it was I could not tell, nor would he say any more. I saw that I was not making much headway; and not wishing to antagonize him, I thought I would wait until he was in a better frame of mind, when just at that instant there came a knock on the door and Mrs. Smoot was announced. I was introduced to her.

"Oh," said she, "is this the gentleman who has written all those beautiful songs that our children sing?"

"Yes," said the senator.

Just by luck I happened to have a roll of my latest songs, which I had brought along with me to show the senator.

"May I offer these to you, with my compliments?" said I, handing the roll to her.

Looking at the senator, she said, "May I accept them?"

"Certainly," said he.

Soon afterward I left Washington.

I wrote the senator a few weeks later that I expected to be in Washington on a certain date. He replied, urging me to come direct to his home for dinner, which I did. Those present were Senator and Mrs. Smoot, the senator's mother and his three children, a young lady of sixteen years and two young sons. After dinner we went into the music room, where I sang a number of my songs, being joined in the chorus by the young folks, and as the old saying goes, a good time was had by all. From that day on the senator was my staunch and true friend, and I'm proud to say he is to this day. To him, more than anyone else, belongs the credit for the passing of the copyright bill in 1909. His perseverance, his fairness to one and all upon the committee, his well-timed arguments in its favor, won over the entire committee.

Another hustler during the copyright fight was Harry Williams, a song writer, who wrote In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree. He was a close friend of Senator Kittredge. Harry also had a room at the Hotel Willard, and every night we would meet and check up the senators and congressmen we had called upon, hoping they would vote for our bill. Harry certainly did some glorious work. He has now passed to the great beyond.

Victor Herbert's Generosity

Victor Herbert made many a trip to Washington and did a world of entertaining. Almost every night you could see him in the Hotel Willard, after the theater, with all the writers that were working down there at the time. We usually feasted, and the trouble was that big-hearted Victor always insisted upon paying the bill. I told him that I was willing to join him once in a while, but did not feel as though I wanted him always to pay the check.

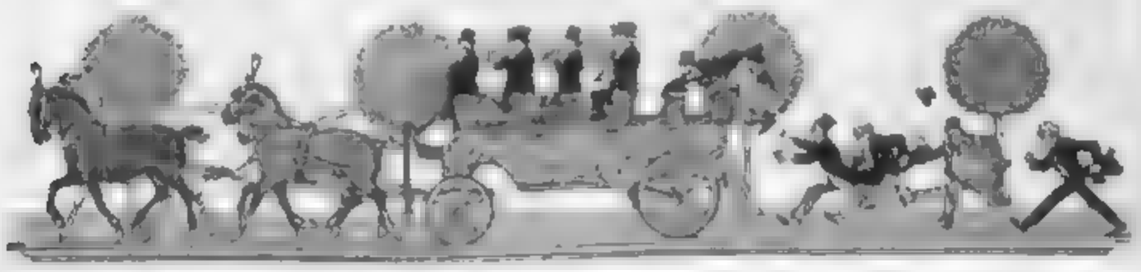
He slapped me on the back and said, "My dear C. K., we can't take our money with us. So let's have a good time while we are here."

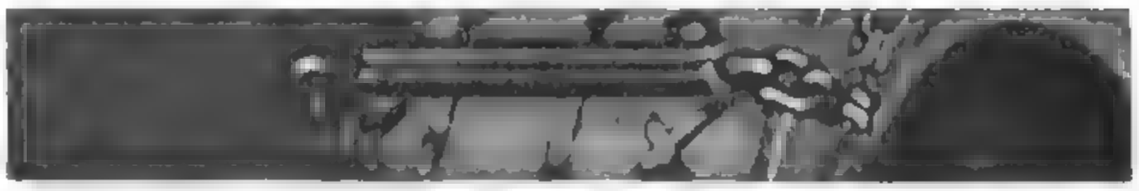
Another young fellow that worked like a Trojan, more for the love of the thing than for the money that was in it, as there was not much money in the publishers' treasury at that time, was our only attorney. He was pitted against some of the greatest lawyers the mechanical companies could procure—not one, but a dozen—to fight the bill. This young fellow was Nathan Burkan, and ably he did his duty. Many times he went to Washington, digging down into his own pocket to pay his expenses. He was at the time attorney for several of the New York publishers, and because of this fact was interested in the bill.

I shall never forget the last meeting of the patents committee which we were called upon to attend. On the train going down, among many others, were Daniel Frohman and William A. Brady. They were much interested in the bill, as it also contained a clause against piracy of their plays. Mr. Frohman learned that I had been there for two years, working on this same bill, and asked to be introduced to me. He sat down with me and we had a long conversation. I told him the bill would undoubtedly pass; that I had interviewed several senators and congressmen and had been assured of their votes. Mr. Frohman was delighted to hear the good news. He made a splendid impression before the committee, as did Mr. Brady.

The bill passed and went into effect in 1909. It had been a hard-fought battle, but a splendid one, fought honestly and persistently, with President Roosevelt lending his hearty support.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Mr. Harris. The seventh and last will appear in an early issue.





Now! A Chain With Cleats That Grip The Road

When roads are deep with snow or mud, sliding wheels cause cars to stall or skate them to disaster.

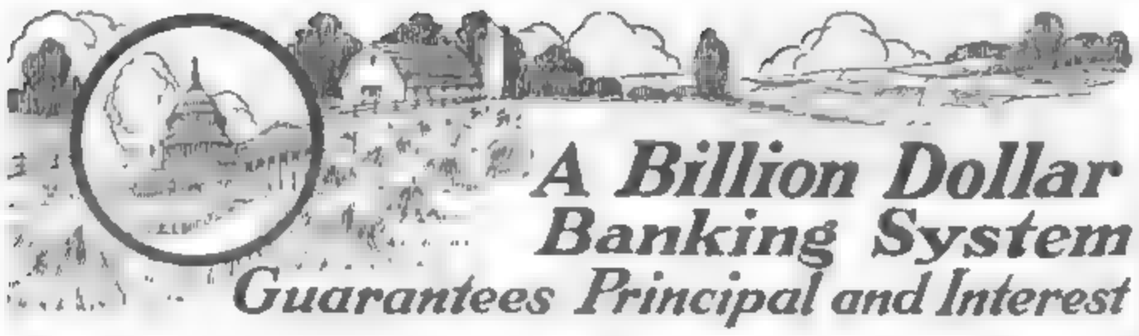
But now veterans in the tire chain industry have perfected a device that actually grips the road and holds your car steady.

The Hoff Safety Chain is the most efficient traction device yet perfected for motor vehicles. Its solid center links are armoured with rotatable, triangular tubes. These act like cleats and prevent the wheels from spinning or sliding ahead.

Hoff Safety Chains are tailored to fit exactly any size or make of tire. The patented Hoff Center Link may be purchased separately to repair any style of tire chain.

Hoff Metal Products Co., 70 East 45th Street, New York *Factories*—York, Pa.
In Canada—The B. Greening Wire Co., Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

HOFF
Safety Chains
GRIP THE ROAD
A Complete Chain Service
Drive with chains that fit. With this Hoff Merchandising Cabinet, the Hoff Service Man can supply you in five minutes with custom-made chains that exactly fit your tires no matter what their size. He is prepared quickly to repair your old chains of any make. Look for the Hoff sign—the sign of a complete chain service.



A Billion Dollar Banking System Guarantees Principal and Interest

BACK of every Bond issued by a Federal Land Bank stands the joint guarantee of *all* the twelve Federal Land Banks with combined assets exceeding $1,000,000,000. This mutual underwriting unites the Federal Land Banks into a single organization—the world's largest farm mortgage system.

FEDERAL LAND BANK BONDS

The Standard Tax-Free Investment

Denominations: **$40, $100, $500, $1,000, $5,000 and $10,000**

These Bonds are secured by the pledge of installment first mortgages on farms valued at more than twice the amount loaned upon them. The U. S. Government supervises the issue of the Bonds and participates in the management of the Banks, although assuming no financial obligation. The Banks are staffed by officers trained in banking methods and conversant with agricultural conditions in their respective territories.

Congress has declared and the U. S. Supreme Court has affirmed that these Bonds are "Instrumentalities of the Government of the United States." As such, they are completely tax-exempt. The interest, paid twice yearly, is free from all income taxes.

Federal Land Bank Bonds are the ideal investment for reserve funds. When money is needed, they may be readily converted into cash or used as security for a loan.

Write today for Federal Farm Loan Board Circular No. 16, descriptive of these Bonds. Address nearest Federal Land Bank, or

Federal Land Banks are located at

Baltimore, Md.
Berkeley, Calif.
Columbia, S. C.
Houston, Texas
Louisville, Ky.
New Orleans, La.
Omaha, Nebr.
Springfield, Mass.
St. Louis, Mo.
Spokane, Wash.
St. Paul, Minn.
Wichita, Kan.

FEDERAL LAND BANKS
CHAS. E. LOBDELL, *Fiscal Agent*
Washington, D. C.

Ambitious Young Men Wanted Married or Single

EVERY Thursday night some two million and a half men go home to enjoy the newly arrived issue of *The Post*. (Which is probably what you are doing right now.) A good many of these men buy their copies from the news stand. A good many order by the year; they subscribe.

BUT—news stands are sometimes sold out. And subscriptions have a habit of expiring. To forward the subscriptions of such folks is a mighty easy and profitable way of making money. And because there are many such orders to be secured in your locality, this opportunity need not interfere with your regular work.

Many of the men employed on salary in our Home Office gained their first magazine experience just as you are invited to do. More of our former part-time workers are now regularly employed by us in the field, on a salary and expense allowance basis.

Whether you are married or single, 17 or 70, inexperienced or a trained salesman, we have a proposition you should look into—that's why the handy coupon appears below. Clip it today!

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
248 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

What, please, is your offer?

Name

Street _____

City *State* _____

THE BUSINESS SITUATION

(Continued from Page 7)

groups and discuss this question. In self-defense, every community should actively and energetically take up the subject for discussion at every reasonable opportunity. If a general sentiment is created throughout the United States in favor of the prompt and thorough administration of the laws for the punishment of crime, and for the stamping out of maudlin sentiment and sympathy, it will not be long before the laws are improved, their administration made more prompt and more efficient, all judges expected to be of high grade, and the best men selected as jurors. Punishment for malicious and intentional violation of the criminal laws will then be certain and adequate.

"We must not forget that the large majority of the people of the United States are in favor of protection for property, persons and every individual right. There will always be a small minority opposed to prosecution for criminal offense. Such as they, whether they act because of a diseased, distorted mind or natural malice, should be prevented by law from injuring others who are better disposed.

"This question of crime and its enforcement bears directly on the economic situation of every country. When law and order are defied, and property and persons thereby endangered, the natural progress of business is bound to be interrupted to some extent. The individual who participates in this destruction is doing an injustice to himself and his family. Every man, rich or poor, educated or uneducated, has the same interest in the subject and the same duty toward it. He cannot shirk it if he desires. Some of us, perhaps many of us, have neglected to do our whole duty concerning the administration of the laws. We would do well if we were to follow the lead of the President of the United States when he advocates that all laws, while they are on the statute books, shall be enforced without discrimination, without fear or favor, though without malice."

I brought the conversation back again to the subject of the prevailing prosperity and asked the judge to indicate upon what concrete items it was based. This is what he said:

"Of course my opinion is based largely on the steel business, because I know more about it, although I do not intentionally overlook other lines. Steel is considered to be a barometer of trade, and that, in a measure at least, is true."

Steel-Reënforced Prosperity

"As the volume of finished steel produced in this country amounts to about 50,000,000 tons a year, it does not require much thought to realize that such a volume of trade means at least two and a half times as much as that of twenty-five years ago. It means, further, that the number of employes has proportionately increased and that what they have received has in turn been distributed throughout the country; that the ships and the railroads have correspondingly expanded their business, and therefore have been obliged to add to their facilities for transportation, thus employing enough additional men to operate them; that in assembling the raw products and in distributing the finished products their volume of business has been and still is increasing; that the mines which produce the ore or the coal have employed extra men and furnished further business to the railroads; that in all its ramifications relating to the manufacture and delivery of products almost every other industry in the country has been directly affected; and finally that the banks have increased their business by millions in order to take care of this larger volume.

"It is difficult for anyone to comprehend fully what an influence on business conditions in this country the steel business is. With deposits of ready cash necessary to transact business amounting to a balance of several hundred million dollars, it is a great factor in finance. The steel industry is paying for transportation alone upwards of $600,000,000 annually. It is paying to its employes $900,000,000 in wages each year. Its purchases are enormous in quantity and value, and its business one way and another permeates the whole commercial structure.

"The steel business just now is entirely satisfactory, certainly so far as volume is concerned, as some time ago it was predicted by many of us it would be. Steel is not a luxury. On the other hand, it is a necessity, and its purchase becomes more and more imperative. Moreover, the uses of steel are multiplying. In 1880 its use in the United States was fifty-six pounds per capita. Now it is about 900 pounds. It has therefore increased sixteen times. I believe that it may truly be said that steel is one of the corner stones of our great structure of prosperity."

"What other factors have contributed to this prosperity?"

In response Judge Gary remarked:

"I think I know enough about business conditions to mention the automobile as one large contribution. The business is not only extraordinary, but it has surprised all of us by its volume and momentum."

In Good Times Prepare for Bad

"Then, too, there are the railroads, which have recently ended the best year that they have perhaps ever known. In 1925 we witnessed the greatest freight traffic in history, measured by the number of cars loaded with revenue freight. According to the American Railway Association, the 1925 total was estimated at 50,900,000 cars, exceeding 1924 by 5 per cent. This enormous traffic was handled with practically no car shortage and no transportation difficulties.

"Additional factors have been general merchandising, copper and other metal productions, telegraph and telephone communications, and manufacturing in lines other than steel.

"Bulwarking all this is a growing confidence among the American people. It is due not only to the legitimate expansion of all business along the lines that I have indicated but also to what might be called a sense of possession. More and more are the people becoming owners of improved property, sound securities and automobiles.

"There could be no better illustration than motor cars. In 1912 the distribution of cars costing less than $1000 averaged 43.8 per cent of the total production. In 1924 it had risen to 73.4 per cent, and the increase for 1925 is probably higher. There is one motor vehicle, including trucks, for every 5.7 persons in the United States, a record not approached in any other country."

From long and costly experience, the United States, like the rest of the world, has learned that prosperity moves in cycles, which means, of course, that the era of the full dinner pail, as it used to be called, may be followed by an epoch of empty ones. I therefore asked Judge Gary to explain how the perils of prosperity can be avoided or minimized. His response was:

"I have already pointed out the ever-present menace of overspeculation and the necessity for caution and conservatism. Let me repeat that we must keep within the limit of our resources both as individuals and as a nation. I have also called attention to the dangers arising from political capitalization of economic issues.

"In the abuse of political power always lurks danger. No reasonable person will find fault with the action of another who occupies a political position of personal responsibility, when he acts strictly in accordance with his best judgment and moral perception. There is always an obligation to make practical application up to the full limit of conscience and sense of duty.

(Continued on Page 205)

The thing that makes you want to sing when "Old Kentucky Home" is played

Bring the beautiful old songs into your home again

Have you ever listened to the music of this old, familiar song without singing—to yourself, at least?

Few of us have. Few of us can resist the deeply human urge to *take part* in the music that we hear.

Just listening is not enough. It leaves something in us unsatisfied. Only from the songs we sing and the music we play *ourselves* do we derive complete enjoyment.

To your home the Gulbransen Registering Piano brings both these pleasures—even though you cannot read a note of music.

The Gulbransen plays by roll. Yet *you* control its playing. You can hush it to a whisper, or release its clear, sweet tones in brilliant volume. You can play fast or slow, accent melody and harmony notes, accompany voices or other instruments. It is simple and easy.

You can, in a word, do anything that you could do if *you* played by hand. This is true of the Gulbransen alone—the only piano of its kind in the world.

Only the Gulbransen has the special patented construction—the *Registering* feature—which registers exactly your individual touch. Ordinary roll-played pianos, lacking this feature, sound mechanical. The Gulbransen, having it, is responsive, personal, human. It gives you all the enjoyment of hand playing. Its music cannot be told from hand playing. That is why the Gulbransen is the largest selling piano in America today. Thousands of pianists, recognizing its superb quality, own it and play it both by hand and by roll.

As a straight piano, for hand playing, the Gulbransen is an instrument of the highest rank. As a Registering Piano, it alone plays *all* music rolls.

Bring the beautiful old songs into your home. Gather your family around the Gulbransen and know the joy-of-music that only this great instrument can give. There is a Gulbransen dealer near you who will be glad to show you the Gulbransen. If you do not know his name, write us.

The National Association of Piano Tuners recommends that all pianos be tuned from two to four times a year—your Gulbransen deserves this care

A small cash payment will put the Gulbransen Registering Piano in your home Subsequent payments to suit your convenience. Allowance will be made for your present piano or other musical instrument

Four upright Registering models: Community, $450; Suburban, $530; Country Seat, $615; White House, $700. Gulbransen Grand, $785; Registering Grand, $1275. For your protection we stamp the price of each instrument on the back at the factory.

Free Book

There are a thousand thrills for you in music that you, perhaps, have never heard. The new deluxe edition of our beautiful illustrated booklet will open up to you a new world of enjoyment, not merely in listening to fine music, but in *playing* it with your own touch, your own feeling, and the joy of your own creative expression. Clip and mail the coupon for it—now!

Gulbransen Company
3232 W. Chicago Ave., Chicago, Ill

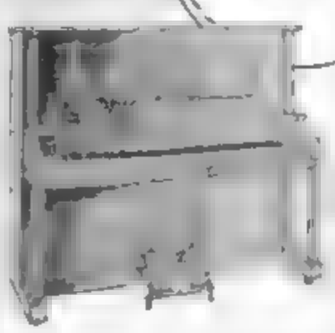
Please send me without obligation your free book, "Good Times with your Gulbransen."

Name

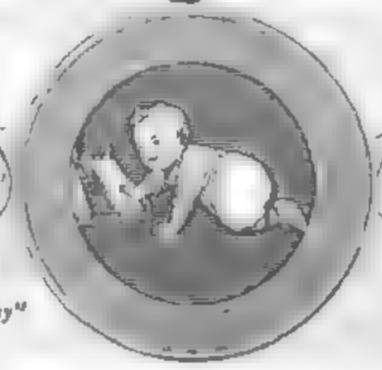
Street

City *State*

GULBRANSEN
The *Registering* Piano



The popular Suburban model, playable by hand or roll, $530. Four Gulbransen instruction rolls included with each Registering Piano



"Easy to Play"

Trade Mark Reg.

The Gulbransen Registering Grand, $1275. The Gulbransen Grand, $785. Both models are full-sized, full-toned instruments

© 1925 G. Co.

There can be no compromise with *safety*

Can you *stop* when the signal says *stop*?

You are driving along at a fair rate of speed. Suddenly a traffic signal changes and the car in front of you also signals "Stop."

Can you stop in a case like that? Or do you skid and experience that hectic moment when anything is likely to happen and you are helpless to prevent it?

To go out in bad weather without Weed Chains on your tires is a serious gamble. *For gripping hands on the steering wheel can never replace gripping chains on the road.*

There are Weed Chains for every type of tire, including truck and bus tires, both solid and pneumatic.

You can identify genuine Weed Chains by their brass-plated cross chains, galvanized side chains, and red connecting hooks, in addition to the name, Weed, which is stamped on every hook. Sold everywhere by good dealers.

Get a set today—and include Weed Bumpers. Then your safety equipment will be complete.

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, Inc., Bridgeport, Connecticut

District Sales Offices: Boston, Chicago, New York, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, San Francisco

In Canada: Dominion Chain Co., Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario

World's Largest Manufacturers of Welded and Weldless Chains for All Purposes

WEED CHAINS

Overcome Skidding, Nerve-Strain, Snow and Mud

(Continued from Page 202)

having in mind the public weal and subordinating personal benefit, political or otherwise.

"Not intending to disregard or minimize the efforts, the integrity or the ability of the vast majority of the occupants of seats in Congress, it may properly be observed that there is much done and also much undone in the Congress of the United States which is wrong, unnecessary and injurious to the business of this country.

"There are political parties with formulated platforms, and it is the duty of the adherents of these parties to vote and act in accordance with these platforms unless conscience prevents. Likewise it is established by our form of government and practice under it that a majority will determine the decision on the questions considered. All this is proper and necessary to good government and orderly, effective procedure. This is the business part of Congress, and a vital part of it.

"There would seem to be no reasonable doubt that during late years there has been in the minds of some of the members of Congress an attitude inimical to the principles I have stated and hostile to the best interests of our people generally. The motives in some cases may have been good, in others questionable. Some have disregarded their party platforms and even their professed party. Some have antagonized the President on questions settled or voted upon by the large majority of the voters. Some have opposed or overlooked the well-considered and honest efforts of able governmental representatives. Some have assailed and abused worthy members of their own party. Some have obstructed or postponed action concerning proper and necessary legislation. They have ignored the welfare and defied the wishes of a large majority of the voters, and seem to have acted from motives which were personal, selfish and unworthy. They have in part succeeded, but whether this disposition, which has become an obsession with some men, will be permitted to continue in the future deserves attention."

Fair and Injurious Competition

"Happily, there has been an improvement in national political conditions. To begin with, the wise, pacific and courageous decisions and utterances of the President have had a wide influence. We have every reason to be grateful to an Administration headed and largely influenced by a man of the type of Calvin Coolidge. He stands for the highest ideals in national and international affairs based on an honest, deeply religious and tolerant attitude. He is a practical evangelist who believes in and practices the Golden Rule. I am convinced that the President is and at all times has been the friend and well-wisher of every congressman and of every person who is honest and conscientious. In making decisions, however positive, he acts from no feeling of personal antagonism. He and all he stands for set up a real safeguard for our prosperity.

"The painstaking efforts of our Government, under the guidance and direction of experienced, able and conscientious leaders, are directed towards better, safer, more enlightened and more prosperous conditions for all the people. Never before has there been in these United States an Administration which, in all respects, was better calculated to advance the best interests of the whole population.

"Any summary of prosperity and the agencies that might possibly endanger it must include a brief reference to the regulation of so-called big business. During the last two decades prosperity has been in a measure hampered and interrupted by harsh, hasty and often improper attempts to apply and enforce the Sherman Law. When this law was passed it was intended to be a preventive and remedial measure, and to this no reasonable interest can take exception. It was not enacted for the purpose of impeding or decreasing the volume of business or impairing legitimate success and economic well-being.

"There is no tendency on the part of the courts or any department of the Government to ignore or to modify the effect of the Sherman Law when properly interpreted and applied. The protection to the public against combinations or agreements to monopolize or unduly restrain trade is still, and should remain, in full force. Any arrangement between different interests, direct or indirect, expressed or implied, calculated to maintain future prices of commodities or services, conflicts with the Sherman Law and will not be tolerated by the Government. Full information by one corporation to others concerning business is permitted. The law does not compel one to compete with another if one does not desire to do so, and the law especially abhors competition which is intended to be destructive, unconscionable and dishonest.

"There is a great deal of misapprehension about this word 'competition' in big business. We in the steel industry believe in vigorous, energetic and unyielding competition. This the law demands. What is better, fair treatment for our customers requires it. We do not believe, however, in unfair, destructive, unrighteous competition which is calculated to ruin the competitor. We believe in open dealing, for we know that in the long run this advances the interest of both producer and consumer."

Prices and Taxes Too High

"Another matter which is naturally bound up in our economic well-being is the high cost of living, which in the United States and elsewhere has become a serious matter. Nor have the people generally awakened to a realization that anyone, great or little, who demands and receives more than is reasonable and just, is a spoke in the vicious wheel or circle which progressively moves around until it covers everyone. The average person seems to entertain the belief that he can add to his price for what is furnished without affecting others.

"Hence, in a large number of cases, prices demanded and paid are extortionate. This is especially true in cases where the amounts involved are severally small, and it is still true in many of the trades which involve the cost of building and add to the rent schedule.

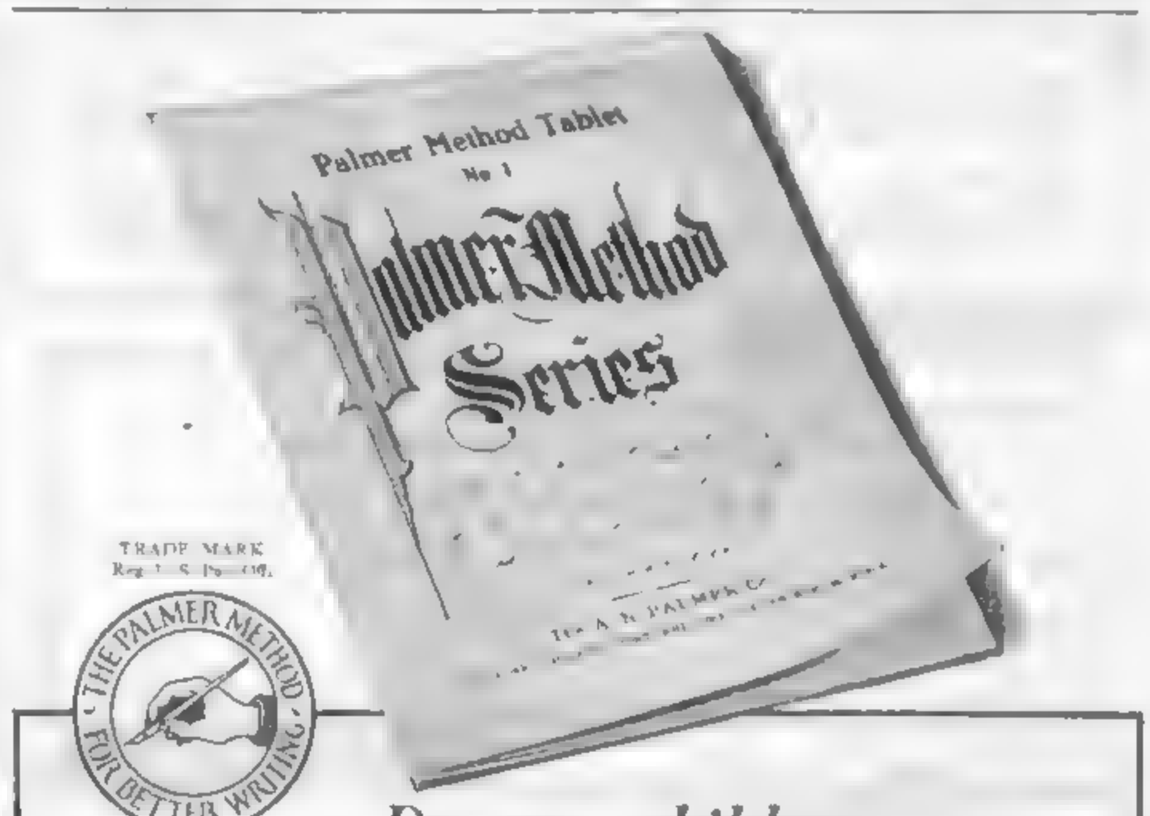
"Prices are not, as a rule, proportionately increased in the larger units of business. They are usually higher than they were before the war, but this is because the wage rates have doubled since 1914. This results from the high cost of living and has followed unnecessary and unreasonable demands. The large business units generally are not receiving as much in net returns of business on the capital employed as before the war. Certainly this is the fact in the iron and steel industry, and in many others that could be mentioned.

"Still another affliction relating to business—and for which, fortunately, the remedy is promised—is taxation. Our taxes, whether levied by national, state or municipal, or in fact any public organization possessing the power to levy and collect taxes, have been much too high. In consequence, they have become a heavy burden. We know by personal experience, or at least by the statements of reliable business men, that their activities have been decreased and not infrequently abandoned as the result of drastic taxation. Business therefore needs and demands lower rates.

"The proposed tax reduction, therefore, will not only decrease the heavy burden to which I have alluded, but will tend to stimulate initiative and enterprise, and help to bulwark the existing prosperity."

The talk now turned to Europe and the significant events which made 1925 a real milepost in the world's journey toward stabilization. When I asked about the effect of all this upon American business, Judge Gary's comment was:

"For the first time since the Armistice there is a feeling that the war is really over. A new era of understanding has begun.



Do your children . . . .
get good marks in penmanship?

IT'S important that they have the right paper for their penmanship practice.

Palmer Method No. 1 Tablets are endorsed by the Publishers of Palmer Method—*the official system of handwriting in over three-quarters of the schools in the United States.*

Every sheet in every Tablet is of a uniform quality that never varies. The finish is perfectly adapted for penmanship practice. Both the finish and the ruling were determined after scientific tests and experiments by skilled penmanship supervisors.

Sold by stationery and school supply stores. Look for the name on the cover and the watermark in each sheet. There is a complete line of Palmer Method accessories for penmanship practice.

One full-sized Tablet and special pamphlet, "Twelve Lessons in Better Handwriting embodying the principles of the Palmer Method mailed for only 15 cents. Send coupon today. Address nearest office

The A. N. Palmer Company
55 Fifth Avenue, New York City
2128 Calumet Ave., Chicago
Pittock Building, Portland, Oregon

SALES REPRESENTATIVES can make good [illegible] Palmer Method Tablets and Accessories to stationery and school supply stores. Write for particulars.

The A. N. Palmer Company,
(address of office nearest you)
For enclosed 15 cents send me one Palmer Method No. 1 Tablet and "Twelve Lessons in Better Handwriting"
Name
Address
City ..... State

Campbell's Automatic Rapid Electric Fireless Cooker Range

Simply Wonderful—
Every Home Should Have One

Here is just what you have always wanted—Think of an electric fireless cooker range, working right off your home lighting circuit—with which you can do your cooking, baking, roasting, etc., quickly, easily, cleanly, with a wonderful saving of fuel and work.

Wm. Campbell The Original Fireless Cooker Man

Automatic Oven Control

Automatic oven heat regulator turns electricity on and off as needed Maintains a steady, constant temperature. Never too hot—never too cool—and only uses electricity one-third to one-half of the time Money saving, time saving, work saving and insures perfect baking and roasting.

Here's What It Will Do For You

Roasts all kinds of meats—fowls and fish. Only uses electricity about 1-3 of the usual time. *Cooks all vegetables*—eight medium sized potatoes use electricity 8 to 12 minutes. *Does all baking*. A cake uses electricity about 12 to 15 minutes A boiled ham uses electricity 30 to 35 minutes Cooks a boiled dinner complete—using electricity about 40 minutes Fries, Toasts, Stews, makes coffee, boils tea kettle—no other stove needed Will do anything any range will do

With this range you can do all your cooking under the perfect heat control of electricity and yet at a cost that is only one-third of what it would be if a regular electric cook stove were used

Has double electric grill on top for frying, cooking, etc., a deep 18 inch oven for baking, roasting, etc., and a big electrically heated fireless cooker compartment—all under automatic control. Oven big enough to hold a large turkey or three loaves of bread. Oven has unbreakable "Pyrex" Glass door

Entire range lined with aluminum—rust-proof and easy to keep clean. ***No Three wire special wiring necessary.*** Attach to any floor socket or wall plug. On casters, move anywhere. All complete, ready to use when you receive it

Special Low Factory Price and 30 Day Trial Offer

Write today for big illustrated catalog and my introductory offer, special low price for limited time only. My price will amaze you! Selling direct gives you big savings! Cash or easy payments.

THE WILLIAM CAMPBELL CO. 1015 Union Ave., Alliance, Ohio

Canadian Address: Georgetown, Ontario

$131.00 in One Month Without Leaving Home!

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
247 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

How can I make my spare hours pay? No obligation in asking.

Name. _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

Leon B. Wade
of Massachusetts

LEON B. WADE is a subscription representative in a little Massachusetts town. In a single month, not long ago, he earned exactly $131.00 *without leaving his home!* How?

He earned this extra money by telephoning to many of his friends and neighbors and by writing personal letters to others. He told them that he represented *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* and would be glad to forward their orders. Some sent him new subscriptions, others their renewals—Mr. Wade's total profits were $131.00.

Extra Money for You too!

Whether you live in a small town or a large city; whether you are 18 years of age or 80; whether at one time you have days to spare or only an hour or so—we'd like to make you the same cash offer we made Mr. Wade.

Shall we send you all the interesting details? Then just get your scissors and clip the coupon above.

Since the end of 1918 there have been disagreements, disputes and controversies between the different European nations which have shocked our sensibilities and created in our minds a profound distrust of future peace and tranquillity, and even of the permanency of civilization itself. The differences between Germany on one side and France, Belgium and Poland on the other, between Poland and Russia, between Greece and Turkey, between Greece and Italy, and many others not necessary to mention, were all evidences of smoldering flames of a spirit that defeated the purpose for which the World War was waged.

"Happily, this spirit seems to have passed. The economic reconstruction of Europe which began with the operation of the Dawes Plan has been followed up by the Locarno program, which is the best single agency for political peace and coordination that has happened in the world since the Armistice was signed. Europe has learned that nations have a community of economic interests which can be served only through harmonious effort. One of the most satisfactory realizations just now is that the peoples of all countries are gradually coming together, readjusting their affairs, recognizing the rights of others and sincerely seeking a basis for the establishment of permanent peace. They are now engaged in making friends instead of making enemies. As one prospers, so will all prosper.

"All this is of supreme importance to us and our business interests, for we are now inseparably caught up in the fabric of international economic affairs. No man liveth to himself alone, and the same is true of nations. It is fundamental to the progress and prosperity of the world that every man and every country does the most for himself or itself when it does the most for others. This fact is being realized more and more at the present time."

"What do you think of the settlement of the war debts?" was my next question. To this the judge made the following response:

"The spirit manifested by our European debtors is another expression of the new world attitude of conciliation and settlement. Many great wars of the past have resulted from economic delinquencies. Only by reason of subnormal condition of mind would any nation be permitted by its own people wholly to neglect for many years to make any payment whatever on its indebtedness to another, or fail to settle amicably the terms for future payment."

Great Britain's Great Stand

Suppose, for instance, that a bank should, in time of extremity, borrow from another bank a sum of money unconditionally payable at a definite time, and then, when the debt matured, should ignore the obligation, insisting that it would only negotiate as to how much it could or should pay, and when and at what rate of interest. What general impression concerning morals would be created? And why, from the viewpoint of honor or reputation, should there be any difference between nations and individuals?

"We can, of course—and we do—excuse any nation from making payment of its indebtedness before it is pecuniarily able to do so; but it is impossible to understand why a nation should refuse or for long neglect to acknowledge the whole of its debt, or fail to pay it whenever and so far as able to do so, together with a fair and reasonable rate of interest.

"Great Britain did a big thing for herself and for the whole world when she took the lead in making a debt settlement with the United States. It was a tribute to the courage and capacity of her statesmen. Likewise, it marked the beginning of a movement to overcome obstacles to those honorable adjustments and reconstructions which are essential to international peace, progress and prosperity.

"The fact that Belgium, Italy and Rumania have followed the British precedent, and that France will inevitably do likewise, is a further evidence of that growing realization of that sense of world obligation which is a guaranty of future stability.

"Nor can Germany's contribution to all this financial and political accord be overlooked. Her decision to accept and scrupulously abide by the findings and decrees of the Dawes Plan was followed up by her whole-hearted participation in the Locarno Conference and all that this historic meeting meant. She has given emphatic proof of her desire to work for international welfare. Let me repeat that these actions on the part of the different European nations will have a big influence on the business situation in this country and of the whole world."

For the final section of the interview I asked Judge Gary to express himself upon the outlook for the future with special reference to our prosperity. His retort was:

"In view of what I had said, how can any reasonable man say other than we have every reason to expect prosperity, at least during the first half of 1926, and probably longer? The basic factors are here and have been outlined. There is always the possibility, of course, that our people may fail to take advantage of the opportunities that are offered."

As a Whole, Good

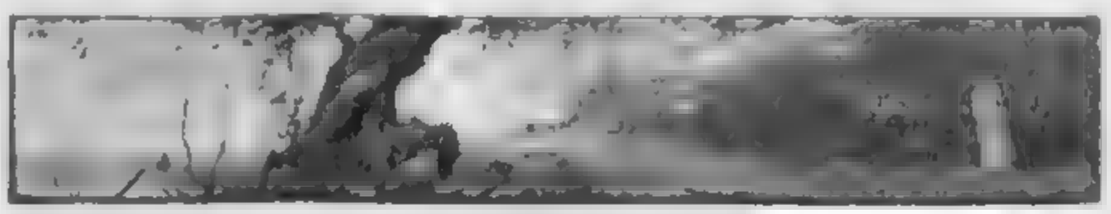
"All things considered, this year should witness a well-sustained degree of activity in general business, provided that the present stimulating activity continues and that business is not subjected to unnecessary interference. Among these stimulating influences is the friendly attitude of the national Administration, especially the wise and conservative statements made by the President from time to time. An unreasonable, fault-finding, quarrelsome Congress might cause a setback at any time.

"The apparent change in attitude of many of the national legislators, particularly with reference to economy in administration, and more especially taxation, and the decisions of the Supreme Court concerning business, showing a disposition to assist legitimate business progress, have created a feeling of confidence on the part of investors.

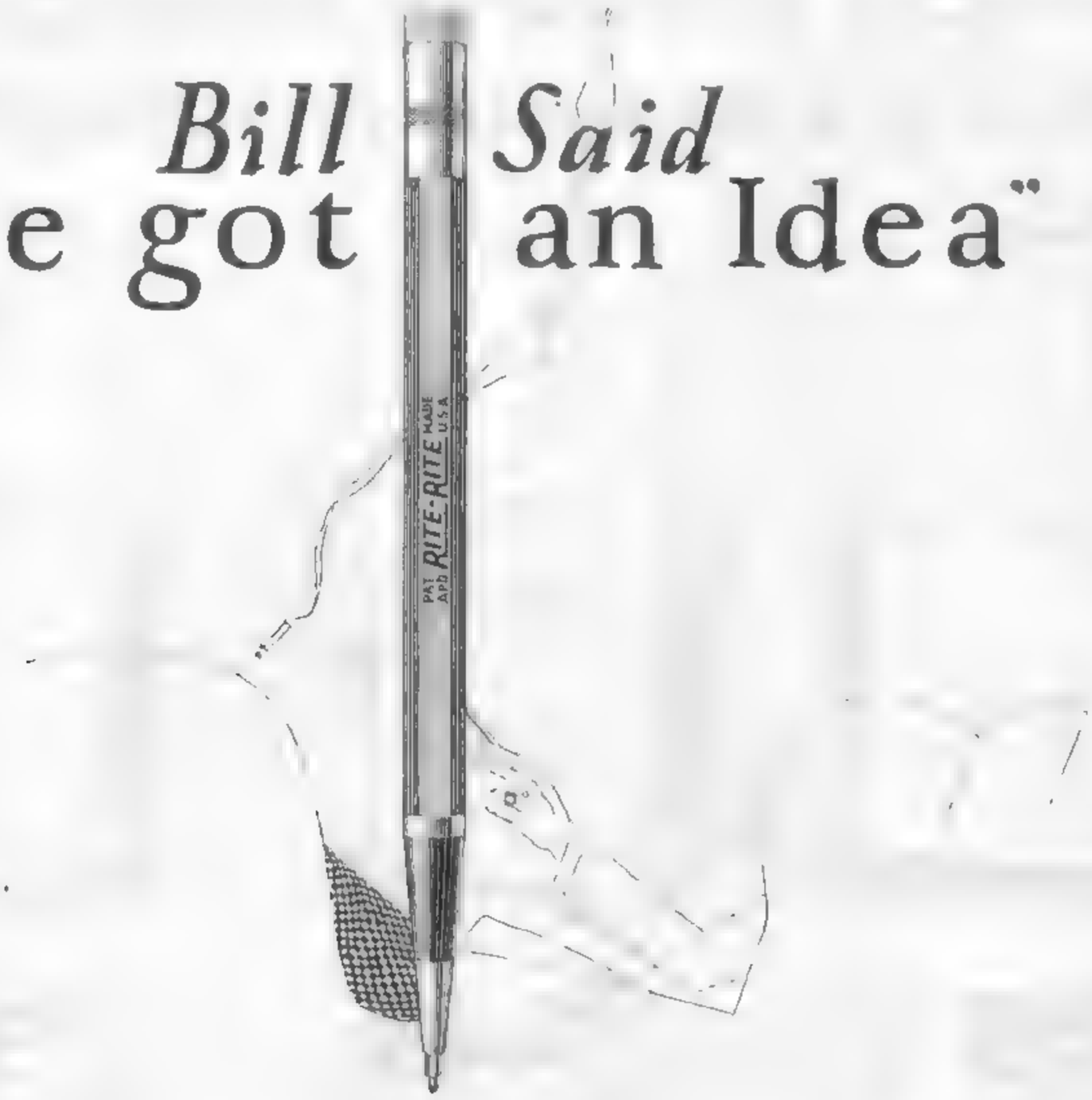
"A firmer tone should develop in the money market. The extent of the stiffening will depend upon the volume of business to be financed. Developments in the European situation will, I think, affect American business favorably. A large amount of foreign financing is to be expected here during the next twelve months.

"Generally speaking, the labor situation in the vicinity of our plants, from the viewpoint of the employer, is satisfactory. I am inclined to view with doubt, if not distrust, the present marked tendency toward installment buying throughout the country.

"So far as iron and steel products are concerned, the demand is large and growing in strength. Selling prices have improved somewhat and there is reason to expect that they will soon yield considerable profit to most manufacturers, a state of affairs which did not obtain to any great degree during 1925. Viewed as a whole, the prospects for the industry are very good, which means that unless some unforeseen circumstance arises to prevent, the general business situation throughout the whole United States should continue satisfactory. It is a time for optimism and confidence."



"I've got *Bill Said* an Idea"



BILL (he's the boss) said to me: "The only reason more people aren't using Rite-Rites is because we don't invite them to. I'm going to rent a page in The Saturday Evening Post and give a couple of million people the low-down on our proposition.

"Now, listen to me," he continued, "don't you dare *write* this ad—tell it! People are sick of being written at. Do you suppose the Bell Telephone Company, the Union Oil Company, the Crane Co. or the Washburn-Crosby Milling Company bought 250,000 Rite-Rites and five million sticks of lead because I sent them a Valentine? Not much! Those fellows buy through a microscope. They bought Rite-Rites because we proved they could cut their pencil bills in two. We can prove it to any executive who will ask us. If they take a chance for thousands of dollars—everyone, school children, clerks, stenographers, office men, etc., will spend a dime to give a good thing a try.

"Tell 'em we've got a pencil that's good looking and better acting. Tell 'em it's desk and pocket broke—but rarin' to go. Tell 'em it fits in the hand like a hundred dollar bill, because it's made out of wood as a pencil should be. Tell 'em the mechanical principle is as perfect as a well-tuned racing motor and as economical of lead as a painter that took a job at half price.

"Tell 'em the reasons why it sells for 10 cents. *10 cents will pay for all the utility and satisfaction that anybody needs—or wants.* For six years we have been making Rite-Rites by the million—that's why 10 cents buys a Rite-Rite.

"Colors? Sure! They can make their pockets look like a fight between the Aurora Borealis and a Mississippi River Sunset—Duco finish, too—'the shine that won't come off.'

"Tell 'em special about the little old chunk of red rubber. That eraser will clean up anything but a guilty conscience.

"Don't forget the leads—a pencil is only something that's put around the lead so you can get hold of it. All colors, like a rainbow. Soft as a mother's love. Hard as a Shylock's heart. All grades between. Smooth as a malted milk but tough as a boarding-house steak. A thin dime a dozen for the black—two bits for the colors.

"Tell 'em about the 'Executive's Kit'—the new efficiency system. '*Write with Black—check with Red—mark with Blue.*' It cuts office working time like a movie censor in action.

"Then stick in a coupon offering the Executive's Kit—three Rite-Rites and three colors of lead for a half dollar—four bits. Or the Trial Kit—3 black pencils and 2 dozen black leads—for an office test. Same price.

"Tell 'em I guarantee their money back at the first sign of dissatisfaction—if you want friends, that will make 'em."

* * * * *

P. S. Almost forgot this: Bill says your stationer, drug or school store (around the corner) and the 5 and 10 Cent Stores (everywhere) now sell Rite-Rites. Anywhere they sell writing things you'll find Rite-Rites or that store is overlooking a bet. If you can't get them drop us a line.

P. S. Again, and important. Bill says I won't have to ask business executives to write him when they find out others are cutting their pencil bills in half. Will I?

I think Bill's right. Here's the coupon.

RITE-RITE

The Rite-Rite Corporation, 920 S. Wabash Avenue, Chicago

☐ Send me a No. 555 Executive Kit—3 pencils, 3 colors, also 1 package (12 sticks of black lead) and extra blue and red leads all for 50c.

☐ Send me the Trial Kit—(3 black pencils; 2 doz. black leads). Kits 50c each. How many?

I enclose $ in full payment of above, including packing and shipping.

Name

Address

Dealer's Name

If additional leads are wanted, enclose 10c for the black—1 doz.; and 25c for colors (1 doz.)

Canadian Distributors: A. J. McCrae, 23 Scott St., Toronto, Ontario, Canada. Prices slightly higher in Canada.

Economical Electric Refrigeration Built by Famous Authorities

$185

and up, to fit your present ice box. All Prices f. o. b. Detroit

$245

The Absopure Frigerator A-5-2. Food space 5 cubic feet, handsomely lined, cork insulated, two porcelain front ice cube trays

$360

The Absopure Frigerator A-6 DeLuxe, Food space 6 cubic feet, full porcelain lined, cork insulated. Duco finish, two ice cube trays A-9 DeLuxe, Price $475; A-16 DeLuxe, Price $600 f. o. b. Detroit.

So Easy to Own

in Price—in Easy Payment Terms—in Economical Operation

Outstanding quality advantage with low first cost, silence and economical, trouble free operation—these are among the brilliant advancements in electric refrigeration the Absopure Frigerator brings.

Designed and built by refrigerating authorities of national and world repute, it represents the knowledge and experience of more than 25 years in household and business refrigeration.

The Absopure Frigerator provides rapid, abundant, dependable refrigeration, many degrees colder than ice. Its operation is positive and automatic. It manufactures ice cubes and frozen desserts in faster time than any machine tested by leading experts. It has greater capacity and less current consumption. In materials, workmanship and design it is not surpassed by the costliest machines built. And its low price, convenient terms of payment, and economy of operation, make it easy for you to own.

A Full Line for

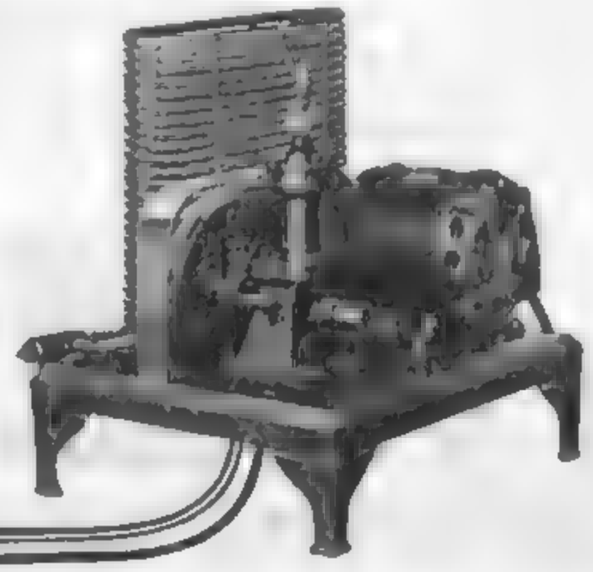
Homes . . . Markets . . . Grocers . . . Restaurants Delicatessens . . . Florists . . . Ice Cream Dispensers

at prices below all competition

THE

Absopure

FRIGERATOR



Some Valuable Dealer Franchises are open. Write or Wire

GENERAL NECESSITIES CORPORATION, Detroit, Mich.

DEUCALION AND COMPANY, LTD.

(Continued from Page 174)

scarce and overpopulation is unmistakable; yet an American official, instead of advising the Porto Ricans to have fewer children, suggests that their overflow migrate to Santo Domingo—there to repeat the old performance on a new stage!

Not always has the white man's rule been favorable to the increase of native people. Within the century after Columbus touched the West Indies their original inhabitants were extinct. The Indians of Mexico and Peru withered away under the ruthless Spanish methods. In the freezing galleries of the mountain of silver at Potosí, three miles above sea level, tens of thousands of forced laborers toiled their lives away. It has been only a quarter of a century since, in the Belgian Congo, the blacks were fleeing the rubber exactions of King Leopold's men. Today it is the Portuguese that are losing their natives. All the borders of Angola and Mozambique are being depopulated, owing to the exodus of the natives into Belgian Congo or Rhodesia in order to escape the new state serfdom.

A Brown-Skinned Frankenstein

As a rule, however, the white race is today serving as midwife to the blacks and the browns. For, when it comes to getting the most out of Nature, the white man has a bag of tricks the native wots not of. He sets the coolies to clearing jungle and, lo!—tea gardens, coco groves, coffee orchards, pineapple fields, cane plantations and rubber groves. He causes them to build roads, drill for oil, dig for minerals, dam rivers and cut irrigation ditches. Moreover, he squelches intertribal wars, puts down leopard societies, bans witch smellings, curbs epidemics and heals the sick like a magician. Result: A herring-like increase which disturbs the world balance of races. Eventually there will be stronger pressure on the protective dikes reared by the white peoples, because their captains of industry in the tropics have casually summoned into existence myriads of blacks and browns in order to make a profit from them.

Indeed, the economic imperialists would be wroth if the natives did not multiply like rabbits and furnish an abundance of labor at a bare subsistence wage. Should they try to better themselves by curtailing the size of their families, thus making labor scarcer and dearer, the European employers would promptly import coolies, as so often they have done, from those inexhaustible human reservoirs, India, China and Java. For, if they are to reap big profits, they must have a local population of human vegetables. The English and Dutch colonials do not understand our idealistic policy of educating the common Porto Ricans, Hawaiians and Filipinos. For the ultimate fruits of popular education are ideas, self-respect, aspirations, new wants, labor organizations, collective bargaining and like encroachments on profits.

The Missionary's Mission

What may be called promotive imperialism is, indeed, the greatest population encourager humanity has ever known. It is not a blight on the weaker peoples, as was the old skinning or blood-sucking imperialism. On the contrary, wherever it goes the natives double and redouble like fruit flies about an overripe banana.

What a contrast between it and that other mode of action of the white peoples upon the colored peoples—namely, Christian missions. Imperialism treats whole sections of humanity as if they were draft animals on the farm, to be given their fodder and treated humanely, but required to work as they are told and leave to the masters all thought and decision.

The missionary, on the other hand, instead of making fodder more plentiful, stimulates the roots of personality by emphasizing the worth-possibilities of the individual, setting higher goals for human life, stressing the dignity of the female sex. He breaks the yoke of ancient religious beliefs which make human beings as torpid and unaspiring as carrots. Instigating resistance to child marriage and girl motherhood, he ditches the Oriental system of blind multiplication. Thanks to missionary teaching, the native girl gets a chance to mature and glimpse a vision of glorious possibilities which makes her rebel at being a mere breeding machine. By stirring people up to seek knowledge, by leading them into new regions of religious thougnt, by insisting upon a higher domestic position for the wife, by giving couples a new notion of what they owe their children, especially their daughters, the wiser missionaries set going forces which ultimately will take care of the population problem.

"Oh, Papa, Look at the Two Snow Men"
"Those Aren't Snow Men, Dear! That's Your Mother and Mrs. Jones Gossiping"

© 1926 R. L. W. CO.

Keeps Your Hair Neat—
Rich-looking and Orderly

IF your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place, it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and orderly appearance, so essential to well-groomed men.

Just rub a little Glostora through your hair once or twice a week,—or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day, just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes it pliable. Then, even stubborn hair will stay in place of its own accord.

It gives your hair that natural, rich, well-groomed effect, instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as waxy pastes do. Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

Try it! See how easy it is to keep your hair combed any style you like, whether brushed lightly or combed down flat.

If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.

A generous sample FREE upon request.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.

Send This *Coupon and* Try it FREE

THE R. L. WATKINS COMPANY 26 G 191
1776 West 3rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio
Please send me, FREE, a sample of GLOSTORA, all charges paid.
Name
Address
In Canada address THE R. L. WATKINS CO., 1776 West 3rd St., West, Toronto, Ont.

LAW STUDY AT HOME ... Earn $5,000 to $10,000 annually ... easy terms. Get our valuable 108 page Law Guide and "Evidence" books free. Send for them NOW. LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 271-L, Chicago.

BARGAINS FRUITS—TREES ORNAMENTALS ... 5 EVERGREENS 10c ... Earl Farms Nursery

NOW BUYS ... 18 Apple Trees ... Free

SEPTIC TANKS Provide LOW COST Sewage Disposal ... Kaustine Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

ERICKSON LEGS Warranted not to Chafe ... Beginners Get our Test Leg / Booklet Free ... E. H. ERICKSON CO. 36 Washington Avenue N. Minneapolis, Minn. The Beginning 1891

AGENTS SALESWOMEN—SALESMEN ... The National Importing Co. Dept. P 14 6th Broadway New York

PATENTS BEST RESULTS ... BOOKLET FREE ... HIGHEST REFERENCES ... PROMPTNESS ASSURED ... Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, 644 G St., Washington, D.C.

PATENTS. Write for free Guide Books and "RECORD OF INVENTION BLANK". Send model or sketch of invention for Inspection & Instructions Free. Terms Reasonable. Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D.C.

OUT of Spare Cash?

Here's an easy, pleasant way always to have some: Write or send us the coupon for an appointment in your locality to a position which pays up to $1.50 an hour or more for spare time; $25.00 to $50.00 a week for full time.

Box 1624
%The Saturday Evening Post
245 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please tell me about your cash offer.

Name
Street
Town State

America's Wisest Purchaser--

IS THE AMERICAN FARM WOMAN

She is the chief buyer for 51,000,000 people

More than a million of her are studying textiles and fabrics, soaps and dyes, home furnishings, shoes, stockings, underwear and corsets, heat, light and water systems, electric appliances, paint and furniture, foods in bulk, cans, and packages.

She knows what she wants, she knows values, and she buys intelligently in spite of the fact that many manufacturers and advertisers are ignoring her as a purchaser.

She is a reader of *The Country Gentleman*.

An article by Grace E. Frysinger, Extension Home Economist, United States Department of Agriculture, on page 34 of the 200-page February issue of *The Country Gentleman* will open your eyes to a new opportunity, a new market, and 51,000,000 new customers.

The Country Gentleman

more than 1,100,000 a month circulation

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Advertising Offices: Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, Boston, San Francisco, Detroit, Cleveland

The Poets' Corner

At the Helm

BENEATH an endless midnight set alone
There looms a helmsman at a lonely wheel;
Aloofness works into his very bone
While down the sky the constellations steal;
His fellows sleep; the sails reach, starry-still,
Complete with steady wind; the whispering sea
Wakes silence larger than itself can be.
Nor is it but a mortal ship he's sailing;
Before the dawn begins with heaven's paling
Somehow the helmsman knows Another's will,
Somehow, perceives a cargo that's consigned
To no known port with mortal wharfage lined;
He sunders stars, he cleaves infinity,
And turns the helm unto a Port Unknown!

—*Harry Kemp.*

Tears and Laughter

BECAUSE we laugh they think we cannot feel!
Who laugh the deeper feel the deeper too.
What use are tears? Are tears a balm to heal
Another's wound? Tears are the gentle dew
Of sweet self-pity; laughter is the song
Of those who reach to aid, who strike to save.
Tears for the weakling, laughter for the strong;
Tears for the coward, laughter for the brave!

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

The Dulling Edge

OH, COULD I keep the wonder keen
That filled my heart when first
The comprehension of the stars
Upon my reason burst!

Or feel once more the surge of soul
And that divine emotion,
When, like Balboa, I stood forth
And first beheld the ocean!

But stars come up and stars go down
And pass unnoticed o'er me;
I've crossed the ocean many times;
Now all it does is bore me.

My tenderness won't stay alive,
Nor my keen sense of sorrow;
I'm racked with sympathy today—
Indifferent tomorrow.

When first a flying ship went by,
Awe nearly overcame me;
Now, when a hundred fill the sky,
I yawn. But do not blame me,

For this is life. Sensations won,
We can no longer use them;
We spend our lives in grasping thrills,
And, having grasped them—lose them.

—*Lowell Otus Reese.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Five Hundred Thousand Weekly)

IS fully protected by copyright and nothing that appears in it may be reprinted, either wholly or in part, without special permission. The use of our articles or quotations from them for advertising promotions and stock-selling schemes is never authorized.

Table of Contents

February 6, 1926

Cover Design by Norman Rockwell

SHORT STORIES

	PAGE
The Capture—*Arthur Stringer*	10
For Revenue Only—*Albert Payson Terhune*	12
To Let, On Flagler Street—*Thomas McMorrow*	16
Her Husband's Shoes—*Margaret Culkin Banning*	18
A Change of Swords—*Edgar Jepson*	22
The Claws in the Contract—*Octavus Roy Cohen*	24
Evidence—*Richard Connell*	30
The Beauty and the Beast—*Stephen F. Whitman*	43

ARTICLES

The Business Situation—*Isaac F. Marcosson*	6
The Fifth Estate—*Jerome D. Travers and James R. Crowell*	8
Science and Everyday Life—*Floyd W. Parsons*	14
Pacing Father Time—*As Told to William O. Trapp*	20
The Horse Thief's Successor—*Boyden Sparkes*	21
Rabbit Feet and Jinxes—*Walter De Leon*	26
Millions—*O. A. Owen*	33
Forty Years of Melody—*Charles K. Harris*	39
A Report to My 110,000,000 Employers—*Herbert E. Morgan*	48
Deucalion and Company, Ltd.—*E. A. Ross and Sidney Ingraham*	174

SERIALS

A Party of Baccarat (In three parts)—*Donn Byrne*	3
No Thoroughfare (Second part)—*Ben Ames Williams*	28

MISCELLANY

Editorials	32
Short Turns and Encores	34
Getting On in the World	36
Cartoon and Comedy	104
The Poets' Corner	210

A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

Is your house Cold-bound?

DON'T pile on more coal. You are probably burning too much fuel already.

The chances are that a lot of heat is wasted before it gets to your radiators.

Johns-Manville Improved Asbestocel—the scientific pipe covering—will accomplish the hardest heat-carrying task in the world—from furnace to radiator.

A warmer house at less fuel consumption!

This much coal costs *seven* cents.

This three-foot section of Johns-Manville Improved Asbestocel pipe insulation should save ten shovels of coal in one winter.

It costs so little!

It saves so much! It pays for itself in a very short time.

Ask your plumber or steamfitter about it.

JOHNS-MANVILLE Inc.
292 Madison Ave., at 41st St., New York City
Branches in 64 Large Cities
For Canada: CANADIAN JOHNS-MANVILLE Co., Ltd., Toronto

Through
Asbestos
and its allied products
INSULATION
BRAKE LININGS
ROOFINGS
PACKINGS
CEMENTS
FIRE PREVENTION PRODUCTS

JOHNS-MANVILLE

Improved **Asbestocel**

SAVES COAL

For Valentine's . . .

Special Packages—by Johnston's

IN the heart of every girl there rides a plumed knight on a great white charger. A dream hero cherished from old books of romance . . . chivalrous, thoughtful, attentive.

Valentine's is the day of Love . . . of unspoken avowal. How can you please *her?*—How let her know that *you* would be her knight of fancy?

Try this: send Johnston's—candy of infinite goodness, rare delight. Filled with the richest creams, most flavoursome chocolate; with freshest nuts and finest fruits . . . nougats of divine inspiration, caramels that vanish on the tongue . . . of such rare goodness is Johnston's

. . . A Valentine for the sweetest lady in all the world.

Johnston's
CHOCOLATES

You will find a special agency for Johnston's Chocolates in one of the better class stores in your neighbourhood.

ROBERT A. JOHNSTON COMPANY

NEW YORK · CHICAGO · MILWAUKEE · MINNEAPOLIS · SAN FRANCISCO

TO·THE·MAN·WHO·HASN'T THOUGHT·ABOUT·IT

If your wife does not show you this page she is not the diplomat we think she is

DEAR SIR:

Hitherto, most of our advertising has been addressed to women. But a letter induced us to address this page to the other side of the family.

A wife wrote: "I wish you wouldn't publish so many alluring pictures of your silverplate. They only aggravate my yearning for a set of 1847 ROGERS BROS. *And I can't interest my husband.*"

When a wife can't interest a husband in needed table silverware, it's time he had our attention. *He needs facts.* He hasn't thought about silverware—informedly.

If he has thought about it at all, he has probably thought of it as a purchase entailing a painful outlay. Which is miles away from the facts and the figures.

For instance, $34 will buy a service in table essentials—spoons, forks and knives—for the average small family. That's the 26-piece Utility Tray set in 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate, shown below. And the price includes the tray.

Spread this price over the lifelong term of usefulness and beauty in 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate—and the cost is less than half a cent a day.

What husband will deny the fond wish of a fond wife, when ½c a day will cover the tariff?

* * *

MAY WE SEND YOU THAT FAMOUS BOOK "Etiquette, Entertaining and Good Sense"?

A charming little brochure on how to entertain correctly and smartly for luncheons, dinners and afternoon teas. What to serve and how to serve it—for occasions both formal and informal. A copy is yours for the asking. . . . Address Dept. P90, International Silver Company, Meriden, Connecticut.

·1847 ROGERS BROS·

SILVERPLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO

SALESROOMS: NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO

CANADA: INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, HAMILTON, ONTARIO

The glorious music of the Orthophonic Victrola is within the reach of every home

Some one of the beautiful new models of the Orthophonic Victrola will suit your income and your home. Prices range from $85 to $300. The instrument illustrated is the Granada model at $150.

By a new scientific principle the New Orthophonic Victrola reproduces every tone in speech and music. You will hear higher notes and lower notes than ever before. You will hear instruments always considered impossible to reproduce. You will hear the human voice given perfect naturalness. And you will hear *all* music given new, rich beauty that stamps the Orthophonic Victrola as one of the most amazing instruments in the history of music.

Your dealer will show you the beautiful new models and will play your favorite music upon any or all of them.

The New Orthophonic Victrola

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE COMPANY CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.